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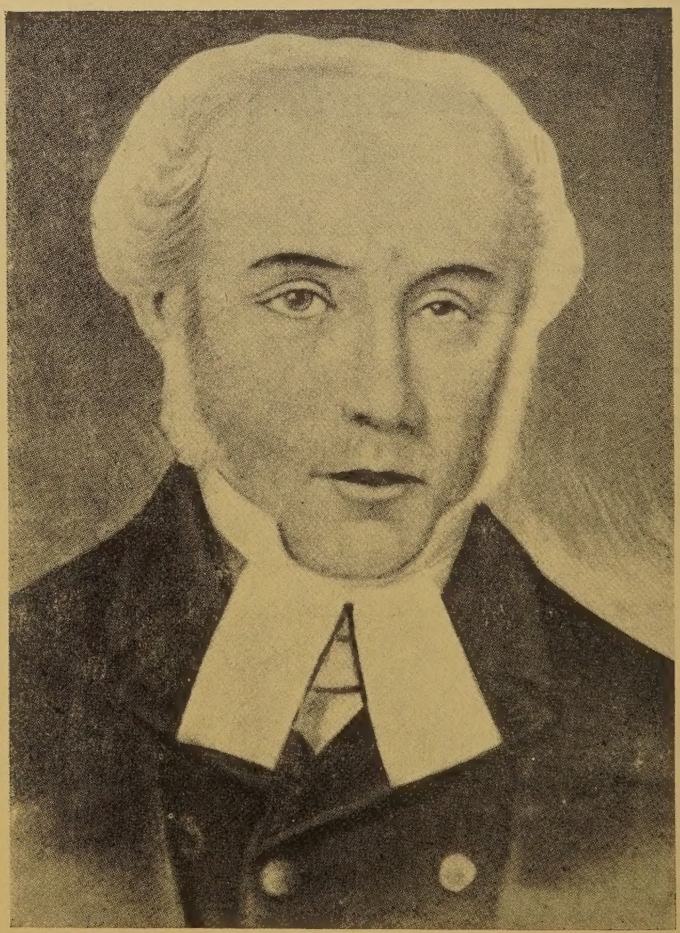
WOLLASTON'S PICTON JOURNAL



The Ven. John Ramsden Wollaston, M.A., Camb.

First Archdeacon of Western Australia, 1849-56.

He, with the he'p of his sons and others, built the Church at Picton with their own hands.

WOLLASTON'S PICTON JOURNAL

(1841 - 1844)

being

VOLUME I

of the

JOURNALS and DIARIES

(1841 - 1856)

of

Revd. JOHN RAMSDEN WOLLASTON, M.A.

Archdeacon of Western Australia, 1849-1856

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PREFACE

It was the fashion some years ago to speak of Western Australia as the "Cinderella" of the Australian States, neglected and despised by her elder sisters in the East, and there was something in the history of her introduction into the great Australian Family which may help to explain, though not to justify, the light esteem in which she was at one time held. Thus, for example, how did she come to demand and to gain admittance into the family? Every schoolboy knows that the English Government assumed possession of that third of the Australian continent, then known as New Holland, in 1829, at the instigation of a certain Captain in the Royal Navy, to wit, James Stirling. But we still await the verdict of a competent historian to tell us what induced that Government to comply with the persistent efforts of Captain Stirling to gain his point. The belief that it was fear of a French occupation, widely held at the time and still generally accepted, has been exploded by the researches of the late Professor E. S. Scott. Stirling was most assiduous in his approaches to the Colonial Office, but for a long time met with no success. Then Sir George Murray, the Colonial Secretary, changed his mind and sent Captain Stirling to take possession of the country and add another province to the British Empire.

Whatever the reasons for such a change of mind, the circumstances attending the inauguration of the new colony, as seen after a hundred years, were not such as to augur well for its success. The appeal of the promoters for colonists was based upon the promise of cheap land, any amount of it, on what looked like easy terms. So we find the formation of speculative companies, like the West Australian Land Company, and the schemes of enterprising individuals, like Thomas Peel and Colonel Latour, and, one might add, Captain Stirling himself, with his 100,000-acre grant from the Government, all out to re-sell their land at a profit; while, for individuals, the terms offered by the Crown allowed land to be acquired according to the capital expended by them in England on stock and farming implements and any indentured servants whom they took with them.

The results of such a scheme were quickly apparent when the new settlers landed in Western Australia, for no prior effort had been made to prepare the country for the emigrants, no town sites marked out, no locations surveyed and ready for immediate settlement and there was no knowledge of the position of suitable land. All this work had to be taken in hand after the first settlers were actually in the country, with the consequence that many lost their capital and were unable to pay wages for the labour which they

had brought with them. Very soon there was no money and very little food for their needs.

At the same time few colonies can have started out with a better and more widespread publicity and settlers came from all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland. But it was at least unwise of the promoters to stress the fact that this was to be no penal settlement, for the insinuations implied thereby were bound to give offence to the older Australian colonies, and may account for the disesteem in which the Swan River Settlement was regarded by them.

Looking back we can see that quite a large number of the earliest migrants were from good and well-to-do families, men and women of means and of good education. Many of them were not farmers and in face of the difficulties which they met, failed to make good, but struggled on and left descendants who are still in possession of their original holdings. The labourers whom they brought out either drifted away to the Eastern States or started out on their own and often succeeded where their masters had failed.

It was while the colony was in this inchoate state that the Revd. John Ramsden Wollaston came out. He came, as others had come, hoping to make good provision for his young family. He expected indeed to get clerical work by which to support himself while his family was being established and it may be said that few clergymen have ever come to the country with better qualifications for the work, a higher regard for the dignity of his office and a keener zeal for the salvation of souls. He wished to keep in touch with a large circle of friends left behind in England and for that purpose kept a diary, in which he recorded the passing events of his everyday life and made formal reports to his ecclesiastical superiors of the work in which he was engaged. He had no thought or expectation that what he wrote would ever be seen by outside readers and so he spoke out with all the freshness and sincerity of a keen observer of human life and conduct. Now that a hundred years have passed, may we be forgiven for disregarding his oft-repeated injunction that none but his friends should see what he wrote, for his Journals give us a vivid and moving picture of the conditions which prevailed in the colony in the second and third decade of its existence.

The collection of these Journals was made possible by the kindness of these grandchildren of Archdeacon Wollaston, namely, Mr. T. C. Wollaston and Deaconess Mann, of Adelaide, and Mr. R. H. Mann, of Melbourne; and also by the co-operation of the Trustees of the Mitchell Library, Sydney, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, London: to all of whom our sincerest thanks are due.

Canon A. Burton, who made the collection, had intended to edit them himself, but a serious illness prevented his doing so and he was compelled to call in the help of a colleague. It is to be hoped that this circumstance will not have seriously diminished the quality of their presentation.

INTRODUCTION

Foundation of the Swan River Settlement

The Wollaston Papers include private diaries and various reports of archidiaconal tours made by the Ven. J. R. Wollaston, first Archdeacon of Western Australia, between the year 1841, when he arrived in the colony, and the year 1856, when he died at Albany, W.A.

English settlement in the West began at Albany in 1826, but it was not till 1829 that the whole of Western Australia, that is the western third of the continent, till then known as "New Holland," was taken over by the British Government, with the establishment of the Swan River Settlement and the foundation of the City of Perth as its capital. The account of this occupation is valuable in itself as illustrating one of the diverse ways in which the British Empire came into being. The circumstances of the settlement and the struggles of the early settlers to make good form an interesting chapter in the history of British colonisation. Sir James Stirling, the first Governor, stayed about ten years. Archdeacon Wollaston came after the colony had been in existence twelve years, and his writings give us a vivid picture of the following fifteen years, a time of reaction after the stresses and strains of its foundation.

Foundation of the Settlement

On 1st March, 1826, Lord Bathurst, of the Colonial Office, London, wrote to Governor Darling, at Port Jackson, raising the question of possible French designs upon the unoccupied part of Australia, to which colour seemed to have been given by various scientific expeditions, sent out by the French in the early years of the century. (Incidentally, it may be remarked that no ground has ever been discovered for such fear.) The letter went on to say that "it had been resolved to form an establishment, either at Shark's Bay or King George's Sound, so that British projects in this direction should not be anticipated." Lt.-Gen. Darling replied, on 10th October, doubting if King George's Sound would be suitable for a convict settlement, but adding, "I shall make arrangements as soon as possible for having it examined and for taking possession of it": and he was as good as his word, for, on 4th November, without waiting for his despatch to reach England, Major Lockyer, of the 57th Regiment, was sent in the brig *Amity*, with 20 soldiers and 20 convicts, to take possession of that part of the country and establish a settlement. He arrived there on 25th December, 1826.

Now it happened that on 3rd June of this year (1826) Captain James Stirling left England in *H.M.S. Success* for Australia to take possession of, and erect fortifications at, Raffles Bay[1], in the far north of Australia. On his arrival at Sydney, on 28th November, the Governor sent him with provisions to supply the establishment at King George's Sound and in fulfilment of his promise, at the same time to examine and report on the west coast with a view to its occupation. Stirling took with him, as passengers, Charles Frazer, a botanist, and Frederick Garland, artist. Calling at Hobart on 28th January, 1827, he reached Rottnest on 6th March.

On 7th March, Stirling took the cutter and gig and went up the Swan River as far as it was navigable, taking note of the country through which he passed. The boats returned on 16th March. *H.M.S. Success* then sailed southward, arriving at Geographe Bay at 2 p.m. on the 24th, and sailing on the 26th for King George's Sound, where they arrived on 2nd April. There they discharged supplies for the garrison and left again for Sydney on the following day.

The significance of these extracts from the log of *H.M.S. Success* is twofold: firstly, because of the credit given to Captain Stirling for his success in establishing a fortified outpost at Raffles Bay[2]; and secondly, because it indicates the extent of Stirling's opportunities for examining and reporting on the nature of the country and the suitability of Western Australia as a new field for colonisation. He spent ten days in the neighbourhood of Perth, going about twenty miles up the navigable waters of the Swan, in the ship's boats; two days in Geographe Bay and one day at Albany. On the strength of this the botanist, Mr. Frazer, produced a glowing account of the country, and this was made the basis of the attractive propaganda with which Stirling induced settlers from England to come to the colony[3]. Governor Darling at once sent his report home to the Colonial Office.

On his return to England, Captain Stirling did his best to persuade the Government to form a settlement on the west coast of Australia. He tried to induce them to grant a charter to London financiers who were interested, but without success[4]. Then, for reasons which are not apparent, the Colonial Office changed its mind and late in 1828 decided to form a settlement at the Swan River and place Captain Stirling in command.

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1. Log of H.M.S. Success, 1826-28; in Records Office, London.
2. D.N.B. Vol. 54, p. 380 (Sir James Stirling): "On 25th January, 1826, he was appointed to the Success and went to form a settlement in Raffles Bay, Torres Strait. For the successful performance of that duty, he was highly complimented by the Commander in Chief and by the Government of New South Wales."
3. Letter of J. Stirling to R. W. Hay, 30th July, 1828, 3324 N.S.W.
4. Letter of J. Stirling and Thomas Moody to R. W. Hay, 21st August, 1828, N.S.W. 3627.

A draft memorandum[5] from the Colonial Secretary makes it clear that it was to be independent of "the Australian Provinces already established"; that no convicts were to be sent there; that the strictest economy was to be exercised in its establishment; that a small detachment of troops (60 men) was to be sent for the protection of the settlers and officials; that the pay of the public servants would be provided "until they are enabled to raise the necessary supplies in the colony and defray the expenses of the establishment from its own resources."

The impression given by the correspondence is that the decision to inaugurate the new colony was made with reluctance; that the authorities were not prepared to spend more than was absolutely necessary for its establishment and that they looked to the settlers to make it self-supporting as soon as possible.

The Settlers

As soon as the decision of the Government was made known, Stirling lost no time in advertising the opportunity which the new colony afforded. Few colonies can have started with a wider publicity. Stirling hoped to attract officers from the services, on half pay, who were looking for openings for their families, as opportunities in England after the Napoleonic wars were few. He looked to the possibility of schemes being organised for "group settlement," since he had failed to secure a grant for a chartered company.

The Colonial Office issued a prospectus of the new Settlement and the conditions on which land would be granted. There were two points in this advertising which were stressed in order to attract emigrants. Firstly, there were the conditions on which land was to be granted. "Up to the end of 1830, lands were allotted on conditions of improvement, without purchase and in liberal proportion to the amount of property bought for investment." "Grants of land, in fee simple, were made . . . at the rate of forty acres for every sum of £3 (three pounds) so invested," that is in stock, implements, farm servants brought out, etc. "The passage of labouring persons . . . will be considered as an investment of capital, entitling the party by whom any such payment may be made to an allowance of land at the rate of £15, that is of two hundred acres for the passage of every such labouring person over and above investment of capital."

The conditions were subsequently varied but, as experience proved, they produced two results: firstly, the capital of the first settlers was spent in England and much of it was lost before they could settle on their holdings; secondly, many landed in the country

5. Draft Memorandum to Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, 31st December, 1828. C.O. 18/1.

without sufficient ready money to pay for their subsistence till their farms could support them. The richer ones qualified for estates far bigger than they could profitably develop, or on which they could effect the necessary improvements. They were soon unable to pay for the labour which they had brought with them. That, however, was only realised after they had landed.

Secondly, great emphasis was laid on the fact that no convicts were to be sent to the new settlement. In view of experience gained in other parts of Australia, that may have been a wise provision; but it was certainly unwise of the promoters of the Swan River Settlement to over-emphasise the point, as some of them did. Thus, "Those who establish property and families" (so runs the commentary on this Colonial Office Memorandum) "will feel that their names and fortunes cannot be mixed hereafter with any dubious ideas as to their origin. They can return to their mother country and to society with the certainty of possessing purity of character and without risk of rejection, into every situation to which fortune, talent and character may justify their aspiring."

Two "group settlement" schemes deserve note. One was conceived on a grandiose scale by Thomas Peel[6], a cousin of Sir Robert Peel, and some London merchants. They asked for a million acres of land, and promised to send out 10,000 settlers, fully equipped to develop their estate. But Peel lost the confidence of his partners and met with opposition in London and though he persisted single-handed and actually brought a few hundred settlers to the country, his scheme was a failure. A few years later the West Australia Land Company[7] was formed in London. This Company set out with better hopes and prospects and actually began a settlement at Australind (of which we hear much in the Diaries), but it closed down within a few years.

The first settlers arrived at the Swan River in the *Parmelia* on 1st June, 1829. The party consisted of the Lieutenant-Governor, Captain Stirling, and a certain number of officials, with wives and families. *H.M.S. Challenger* (Capt. Fremantle) had reached the River in April and taken formal possession of the country on 2nd May. In August other ships began to come in with emigrants. On 12th August the city of Perth was formally founded.

But now consider some of the difficulties with which the newcomers were faced. No provision of any kind had been made for the reception of emigrants, or even of the Government party. There were no houses, no stockyards, no stores in which to put their goods and furniture for a while. No one, except Stirling himself, knew anything of the land and he had only had a glimpse of that for

6. Peel's Settlement: (See Appendix 1)
7. The West Australian Land Company: (See Appendix 2)

twenty miles up the Swan. They had brought a surveyor, but there were townsites to choose and survey and break up into sections and agricultural land to discover and mark out. Here were settlers arriving in ship after ship, dumping their furniture and belongings on the beach and waiting, some of them hopelessly, till land could be found for them and they could make good their claim for the proper amount, according to the value of the capital they had invested in England, which they had to prove to the satisfaction of a Board appointed for the purpose.

It was September before Perth and Fremantle town lots were ready for location, and the first grants in an agricultural area, principally on the Swan River, were issued. Only about 50 could find land there and they included the leading members of the Government and the most well-to-do settlers.

Stirling sent out short expeditions in various directions to discover suitable land for holdings; but it all took time. Meanwhile some settlers had to kill the stock which they had imported, for food, and there was, not unnaturally, disappointment and dissatisfaction. As time went on that dissatisfaction increased as their disabilities came home to them and, in 1831, they sent home a memorial to the Government asking for the establishment of a bank; an increase in the military force, to give greater protection to isolated settlers from the aborigines, and for money to be spent on roads, bridges and other necessary public works. In 1832 a public meeting called on the Governor to go to England and represent the position of the colony to the Home Authorities.

Stirling went to England and came back knighted, but bringing little satisfaction to the settlers, who were told[8] that while the Government intended "to afford the settlement every reasonable and proper degree of protection and countenance," it expected the colony "to bear the charge of its own establishments from its own funds." The settlers wanted the Home Government to send (and pay) more soldiers; the Government replied that the colony must raise (and pay) its own police force. George Fletcher Moore, in his Diary, notes that "Sydney, in the sixth year of its establishment, cost the government £161,000; Western Australia, £18,000." The fact was that the colony was short of both money and labour, the two prime necessities for its development. Indentured servants soon found that they could do better "on their own." G. F. Moore says, "Masters are only so in name; they are the slaves of their indentured servants."

It was these circumstances that led, in 1850, to the introduction of convicts, but before that happened, Stirling had returned to

8. See Letter of Sir James Stirling to Mr. J. Cross (18th May, 1833) published in Cross's "Journals of several expeditions made in W.A. 1829-1832," p. 233.

England and the colony was left to struggle through its second decade. It was in the course of this period, actually in 1841, that Archdeacon Wollaston came out and his Diaries and Reports, covering the next fifteen years, give us a vivid picture of life and society, civil and ecclesiastical, in Western Australia.

THE WOLLASTON JOURNALS

The original Manuscripts of the Wollaston Journals are preserved as follows:—

1. Journal of voyage to Australia—in Western Australia Public Library.
2. Picton Diary—in Mitchell Library, Sydney, N.S.W.
3. Albany Journal—in W.A. Public Library.
4. Archidiaconal Tour I—at S.P.G., London.
5. „ „ II—at W.A. Public Library.
6. „ „ IIIa—Official Journal at S.P.G., London; b—(Copy) in Mitchell Library.
7. Report Albany Institution—S.P.G., London.
8. Archidiaconal Tour IV—MS. burnt at S.P.G., Tabular view in Journal.
9. Archidiaconal Tour V—in Mitchell Library.

The above include all the known Journals, etc., of Wollaston. They are all printed as written.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN RAMSDEN WOLLASTON

John Ramsden Wollaston was born on 28th March, 1791. His father was Edward Wollaston, a master at Charterhouse School, in London, and his mother was a daughter of the headmaster. He himself was educated at Charterhouse, so that he had good reason for the *pietas* and devotion which he showed to his old school and its founder, Thomas Sutton. On "Founder's Day" (12th December) he never failed to honour the memory of Thomas Sutton. So, when he was out on the high seas, we read, "Drank in the cuddy 'Floreat, etc.,' and gave glass grog to each seaman and bottle of wine to steerage"; or, travelling in the bush and meeting friends, "The Governor and Captain Molloy kindly joined me in honouring the memory of good old Thomas Sutton in a glass of claret"; or, alone at home, the rite is observed "in a cup of water and by hanging his picture in my new little room" and he called his first little bush residence "Charterhouse."

From Charterhouse he went to Christ's College, Cambridge, and in due course took his degree and was ordained, serving various parishes and holding the cure of West Wickham, Cambs. By his wife, Mary, he had five sons and two daughters: John, born 15th March, 1820; William, born 25th March, 1821; Henry, born 14th December, 1822; George, born 4th February, 1824; Edward, born 24th July, 1827; and two daughters, Agnes and Sophy.

It was from a desire to make provision for his sons that Wollaston determined, when he was himself about fifty years of age, to migrate to Western Australia. Though schemes of land settlement in that country, designed by Colonel Latour and Thomas Peel, had failed, there were others who believed that the country had a future and at the time (1840) the West Australian Land Company was taking steps to promote a settlement at Port Leschenault. Wollaston made enquiries of the company with a view to appointment as a Chaplain to their emigrants. The company declined to use his services, but made use of his name by assuring enquirers that there was a clergyman resident at Australind, the name given to the proposed settlement at Port Leschenault. So Wollaston determined to go out independently and expressly states, in a memorandum dated only a week before he sailed, that he had "obtained a government appointment." We learn what that meant in the course of his narrative and this also explains his relations with the officials of the company on the spot.

On his arrival in Western Australia Wollaston went down to Port Leschenault (Bunbury), bought land at Picton and with the help of his sons set to work to build a house and cultivate a small farm. He lost no time in beginning clerical work, but, though the Home Government had appointed him Chaplain, the local government informed him that not until a place of worship was erected would he receive the £100 per annum as a Chaplain's stipend. So the Journals record his threefold task of getting his family settled and struggling to make a living off the land, doing such pastoral work as he could and building a church. It was eighteen months before he began to receive any salary for his clerical services.

He stayed in Bunbury till 1848, when the Government asked him to take charge of Albany parish and he went there in July, in time to complete the church, ready for consecration by Bishop Short in October.

THE DIARIES

(a) Journal of the Voyage

(Note: the present volume contains only (b) The Picton Journal.)

From the first day of the voyage he wrote a journal and scarcely a day passed in which he failed to make an entry. His desire was to send home to his friends as full an account of his experiences as possible, not only because he felt that what befell them would be of interest to their friends, but because their experiences might prove valuable to others who might venture after them. He confesses that the writing became a source of enjoyment to him, relieving the tedium of the voyage. Nothing escapes his notice and no event is too trifling for record. The monotony and confinement of a five-months' voyage on a vessel of 500 tons are vividly portrayed. Writing solely for his closest relatives and friends, he freely expresses his views on the character of all on board; describes in detail every event of interest; gives a vivid account of their stay at the Cape; quotes freely from the classics and, as many of his friends were clerics like himself, deals fully with the subject of religion and its observances at sea. The portion written prior to his arrival at the Cape was despatched from there and the second part immediately the vessel reached Fremantle. The sheets bear evidence of having been transcribed for the benefit of a wider circle, portions of too intimate a character, or criticisms too caustic, being pencilled for omission. All the sheets were carefully preserved and apparently returned later to him at his request.

(b) The Picton Journal

After he had been six months at Picton he began a second journal, probably at the desire of some of his friends at home. In

this he gives a resume of their fortunes from the time they arrived at Fremantle and then, at frequent intervals, continues the journal, sending home portions as opportunities came. All these were treasured by his friends and cover a period of nearly four years, from 19th April, 1841, to 10th January, 1844.

(c) The Albany Journal

After sending the last instalment of the Picton Journal away, events occurred which seem to have weighed heavily upon him and a long silence followed. It was not until May, 1848, that he was prevailed upon to resume. He describes, in a third journal, the preparations for departure from Bunbury, the voyage thence to Albany, the completing of the church, begun there seven years before and only made fit for use just as the Bishop of Adelaide arrived on his first visit to Western Australia, in October, 1848. After describing the Consecration of this, the first church to be consecrated in the colony, he closed his journal, declining to commit himself to any resumption.

Appointment as Archdeacon, 1849

The outcome of Bishop Short's visit was the appointment of Wollaston as Archdeacon of Western Australia. This was of outstanding importance for two reasons. Readers of the papers will remember the frequent reference made by Wollaston to lack of any episcopal supervision, or indeed of any supervision of Church work and workers. Under the conditions then prevailing there was no immediate hope of a Bishop being sent to the West. But, according to ancient custom, Bishops appointed Archdeacons to have the supervision of definite portions of a diocese and an Archdeacon, sometimes spoken of as *oculus episcopi*, "the bishop's eye," was expected to make periodical tours of his archdeaconry and report to the Bishop the state in which he found both the temporalities of the Church and the conduct of the ministers and other workers, so as to keep the Bishop well informed as to the conditions of Church life obtaining in districts which he could not himself visit frequently. This custom is nowadays too often forgotten or neglected. But it was well understood and appreciated by Wollaston. On his appointment he at once proceeded to make regular visitations of his archdeaconry and it is his official and unofficial reports of these visits which constitute the most valuable part of his work. It is the vigour with which he discharged the duties of an office, then so little understood and so rarely performed and the vastness of the territory to be supervised on horseback, in overpowering heat or pouring rain, in spite of advanced years and increasing infirmity, it is this which shows Wollaston to have been a man of outstanding zeal and apostolic courage and devotion.

His journeys extended to nearly 1,000 miles for each visitation, almost all done on horseback, but his skill in bushcraft enabled him to camp in comfort under almost any circumstances and on his last tour he says: "My finishing stage was 45 miles, horses came in quite fresh and I, thank God, none the worse, nay, better, for my exertions." This was on 17th March, 1856, and in less than two months his body was laid to rest in the churchyard at Albany.

Bishop Short gives repeated testimony to the man and his work. He says of him (in reports to S.P.G. in England): "A worthy pastor who most affectionately and powerfully addressed his flock." . . . "He is respected and beloved by all classes, one who by his mild and affectionate pastoral faithfulness wins the regard of all under his ministry." "The Society," he says, "could not contribute to a more worthy, laborious, energetic missionary than this."

His Family

His children are frequently referred to in the Diaries, for they shared with him the labours, the hardships, the dangers, as well as the joys and triumphs of an adventurous life. The eldest son, John, after spending some years in Western and South Australia, went to the Cape. William and George went to South Australia in 1848 and after many hardships settled down near Port Lincoln. The latter reared a large family, of which the best known is probably Tullie Cornthwaite Wollaston, who became a gem merchant of repute and a leading authority on opals, in search of which "Gem of the Never Never" he travelled over vast areas of Australia and wrote a book with that title, as well as two other volumes, called "The Spirit of the Child" and "Wattles." He died in South Australia in 1931.

Henry was left by his father in charge of the property at Picton, W.A. He married a Miss Sewell, but later he practised as a doctor at Albany, then migrated to Victoria and eventually was ordained and worked for many years as a clergyman in that State. Sir Harry Wollaston, late Collector of Customs in Victoria, was a son of his. Edward, the youngest boy, remained with his father apparently until his death at an early age some time between 1853 and 1856.

Of the daughters, Agnes married a visitor from India, about the year 1845 and went there to live. Sophy continued with her parents until after the Archdeacon's death. She eventually married a Mr. G. H. Mann, in South Australia. Her family was a numerous one and included Sir Frederick Mann, Chief Justice of Victoria and Lieutenant-Governor; Mr. R. H. Mann, late manager of the E.S. & A. Bank, in Melbourne; Mr. E. A. Mann, a former member of the Federal House of Representatives, and, under the title of "The

Watchman" a well-known broadcaster in Western Australia; and Deaconess Mann, in the Diocese of Adelaide. Sir Gerald Wollaston, Garter King at Arms, of the College of Arms, London, is another kinsman.

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ALBANY

Sacred

to the memory of

Archdeacon Wollaston

who died May 3rd, 1856

aged 65 years.

This tablet is erected by his congregation in grateful remembrance of his zeal in promoting the temporal interests of this church, and by his earnest solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his people.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA 1829-1841

[For a full account of this period see "Church Beginnings in the West," by Canon A. Burton, published in 1941, at Perth, by John Muhling, Newcastle Street, Perth.]

Among the instructions given by the Secretary of State for the Colonies (Sir George Murray) to the Lieutenant-Governor (Capt. J. Stirling) on the establishment of the colony, are the following:— "In laying the foundations . . . care must be taken to proceed upon a regular plan, leaving all vacant spaces which will . . . be required for . . . sites for Churches, cemeteries, etc." "In all locations of territory a due proportion must be reserved for . . . the maintenance of the clergy, support of establishments for the purposes of religion and the education of youth." "You will recommend by your counsels and example the habitual observance of Sunday as a day of rest and public worship, as far as may be compatible with the circumstances in which you may be placed."

In spite of this acknowledgment of the spiritual needs of a new colony, the Home Government only made provision for sending out one Chaplain, the Revd. J. B. Wittenoom, who arrived in Perth on 30th January, 1830. No Chaplain accompanied the first settlers and for six months there was no accredited clergyman in the colony. But the Ven. Archdeacon Thomas Hobbs Scott, who had been working in New South Wales for some years in various capacities, was, at the time, on his return to England in *H.M.S. Success* and it chanced that the vessel struck a reef whilst entering Cockburn Sound, on 5th December, 1829. The vessel was detained for some time under repairs and Scott went ashore and did what he could to provide the ministrations of religion, till the Chaplain arrived. He kept a careful record of his services, a record which is now in possession of the Mitchell Library, Sydney. Scott appears to have left Western Australia about July, 1830.

Further, Major F. C. Irwin, the Commandant of the troops stationed in the country, took a parade service on Sundays and other gentlemen, such as George Fletcher Moore, the Judge of the Civil Court, also took services and read sermons in districts like the Swan, where settlement had brought the nucleus of a congregation together. So, with Scott's departure, the community at the Swan River was left with only one ordained minister. There were then settlements at Perth, Fremantle, Guildford, on the Canning River and, far to the south and south-west, at King George's Sound and Augusta. Wittenoom appears to have held services on Sunday mornings at Perth and on Sunday afternoons, alternately at Fremantle and Guildford. He once or twice accompanied the Governor

on expeditions to the South-West and King George's Sound, supplying, as best he could, the spiritual needs of the settlers there. But for six years he was the only Anglican clergyman in Western Australia.

It must not be thought that the settlers were content with this neglect of the Church authorities to provide clergy. In 1834, Major Irwin had gone to England, among other things, to voice the claim of the colonists and also of the aboriginal population for more clergy. Such was his zeal that a Society (which later became The Colonial and Continental Church Society) was formed to further this work of providing spiritual help for the colonies. The outcome of his efforts was the arrival, in July, 1836, of a certain Dr. Giustiniani to work in the Swan District. But though he built a small church at Guildford and a mission house at the Middle Swan, he was a failure and left the colony in 1838.

Six months later, in August, 1838, his place was taken by the Rev. William Mitchell, who came from India and worked for some years in the Swan District. So, after the colony had been in existence for ten years, that is, at the beginning of 1840, there were only two clergy at work and only three places of worship built and of these, one, at Albany, was private property and one, at Perth, was the Court House. The Court House at Fremantle was sometimes used for services, but Mr. Wittenoom had ceased to hold services there and the *Perth Gazette* of 1st December, 1838, complains that "it is now nearly four years since Divine Service was performed by a clergyman in Fremantle"; the people were left to services conducted by the Government Resident, or by some casual clerical visitor.

Away from Perth, laymen took services at Albany, at the Vasse (where John Garrett Bussell regularly acted as layreader) and in the York and Canning districts. Till 1840, this was the extent of the Church of England ministrations in the whole country. During the next four years, 1841-1844, four more clergy arrived; viz., the Revd. William Mears, in March, 1841; the Revd. J. R. Wollaston, in April, 1841; the Revd. G. King, sent to Fremantle by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Revd. R. Postlethwaite, to the Upper Swan in 1843 to help Mr. Mears and work for the native population.

Such was the ecclesiastical position in Western Australia as Wollaston found it when he had settled near Bunbury and had had time to look around. His Journals make frequent references to these fellow-workers and to the condition of affairs as he summed it up. How did it appear to him? To Wollaston, brought up in the traditions of the Church of England, Church organisation must be based upon episcopacy: there could be no definite establishment of a Church in any country without a Bishop to oversee its working:

ubi episcopus ibi ecclesia. The fortuitous collection of a few ordained ministers in a new district, with no supervision and no coherence did not constitute a Church, or the branch of a Church.

Australia began its ecclesiastical career as an Archdeaconry of Calcutta. By the time Wollaston arrived, Bishop Broughton, of Sydney, had become Bishop of the whole of Australia. Some years later the see of Adelaide was founded and Western Australia came under the episcopal oversight of its first Bishop, Augustus Short. He did find time, amid the pressing business of organising that new diocese, to visit Western Australia, in 1848 and again in 1852. He constituted Western Australia an Archdeaconry of the Adelaide Diocese, and appointed Wollaston, in 1849, as the first Archdeacon and later made a successful effort to secure its separation into a diocese, over which his Archdeacon of Adelaide (Mathew Hale) was appointed the first Bishop.

Wollaston did not live to see Bishop Hale take up his work at Perth, but his Diaries and Journals bear constant and insistent witness to his conviction that no good work could be done and no progress made till there was a Bishop on the spot. It is perhaps only in the light of these considerations that Wollaston's work and his comments on the situation as he found it can be properly appraised and esteemed.

WOLLASTON'S PICTON JOURNAL

JOURNAL

Kept by

REV. J. R. WOLLASTON

From November, 1841, to January, 1844

JOURNAL continued at intervals, from the time of landing at Swan River, but commenced from memory November 18, 1841

SYNOPSIS OF
WOLLASTON'S PICTON JOURNAL

Arrival at Leschenault Inlet—Purchase of Land—The Australind Land Company—Life in the Bush—Visit to Busselton—Christmas Day—The Natives—Visit to Perth—Meeting of Clergy—Peel's Inlet First Service at Bunbury—Australind Townsite—Opinion of the Country—A Colonial Newspaper—Education of Native Children—A Colonial Wedding—James Drummond, Botanist—Opening of Picton Church—Grant of Stipend—Visit to the Vasse—Future of Australind—A Shooting Affray—Halley's Comet—Death of Mrs. Molloy—Arrival of His Son, Henry—Summary of Two Years' Experiences—Visit to Perth—Opening of Fremantle Church—Meeting of Clergy—Fixing up of Cottage at Bunbury—Differences over Church Societies—Removal to Bunbury.

WOLLASTON'S PICTON JOURNAL

November, 1841.

After living for three weeks at a Lodging House at Fremantle at an enormous expense and finding Captain Todd's time of departure still uncertain, the only alternative left us was either to go on board again till the *Henry* should sail or to hire a cutter to take us and our personal baggage to Port Leschenault. Had I adopted the former course, it would not only have been a great loss of time, but my whole family must have been again exposed to all the dirt and misery of the ship, which we had endured for five months, with an unwholesome salt diet, to say nothing of the noise and confusion on board a vessel in the act of discharging her cargo. I therefore at once hired the *Venus* cutter, to take the whole of my party and stock, with the exception of William, my man James and Child's man W. King, who started overland the day before we embarked, with the horses and ponies. At the same time I arrived everything bore an extravagant price and in the midst of my distress and uncertainty I had purchased two horses and a cart at what would be considered in England an enormous rate, with the intention of conveying my wife with me by land; but we were deterred from this expedition by hearing that the waters were out, and we received certain information of the impracticability of such a journey in a cart at the commencement of the rainy season.

Knowing what I now do of the country, I am thankful indeed that I did not attempt it for we might have stuck fast in a swamp without the possibility of extricating ourselves, or been a fortnight on the road, enduring many hardships.

Having seen our dear girls comfortably and happily domesticated with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Shipton, we went on board the *Venus* in a flat on the 11th May, with our sheep, goats, pigs and dogs, and our cart taken to pieces, and weighed anchor the same evening. Although the accommodation on board such a vessel is miserably confined, we had a very quick and easy passage of about 23 hours and as it was too late in the evening when we dropped anchor to go on shore, we landed next day, which was our wedding day, 13th May. The country presented much the same appearance as at the Swan, white, sandy beach with dingy-looking forest in the background. We were conveyed to Point Casuarina in many trips of a small dinghy belonging to the cutter, without any loss or accident —thanks to a kind providence. After collecting our baggage on a heap, and answering the kind enquiries of several settlers who came down to us (for the arrival of any vessel in our Port creates an immediate sensation all round the district), I beat about for

some place sheltered from the wind where I might make a temporary encampment. I soon fixed upon a gorge between two sandhills close by and after toiling up to it with our baggage, I seized an axe and by the help of poles, the shafts of our cart and two sail-cloths, made a tolerable tent. Indeed, it warded off a very heavy storm and gale in the course of the night, which, had it caught us at sea, might have kept us afloat many days. In the meanwhile George and the rest had enclosed the sheep, goats and pigs in a hollow with bushes. A good fire, fried ham, hot tea and biscuit were to us great comforts: and here we all of us slept that night, closely packed indeed, but perfectly protected from the weather. I had piled our baggage all round under the doubled sail cloth and the sand which we threw up kept by its weight everything in its place. Poor Mary was very ill, for we had undergone great fatigue and had had no rest on board the cutter. Nevertheless we got through the night very well and I certainly felt refreshed the next morning.

The morning, however, brought its cares and I never before experienced so strongly the necessity for prompt and active exertion. The kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Ommanney (who lived opposite to us across the river) was a very seasonable help to me: for by taking Mary and me in they relieved me from much anxiety on her account. A boat was sent down for us and we were sculled up the Preston before sundown on the 14th. To be sure our accommodation, fresh as we were from England, gave us a poor idea of colonial comforts; yet we had the best they could offer, a bed on a board, merely separated from the rest of the room by a rug on a cord, which room was the entrance to the rest of the house, the pantry, and general receptacle for everything usually not placed in a parlour.

Our joy at finding friends and shelter was greatly augmented the same night by the safe arrival of William with the men and horses; desperately tired indeed, but without having experienced any accident. They started from Fremantle on the Tuesday at daybreak, accompanied half the way by Capt. Mears and his son (old settlers) and arrived at Mr. Ommanney's at about 9 p.m. on Friday, 14th May, having slept at Mr. Peel's, at Mandurah on the Murray, and passed two nights in the bush. The distance is about 100 miles and part of the riding very indifferent, it being necessary to ford the rivers. They had a native guide from Mandurah, and passed through almost interminable tracts of scrub and forest. Their provisions lasted very well, although when they came in they had nothing but a few crumbs of biscuit in their pockets. They had not met with any animal which they could kill and eat, for intent upon their journey, they could not deviate from their path or lose any time. James Everett, indeed, to his astonishment, brought down an

eagle with his carbine, but this would not do for food. The noble bird was of such a size and strength that it was with difficulty dispatched.

Having now happily and providentially collected our forces, we turned all our attention towards a settlement. The Captain of an American whaler (the *Samuel Wright*) which had been wrecked in our bay the year before, had purchased the land and premises we now occupy; but being anxious to return to his country, he, on the very day of my landing, made me such an offer of this property as I was glad, with a few modifications, to accept and I shall ever consider it as God's merciful disposal, that such a circumstance occurred at such a time, putting me at once in possession of land and shelter for myself and family. The house indeed (as are very many of the colonists' first residences) is nothing but a hut, or string of huts, such as a labourer in England would not think much of; but having the winter before us and the rains already descending, we gladly and joyfully and I hope, thankfully, took as early possession as we could. Thus I obtained, almost immediately on landing, 115 acres of land, substantially fenced in: five of them cleared for a garden and planted with fruit trees and a fair quantity of vegetables. In addition to this, I obtained many useful tools and pieces of furniture, a whaleboat, poultry etc., in the same bargain. Working oxen, too, I was able to purchase on the spot, a most valuable acquisition, as will be seen in the sequel.

I had subsequently assigned to me, on my application to the Government, another block of 100 acres, opposite to me on the other side of the river, in consideration of having paid £100 in London to obtain bounty on servants. This block being part of a reserve the price has since been raised to 30/- an acre, so that by this step I saved £50 in the purchase.

I will now make a few remarks on the appearance of the country, the nature of the soil and other matters, about which the most erroneous notions are entertained in England, even by those who are conversant with the most approved writers on Australia, or who have been intimately associated with others who have resided in the colony. You must then, kind reader, divest yourself for a time of many of your English notions and prejudices. The appearance of the coast of Western Australia as you approach from the sea is most uninviting. It consists entirely of white sand wherever rocks do not make their appearance. The sandhills, which rise gradually in the background, are very little varied in form and height and are for the most part covered with stunted trees and the scrub peculiar to the climate. These I am unable botanically to describe, but I will mention what I know whenever this, my humble attempt at a narrative, may seem to require it. Here I may mention that all the trees, although evergreens, want fresh-

ness; their foliage is of the most sombre uniform hue imaginable and the paucity of it causes their trunks and stems to bear a very undue proportion compared with the leaves. In short (speaking of timber trees only) nothing as a whole can be more at variance with English notions of the grouping of trees, producing variety of tints and beautiful outlines, than any view of a portion of an Australian forest which it has yet been my lot to behold. Here and there are very agreeable home prospects (and such a one is ours from our house and garden) but these are rare and always in the immediate vicinity of rivers or swamps. From a very high hill on Point Casuarina there is a view extending for many miles into the interior, bounded by Roe's range of mountains; but to me it is rather distressing than agreeable. Apparently an impervious mass everywhere presents itself of one uniform colour, a dark dirty green, over which on a hot day the hazy, African-looking atmosphere hangs like a pestilence. Where stems and trunks are visible, they are white, or red, or black, long and lanky, the two first being those of the White and Red Gum, the latter of trees burnt and scorched. Fire is most destructive here and well prepares the way for the wind, which continually levels the half-burnt trees. For 50 miles through the forest a tree is hardly to be found which has not the mark of fire upon it. "The bush" presents a most striking and instructive picture of life and death. An immense timber tree is often seen with half of its trunk and branches, black, ragged and hollowed out by fire; while the other half is supported by a strip of bark, and sends forth more than the usual quantity of foliage, as if the destruction by fire of one half infused more life and vigour into the remainder. All the trees contain gum and are therefore very inflammable. In summer, when the dried-up grass and scrub are designedly, or accidentally, fired by the natives, many catch the flame and burn for weeks together, until they are either levelled with the ground, or their trunks remain hollowed out like the flue of a chimney. A large white Gum tree or Tuart tree which has died a natural death is a most frightful object—the stem and every branch being perfectly white.

In Van Diemen's Land, I am told, there are forests of these dead trees, presenting a most singular and even awful appearance. It may be readily imagined therefore that the general aspect of the country, on this side of Australia at least, is by no means inviting. Of some particular spots I shall be able to speak much more favourably, inasmuch as they have the advantage of greater variety of foliage. The Peppermint tree is very graceful and fragrant—not unlike our weeping willow in England; the Tea tree also, either single or in clumps, is ornamental and there are many varieties of smaller trees, and shrubs. The Tea tree is most remarkable for its bark, which is of a light fawn colour or dirty white; and peels

off in strips, like sheets of paper and is frequently seen flapping in the wind, as if the stem had been enveloped in rags. The shrubs and plants, when examined in detail, are, many of them, curious and beautiful; the flowers brilliant and characterised generally by great delicacy of texture. The Grass tree (or Black Boy) is most curious; the Zamia, or Palm, beautiful and graceful. Yet, notwithstanding, I am very loath to believe there is any scenery to be found in the whole of this immense country at all equal to that in the picturesque parts of England. The leaves of many of the trees and shrubs grow in a vertical position to the stem—which is more curious than ornamental.

I had always entertained a wish to see a country in a state of primitive nature and now that wish has been granted, but the impression on my mind has been very different to what I anticipated. Nothing can be more depressing than the loneliness of the bush away from any settlement. This feeling is greatly increased by the apparent absence of all animal life; sometimes not a bird or beast are to be seen for several miles and above all such an awful silence prevails, except when broken by the horrid screech of the great black, or white, cockatoo, that I have been almost tempted to shed tears at the desolateness of the scene, had I not called to mind the ubiquity of the God of Nature, who can make "a wilderness like Eden and a desert like the Garden of the Lord," and cause "joy and gladness to be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Before, however, this happy time can come, the moral wilderness of the world must be broken up and cultivated. This forcibly reminds me of my clerical duties and the great responsibility resting upon me, the first of Christ's ordained ministers who has officiated in this extensive district.

But to return; the soil of this country varies in a remarkable manner; sand, however, greatly predominating, and I do not think there is, taking the country throughout, one acre in twenty, although they may naturally produce scanty herbage for sheep and goats, worth cultivation. On the flats, the borders of estuaries and banks of rivers, where alluvial soil has collected for ages and there are few, if any, trees of large size, the earth will produce spontaneously heavy crops of grain. There is much excellent wheat land too on the borders of rivers, but requiring great labour and expense to bring into cultivation, being heavily timbered. Choice spots for farms are immediately taken up by all who discover them and have the means to purchase. Such, however, is the scarcity of money and labour that many proprietors' large estates in this country are almost useless and even burdensome. In the fertile tracts the general character of the soil is patchy, rarely continuing the same over any great extent of ground, loamy, of red brick earth, or stiff clay. Lime and ironstone rocks protrude occasionally,

but there is no such thing as a stone the size of a pea to be seen. All the rest of the country is sand. Whilst on the subject of soils I should mention the value of chalk here. It is absolutely necessary to the sawyer and carpenter and sells for three halfpence a pound. I fortunately brought out a few lumps from Wickham chalk pit. It would pay well to export it to Australia.

My garden, consisting of five acres, presents patches of almost every variety of soil and its fertility varies accordingly. No doubt by proper admixtures every part would be found available—but time and much labour must be bestowed; the clays sanded, the sands clayed, and the whole, except the black mould in the hollows, well manured. It is in these hollows (beds of swamps, or tributary streams, dry in summer but inundated in winter) that vegetables must be cultivated in the hot season, since nowhere else will they find sufficient moisture to bring them to maturity. When I am more conversant with the seasons, if it please God to bring us through our present difficulties, I shall be able to do better than I have done. All one's English notions of gardening must be reversed. Seeds and crops in general must be put in for winter production, for as summer commences everything quickly ripens and goes off. With fruits it is different, but of these we have as yet gathered none. We shall, I hope, in the course of time have abundance of grapes, figs and peaches, if I may judge by the luxuriant state of my young trees.

Few common English fruits thrive here, except apples. All the gooseberries and currants I brought out were quite dead. Many of my seeds have not come up, but some were sown too late. I have raised three strawberry plants from seed given me by Dr. Carpenter. How these will get on, time will show, but I fear they will not bear. To give the best idea I can of our place upon paper; our house and premises are situated on the side of a sand hill, surrounded on the west at intervals with Eucalypti, especially the Red Gum. Our verandah faces the river on the east, but we do not see it from the house, in consequence of another lower hill of red earth and loam intervening, which forms the best part of our garden and is in fact the west bank of the Preston. Across the river the view extends but a little way, to Mr. Ommanney's house and the trees beyond. On the north and south we see nothing but forest, a little varied however and improved by the falling of a good deal of timber; a process which opens the view and when done judiciously produces a very agreeable effect. The Preston is not more than 10 or 12 yards wide at this place, except in time of flood, although navigable; but for about half a mile towards the estuary is much encumbered with trees and stumps from the washing away of its sandy banks in the course of years. Skill and care are necessary in the management of a boat. Mr. Ommanney was swamped

against a stump a short time ago, his boat immediately sunk and he and his men had to swim to the bank. This state of the rivers will, in some parts, long be an impediment to navigation; but it must be the case in all new countries where they have forced themselves a channel through soft soils encumbered with timber. William will try and sketch our house for our friends in England, and an attempt at a ground plan of the whole is subjoined.

In regard to climate, Western Australia is very changeable. This winter has been unusually severe, but still there are always very sudden changes, unpleasant to the feelings, though not unfavourable to health. A burning sun by day is succeeded by a cold, chilly, moonlight night, when often two blankets and a coverlid are necessary to keep the body warm. I feel less of these extremes than others and my general health is certainly better than when in England. I have experienced no cold feet or chills, which used to be the case with me.

The worst of it is there is no enjoyment in walking of an evening, or by moonlight, for the mosquitoes are then so troublesome that you are driven into the house. Nightfall, too, comes on so suddenly that when there is no moon you must calculate upon nothing but darkness immediately after sundown. We have repeated hoar frosts and rain has descended in torrents, and hail also. When away from shelter in unsettled weather you are wetted completely in a few moments; the least cloud which rises instantly discharges its contents, often so heavily that I can compare it to nothing better than a shower bath, only of longer continuance. Yet the atmosphere is so dry that colds are seldom caught unless the body be overheated. Dampness is never left in anything. I think the prevalence of influenza is to be ascribed to checked perspiration. John and Mary and others have had it—but I should mention that the former leaped into and swam the river with his clothes on, when heated, in pursuit of our wild ponies. Upon the whole, so far from being "the finest climate in the world" which the one we are now living in has been represented, I cannot but think there are many parts of Europe far superior to it. In this climate the necessity for great labour and exertion in those unused to it should be taken into consideration. I am describing exactly what I feel, with some prejudice no doubt (for we are all more or less prejudiced), but still correctly according to my feelings.

As in all countries so near the tropics, insects here are a great plague and none more so than fleas; against which we wage a perpetual bloody war; and towards which we entertain none of Tullie's considerate mercy, by wrapping them in a piece of paper and handing them out of window as he used to do at Balsham. Were he now with us he would hardly find waste paper enough for the purpose and his whole time, day and night, would be occu-

pied in this benevolent employment. If he were to step incautiously for one moment into a deserted hut in the bush, he would find his trousers covered with these vermin, which he would have to sweep off as well as he could. Seriously, they are a great drawback and so are the mosquitoes and sand flies. On uncleared land they are ten times worse.

But entirely setting aside these minor objections as to climate and insects, there are many things to be endured by the emigrant, even under the most favourable circumstances, which everyone ought to be well aware of before he leaves his native country from choice. Great expense of living for the first few years, incessant labour, constant necessity for exertion, want of servants; all of these should be taken into consideration by those who have hitherto been unused to such trials, before they venture upon a settler's agricultural life. The only other pursuit open to gentlemen is store-keeping, a dishonest and degrading trade and too often iniquitously carried on. I should mention, however, general agency and auctioneering which is the best business, if confined to these employments The young do not so much feel their hardships—but a colonial life uncivilizes them most lamentably and while we are compelled to live as day labourers, literally earning our bread in the sweat of our brow, some omission of civilised forms cannot be avoided. I must own, Mary and I are often so oppressed with the weight of labour, care and anxiety, which it has pleased God we should undergo, that we should utterly despair of going on, if we were not mercifully supported by One who has promised that "as our day so shall our strength be."

I am sometimes cheered too by what I must consider an honour and privilege, my being appointed to plant the Church of Christ in a new district of the world, surrounded by heathen tribes. To preach the Gospel where it was never before heard. When I say this, I do not feel the less the responsibility which rests upon me. I am sensibly aware of my utter insufficiency for this work without God's help. I entirely rely upon His gracious disposal of the hearts of men to enable me to accomplish, to His sole glory, any, the least of my plans for the extension of His Church. What I am doing in this view I shall for the present postpone any account of. Matters are not yet sufficiently ripe for description. I will say a few words about the natives and then go back to the narrative of our proceedings after I had purchased this place of Captain Coffin.

The natives of Western Australia are a singular and intelligent race—well disposed towards the whites, who in general treat them with kindness; but indolent and sly, remarkably indifferent to foreign things and customs which in general excite wonder or curiosity in savages. As guides and messengers they are invaluable,

never failing in what they undertake in this way. Their knowledge of the intricacies of the bush and great skill in following a track where a European could not perceive the slightest trace are truly surprising. They are perfectly naked with the exception of a short kangaroo skin cloak and a band of opossum's hair round the waist. Both sexes wear the same cloak but the women have no band and their hair is shorter than the men's; apparently cropped. The men are often well made, slight, rather under the middle size than otherwise and graceful in their movements. The married women are the most wretched specimens of humanity I have ever beheld, many of them mere walking skeletons. They are treated by the other sex with the utmost indifference, having to perform all the drudgery of savage life, carrying the children in a bag at their back, or astride upon the left shoulder. It was at first almost startling to see one of these hideous-looking creatures carry her right arm over her left shoulder and pull out of her bag behind a black grisly thing which, thus released, mechanically vaulted upon her shoulder saddlewise and sticking its fingers into the mother's hair (John Gilpin fashion) for security, seemed to enjoy the running walk in which its Nobby shuffled off.

The colour of the natives is very dark, almost approaching the black of the African. The back and chest are cicatrized; and the septum of the nose is pierced for the insertion of a kangaroo bone or feather. They take great pains in anointing themselves with red pigment made of burnt clay and grease and display some ingenuity and even taste, in the figures they describe in this way, on different parts of the body, and in the manner they ornament their heads and arms with feathers of the cockatoo and down of ducks. Although painting the body is intended as a preservative of the skin against the sun and insects, no Bond Street dandy can display more vanity and conceit, or take more pains in dressing up his person according to his notions of beauty and taste, than many a young savage I have seen strutting past my door. I cannot find out that they have anything which can be called Religion, or any form, or Rules of Government among their tribes. They frequently quarrel and fight with each other, chiefly about their wives; who, after all, poor wretches, get the worst of it, being often speared, though seldom killed, as being (I suppose) the causes of the disputes. They carry generally three spears of different construction, deadly weapons 8 or 10 feet long and these are thrown with unerring aim and great force from the wommera, or throwing stick. They have also a rude sort of hatchet, made with a sharp stone fixed in gum, carried in the girdle behind. The kylie, or boomerang (copied in the English toyshops) is seldom used here, but I saw most extraordinary flights made with it in Fremantle. We have often more natives about the premises than we like, but are upon

the best terms with them and never feel the least apprehension on their account.

Their presence creates a feeling of pity for their state of heathen darkness and I often pray that it may please God to open a door for their conversion; or at least for the Christian education of their children. Without funds to establish a daily boarding school I am entirely at a loss to imagine how anything can be done for them. At Perth the Wesleyans have successfully adopted this plan and many of the native boys and girls are now training for domestic servants, but the Wesleyan Body spares no expense in forwarding such holy purposes, and supporting their missionary. The colonists, I think very foolishly, give nicknames to the natives about the settlement, ex. gr., Mico, Mungo, Death, Jim Crow, Dr. Milligan, Ugly, Onion, Monkey, Beauty, etc., of which the poor things take care to acquaint you and seem proud. We saw some youths one night dance a corroboree near our garden palings, dressed up for the occasion in the most fantastic manner; William having supplied them with some white paint to adorn themselves. The sight was striking by the light of their fire. The elderly men, women and children squatted round in a semi-circle, applauding according to the proficiency of the dancers and leaving the opposite space as a sort of stage on which the dance was exhibited. It had quite an histrionic effect inasmuch as whenever a part of the acting was finished the person performing it slipped aside into the darkness, as a player would disappear behind the scene. The dance consists in stamping with the feet in very quick time and the violent shaking of the whole body, accompanied by a sort of grunting noise to keep time. They also imitated extremely well the hunting the kangaroo. But this dance cannot be described so as to give a just notion of it. It is performed much better by the inland tribes.

How these poor savages brave the cold and wet weather is surprising. They have huts constructed with boughs and bark, set up in a few minutes by the women, but these are a poor protection in a cold, stormy night. From habit they can screw up their bodies into a wonderfully small compass, so much so that a tall man squatting in the bush would be quite covered and hidden by his cloak. During bad weather they are glad enough to take shelter in our kitchens and make their damper at the white man's fire; yet cannot be induced to make any permanent dwelling for themselves. They live from hand to mouth and are ever occupied in seeking their food; which consists of any living thing they can lay hold of; birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, insects and grubs. They have the most cannibal-looking mouths and tear everything to pieces with their tremendously strong teeth. I verily believe in some parts of Australia they are cannibals. I am certain such tastes as I have seen displayed would not stick at human flesh. Stinking whale

blubber, the blood and kidneys (eaten raw like an apple) of a fresh killed kangaroo, a large fat white grub, iguanas, lizards, snakes, frogs, are all relished by them and devoured with a zest that requires none of Dr. Kitchener's Powders.

Their food, whatever it may be, skin and hair on just as it is caught, is thrown on the embers and when properly scorched, torn to pieces and devoured. They feed also upon various roots and bulbs and white gum. It is the business of the women to seek for and dig up the roots with a pointed stick they carry for the purpose. Although I said I could discover no religion amongst them, they seem to have a belief in a sort of transmigration of souls imagining that white men were formerly blacks and that they themselves when they die will go to white man's country. How glad should I be if I could turn this impression into a belief of the white man's "better country," that is, an "Heavenly." They occasionally thieve and can use their toes quite as well as their fingers for this purpose. Mr. Clifton's store has been robbed of flour since we arrived and the culprits were apprehended and sent to jail at Rottnest Island, where the natives are made to work, but taken great care of. If a white man's life is forfeited in any outbreak with the natives, it is almost always to be traced to some ill-treatment or injudicious violent proceedings on the part of the white people. Life for life is the law of these savages. With them revenge is a ruling passion. But a most extraordinary custom prevails, of taking the life of one of another tribe whenever a member of their own is killed by accident and this from no feeling of revenge but, it is supposed, to keep up the balance of power and having some mysterious reference to an evil spirit, "Ginga." Our Governor is particularly kind and benevolent in his treatment of them and has officially published several wholesome and humane regulations respecting them.

There is also a Government Officer called "Protector of the Aborigines" who publishes an annual report of his proceedings, but does not, I think, interfere so much as he ought, if he has the power. The bush fires (which this year have been most extensive) are caused by the natives, either accidentally or intentionally. If the latter, it is for the purpose of driving the animals and reptiles into one spot, or the margin of some river or swamp, where they become an easy prey. The burnt ground, too, sends up in the rainy season a sweeter crop of grass which attracts the kangaroo. They are remarkably skilful in fishing with the spear, which they throw from the hand, while wading knee-deep in the estuaries, or perched on a stump overhanging the river. All savages are restless and we have not yet been able to keep one with us long together. When they are tired of a job they take "French Leave" and if they run away from stock-keeping in the bush we are obliged to go out and

find the animals ourselves as well as we can. This is their greatest fault and we have had a lamb drowned in consequence of this trick. So much in a general way of the natives.

It was on Saturday, 15th May, that I was enabled to conclude my bargain for this property and we obtained possession a few days after, my wife and I continuing at Mr. Ommanney's in the interim and the boys and men remaining at the encampment on the beach. We now put our new boat in requisition to bring up our luggage and George drove up the live stock. We had an adventure in the boat which had nearly proved serious and had she not been a good one, we might all (Mary, of course, was not with us) have got a good ducking and our goods been sent to the bottom. Being young and inexperienced hands, some difficulty arose in crossing the bar of the estuary and we had to pull hard to meet the surf. However, this we surmounted and got up the river very well, until within a few hundred yards of our landing place when, it having suddenly grown quite dark, we struck on the sunken stem of a tree and no exertions on our part for a long time could move the boat off. At last I suggested all hands moving carefully aft, which threw the balance from the point of the keel which held us, and we were enabled to float once more. Not caring, however, to venture again in the dark, we drew immediately to the bank, made the boat fast for the night and groped our way to Mr. Ommanney's through the bush. The river winds very much and this makes the distance from the point much farther by water.

The next thing I turned my attention to was lime-washing and cleaning our house, a very necessary process, since we succeeded to dirty Yankee whalers, who had left every place in a filthy state, well stocked with vermin and smelling of oil. This accomplished in the best manner we could, all hands turned-to in the garden and the result of our labour has been given in my account of our crops. We worked hard and lived hard and had it not been for our kind neighbours, the Scotts, who supplied us with new milk and butter and paid us many little attentions, we should have fared harder still. Having the advantage of young Child's man until the *Henry* should come in, as agreed upon finally, he was to set up for himself, we were able to accomplish more than I expected considering how difficult it is to direct young persons. However, I must do them the justice to say they all worked well. I had never omitted Divine Service on Sunday since I left England and I continued it at Mr. Ommanney's until I was able to make the arrangements which I am following at present, namely, alternate Service at my own house and the Government Resident's at Bunbury, with Evening Service every Sunday, also at home. Neither have I omitted daily Family Prayer. No persons have more cause to pray with thanksgiving

than ourselves, and it is my greatest comfort to do so, as well as my wife's.

As weeks slipped away (which they do very fast) we began to be uneasy at hearing no tidings of the *Henry,* which was to follow us in three weeks. She kept away three months owing to the arrival of the *Trusty* at the Swan, which had many of the company's goods on board and Captain Todd waited to get the freight of them to Leschenault, although he had no right to keep us thus out of possession of our clothes, seeds, implements and stores and so cause us to lose the best of the season and compel us to live by borrowing from our neighbours.

This interval of delay was most agreeably broken by the happy arrival of dear John in the *Vixen,* schooner, from Fremantle, where he had landed from Port Philip, the account of which has been given in our letters. He too had just seen his sisters and we were made perfectly easy on their account. For a time we hired a man and his wife as servants, but the woman expecting to increase her family, they soon left us. After shifting in the best way we could we fell in with our present black servant, but at the very high wages of four pounds a month. Without him, in our unsettled state, I know not what we should have done, but I cannot keep him long. He has many faults, though an excellent, clever servant if he chooses. I look forward to other arrivals under the company, when servants may become less scarce and wages more moderate.

At last, when our patience was well nigh exhausted, the *Henry* arrived and now commenced a new and laborious undertaking of many weeks' duration in landing and getting up our house and goods.

I shall omit all reflections on the captain's conduct and the trouble he gave us and go on to describe some of our journeys to and from the beach.

We first of all erected a long tent in a sheltered spot near our original encampment and under this we stowed our goods from day to day as they were landed from the ship: some of us always sleeping there to guard them while others took their turn with the bullock cart and horse dray. I often wonder how we got up the heavy packages but so we did, thank God, without loss (except such things as Captain Todd never delivered) or accidents. There are two swamps between this place and the point (as the landing is called) which the unusually heavy rains had enlarged. Through these every load had to be dragged, the black mud often being knee-deep, sometimes we were obliged to make the bullocks help the horses and once or twice we had nearly broken our cart; an accident which would have laid us up for some days.

On one occasion, in riding down, I had a violent fall from my horse, but the soft sand saved me and I got off with no greater

damage than a severe shaking. On another, when riding through the great swamp in the dray, owing to the obstinacy of my man, who was mounted on the leader, in not taking the direction I desired him, we were drawn into a deep hole, out of which the violent struggles of both horses were just able to extricate the cart, breaking one of the trace chains and throwing the stupid man backwards into the muddy water.

When any of the boys took their turn to the point, sometimes they were late and did not come in until after dark. On such occasions it often rained heavily and I used anxiously to pace up and down my fence, hallooing through the gloom and placing a lantern, as a beacon which could be seen through the forest, on the top of a post.

Most heartily glad and thankful were we when these journeys were over and we could resume our daily occupations at home, which had been so long necessarily suspended. We attempted one boatload in a hired vessel, but it gave us more trouble than the carting for (as I have related in one of my letters) it upset in the estuary and gave me personally a deal of labour and a good wetting before I could get assistance by the arrival of our crew in the whale boat which was coming down to tow us in securing different parts of my house, baling out the water and reloading. Our trouble was subsequently increased by our whale boat being taken from her moorings at the point by some runaway sailors from an American whaler in the bay. It was some time before we recovered her. She was found at last much damaged several miles up the estuary, near the River Collie.

But the longest day has its close and we at length finished our arduous task, in the depth of the worst Australian winter that has been known since the year of the arrival of Sir J. Stirling and the first colonists, 1829, and contrary to the expectation of some old stagers in this neighbourhood. Ever since, up to the present day, 22nd November, we have been gradually unpacking, and setting to rights as well as we could and now there is a prospect of some comforts, which from having been so long strangers to them, we shall appreciate more than before they were taken from us.

But I have not told of our misfortune in losing our horses and our hitherto fruitless attempt to catch our ponies; also George's adventure in the bush, consequent on the former. We were obliged, at first, to tether our horses and one of them, Hotspur, had, unluckily for us, been bred at the Vasse and knew the road. Soon after our arrival he broke his tether and disappeared. No one was able to find out what had become of him (he cost £90) although his track had been frequently seen in the bush. At length, obtaining some clue, George mounted the other horse, Warwick, and

went in pursuit taking with him a native guide and our kangaroo dogs, Boatswain and Pompey.

After a fruitless search, extending nearly ten miles from home, the dogs started a large Boomah (or male kangaroo) which they killed. This pursuit took up so much of their time that night overtook them and they were compelled to make a fire and sleep in the bush. The night was cold and dreary; it is at all times an awful thing to be alone in the forest and poor George had only the company of a young savage. To add to his perplexity, his horse broke away and left him, so that he was compelled to walk home the next morning. My anxiety (being then unused to these things and entertaining many fears which I have since found were groundless) on his account, when night closed in without his returning and signal guns which we fired were unanswered, was intense. My distress then the next morning may be imagined, when I saw his horse galloping wildly across the garden without saddle and found, on examining him, the marks of blood which had evidently trickled down his shoulder.

I was too much agitated to reason as I ought to have done, seeing that George was armed, had the dogs with him and might have killed some game, but at all events I knew he had nothing but a biscuit in his pocket and I could not be easy until I had started myself to look for him. This I immediately did, accompanied by William and another native guide and taking brandy and refreshment with me. After walking rapidly four or five miles along the pathway leading to the Vasse, William suddenly exclaimed with joy, "Here's George!" whom he saw, accordingly, trudging towards us, carrying the huge tail of a kangaroo and followed by the native with the saddle on his head. He had behaved with great courage and presence of mind for one so young and inexperienced but he was pale and weary. I soon refreshed him, however, and made him ride home the horse we had brought with us.

The blood I had seen was from the kangaroo he had killed and carried before him on his horse, the body of which he was obliged to relinquish, for he and the native could not carry it themselves. The saddle he had taken off when he tied his horse in the bush, insecurely as it turned out. We discovered that Hotspur had quietly gone down to the Vasse, the place of his birth (Mr. Bussell's), a distance of 30 miles, from which he was brought safely home by a soldier, who was ordered up to Leschenault. He has since served us the same trick a second time and what was worse, took the other horse with him.

Such are some of the vexations and troubles of the settler in a wild, unenclosed country. The Bussells lost some cattle for two years. One day they unexpectedly made their appearance again

and quietly walked into the yard with their increase! Hence they call their place "Cattle Chosen."

Our ponies ran wild from the very first and although frequently seen and one of them has a foal, we have not yet been able to catch them. This adventure of George was magnified greatly in the colony from Dan to Beersheba, as far as Perth; with many horrible additions, even the loss of life.

By the way, gossiping and talebearing are quite as rife here as in other parts of the world. There is no such thing as privacy, even in the wilderness. If it were mentioned in conversation at Bunbury that Mr. Wollaston possessed four mustard pots (which I happen to have) the interesting circumstance would be related, with sundry veritable additions, within ten days at the Governor's table! The most remarkable authentic version of the story would be that although the new parson possesses the extraordinary number of four mustard pots, he has but one spoon! The fact is, people are so scattered that a trifling circumstance, which would be the subject of idle gossip between next door neighbours in England, is used as such in the colony of persons when they meet, who live 100 miles apart and all the colonists are more or less known to each other.

We made some good soup of George's tail and subsequently learnt the way to produce excellent jelly from the same part of the kangaroo as good as calf's foot and also to steam other parts of the hindquarters (the forequarters have little meat upon them and are generally reserved for the dogs) so as to produce a very tender and savoury dish. Black servants are generally good cooks.

We find hunting the kangaroo absolutely necessary for the supply of fresh meat, until we are able to kill mutton and goats ourselves. The heat of the climate makes incessant catering requisite, for nothing unsalted will keep 24 hours. You must dispose of all the carcase therefore before you put in the knife if you wish to prevent waste. On this account I purchased four kangaroo dogs of Capt. Coffin, very cheap, for £15. Two known good ones and two fine puppies. But we have been rather unfortunate, for we lost the best of these, Boatswain (a noble dog, putting his head with ease upon the table as he stood). They are a sort of breed between Lurcher and Greyhound. He dropped down dead in his attack on a large boomah (which was killed and brought home) by bursting, as we suppose and is not uncommon, a blood vessel, having been hugged probably, by his powerful adversary, as might have been the case had he been a bear, for this fellow stood on his hind legs as high as a man and I have little doubt, before he was paunched, weighed nearly 120lb.

The kangaroo will sometimes strike out with great force with his single hind claw and rip open a dog so as often to kill him on

the spot. A good experienced dog generally contrives to seize the neck. To repair the above loss I bought another dog of Scott, for which I gave £12, but here I was also unfortunate; for he died of a sudden convulsive attack (which sometimes occurs to dogs in this dry climate) before he had killed for us a single head of game. He was one of the best Scott had and the good-natured woman, his wife, was so distressed at our loss that she would not take any money for butter until we had in some measure been remunerated. An instance of high principle and self-denial rarely to be found (especially in her class of life) above all in the colony; I have great pleasure in recording it. So now young Scott and one of us club our dogs and hunt together dividing the spoils. Twice the number brought home on horseback has been five besides two or three wallabies or kangaroo rats, which when young, eat something like rabbit. In hot, still weather these animals are very difficult to get at and dogs will not hunt.

Emus are rarely seen. George has had one unsuccessful run after a pair. I have seen wild turkeys but we have killed none. While on the subject of food, I should mention our great disappointment in the scarcity and little variety of animals such an immense extent of country naturally supplied and the inferior quality of their meat. Fish appears to be the most abundant source of food, but it takes up a great deal of valuable time to catch and the different sorts taste very much alike. There is no such savoury fish as a Sole or Salmon (what is called Salmon here is very different) or even Herring, as in England. A young shark, as long as my arm, was caught last week near our garden, by our servant, James. What will be thought of our eating whale, which we have done? There is a part under the ribs which is really very eatable and tastes as like beefsteak as can be; I have tasted many a worse real beefsteak in England. The lips also of this Leviathan are eatable and are something like brawn. Whales are caught in abundance along our coasts and in the bay, but the Americans have the fishery all to themselves, so supine is our own Government and a very lucrative business they make of it.

After this statement it will be readily imagined how acceptable to us must be a joint of beef or mutton. Such a treat, however, we can very rarely indulge in for the present; either being 15d. per lb. and not always to be had. Our poultry is now increasing, but we have been unable as yet to pay due attention to it and had no food for it. By and by, D.V., we may be able to sport ducks and green peas. How these things remind one of days gone by, but I dare not indulge in such thoughts, for that very indulgence induces melancholy and thereby hampers one's exertions in the way of duty and therefore must be shaken off.

There are many beautiful birds in this country which I am unable scientifically to describe, being no ornithologist, but I will say something about them occasionally. Of these, as well as of plants, I am collecting specimens for friends and have already a large Hortus siccus.

I have mentioned annoying insects and there should be added to the list sand flies, blowflies, ants and grasshoppers of all sorts and sizes. There is a fly which blows its larvae alive, i.e., maggots instead of eggs and is very troublesome. It will often attack your plate and if you do not look sharp you will find maggots in a mouthful before you can say Jack Robinson! It will blow blankets and the ears of infants if not watched. We have cases here. The larvae have been known, in such instances, to reach the brain and cause death. There are plenty of reptiles, but few venomous; guianas, lizards, tortoises, snakes, frogs (horridly croaking and innumerable) and centipedes. The noise made by the crickets and grasshoppers and locusts in the bush is, to me, very disagreeable; for half a mile together, it assails you from all sides as you ride along and it is to me as if I were riding through a double line of boiling tea kettles.

Some very curious things there are which the Great Creator has either made to resemble dry and withered sticks, as a protection from birds, or endowed with the instinct to cover themselves, by the help of some secreted glutinous liquid from their own bodies, with little morsels of dried grass leaves—doubtless for the same wise and benevolent purpose. These are either of the caterpillar kind or furnished with long legs.

I have as yet (22nd Nov.) seen none of the butterfly or moth tribe at all comparable for beauty to those of our native country. There is, I believe, a splendid variety of beetles. Marine plants and shells I have had no time to search after and probably never shall, for great distances must be traversed to obtain any variety. Of the shells I have seen, few are remarkable; but I was shown at Fremantle a beautiful collection of sea-weeds.

I hope to be able one of these days to make an exploring expedition, but fear I shall not be able to spare time for it for a long while to come. If I ever do so, I shall have it in my power to exercise more observation and may discover some things, the description of which may be worth recording.

I omitted to mention that in the height of our bustle and confusion related in the preceeding pages, my poor wife had the misfortune to stumble over a tea kettle and scald both her feet. She suffered much from this untoward accident; many weeks elapsed before she got well and nothing but calomel and bluestone would finally effect a cure.

Notwithstanding the healthiness of the climate we find our medicines very useful, both for ourselves and our neighbours.

I have thus endeavoured to redeem the time since I left Fremantle in the account of our proceedings, in a cursory manner it is true and with many parentheses, but still, to the best of my ability and for the sake of those to whom I feel even my blunders will be acceptable.

In carrying on this Journal I shall only now and then put down the date at which I am writing; this will serve as a sufficient guide in tracing the progress of our circumstances and occupations.

Wednesday, 1st December, 1841.

To give a notion of the climate since we have been here, on Sunday last the heat was intense, although the preceding night had been very cold. Last night we had a violent gale from the S.W. with heavy rain and this morning we were glad of a fire at breakfast. This changeableness in the weather affects the barometer and my spirits, which fall very low at times and will not always rise with the quicksilver in the glass. I wish they would, for the sake of those around me, but constitutional weaknesses are part of our trials, no doubt intended for wise and good purposes to wean us from this world and induce us to seek more earnestly after "that rest which remaineth for the People of God."

If I did not write exactly as I felt, I should not be recording a true account of my impressions. Of course things strike people in various ways and affect their minds accordingly. The best method is, when the effect of any circumstance of this life is distressing, to fix the mind as much as possible on the Great First Cause—"Thou, Lord, hast done it." "Be still; and know that I am God."

Mr. Clifton called on me yesterday, and two of the Miss Cliftons on Mary a few days ago. Mrs. Clifton is at present confined at home, expecting daily the accouchement of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Clifton. We passed a very agreeable day with them at Australind the week before last. They are now comfortably housed in thatched cottages, but out of all the emigrants who came out with them, they have not a single female servant. We experienced from them all great attention and kindness. George, William and James Everet rowed us up in our boat and I steered.

Having found most of my lost wine among the company's stores (but more than half the bottles broken) we loaded to come back in the evening, but after reaching the middle of the estuary we found wind and tide so strong against us that we were compelled to put about and be indebted to our friends for a "shake down" for the night. Mary shared Mrs. Clifton's bed (together with the fleas) and the Chief Commissioner most considerately

slept on some chairs, giving up to me a stretcher and mattress. The boys slept on the floor in the dining (or common) room. The next morning we rowed safely home again.

The estuary is a fine piece of water, or rather mimic sea, such as we may suppose the Lake of Gennesareth on a smaller scale. It is 8 or 10 miles in length and 2 or 3 in breadth at the widest part and often very rough "by reason of a great wind that blows" from the N.W. We saw several black swans (by no means *rare* ones here) and pelicans, but they are not to be approached with a gun, being exceedingly shy. When first discovered the swans on the estuary were easily killed by hundreds. They are eatable but very strong tasted.

I am reminded in this country of many Scriptural allusions. I have seen today "the Pelican in the Wilderness." The account of God's providence over his people in Egypt and the Wilderness in the 105th Ps. is such as might serve for a description of a like display of His omnipotence and mercy, by a miraculous and overwhelming increase either of the common annoyances of this country, to punish us for our sins; or of its natural resources to sustain life and prosper the work of our hands.

Although our streams are not held sacred, as with Pharaoh and his people, we have abundance of fish, a resource of food, especially of the natives. Our land "brings forth frogs," "we have all manner of flies" (and fleas) "in all our quarters." We have had "hailstones for rain" and "flames of fire in our land" are of constant occurrence. "Vines and fig trees" yield our staple fruits. We have "grasshoppers innumerable and caterpillars," "quails" also and I am told some trees yield a sort of "Manna." Lastly, "God has given us the lands of the heathen in possession." Oh may we all "keep His statutes and observe His laws," that when we have faithfully served our time in the wilderness of this world He may "bring us forth with joy and gladness as His Chosen People, into the Canaan above"! (Grant this, O Lord, in behalf of all dear to me however dispersed, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.)

There are times when my heart is so full that I know not how to struggle against my feelings. Nor should I thus obtrude them upon the notice of my friends and relatives if it were not for the relief afforded by communing with them upon paper. God, I know, can carry me through every trial and He will, if I trust in Him.

We have been obliged to have Dr. Carpenter to see John. I find he fell into the hands of some quack at Port Philip who bled and purged him most injudiciously. Dr. Carpenter finds, thank God, no organic disease about him, but he is at times exceedingly weak and excitable. With care and attention to diet (such as we can pay in this place) I hope under providence we shall be able to

restore him. When his limbs are set and his overgrown frame more closely knit together, he may feel less the need of exertion.

The time draws near for withdrawing our girls from school. I am much puzzled what to do, the journey is so great but must do the best I can. It is some comfort to find a family like the Clifton's, under the same circumstances as ourselves, within our reach. Yet I should not say the same circumstances, since they have many advantages, under the company, which we do not possess. At the same time they have their inconveniences and privations. As to the company's plans, unless they are sobered down considerably and brought within the verge of human probability, they must turn out all moonshine.

The next ship is now anxiously looked for by them and with great interest by every settler. Had I waited for their second ship (as the directors wished me) I might have been in Devonshire Square at this moment. There has been no unanimity among the Australindians. Mr. Austin, the Chief Surveyor, who arrived first in the *Island Queen* and his principal have quarrelled and the former has successfully prosecuted a law suit against Mr. C. and the company at Perth and is gone back to England by the first opportunity. The young men under him are pleasant and gentlemenlike and little anticipated what they have to undergo. How should they, amidst the false colourings and illusive statements, plausible arguments, visionary schemes and excitement consequent on the whole, so industriously and dishonestly puffed by the company?

When a man's character is fixed and formed on the basis of sound religion practically producing its fruits, then and not until then, if he has moral courage also and means, let him emigrate but let him do so entirely on his own account.

Thursday, 2nd December.

Washing day! I often think of Emily's comic song "Thump, Thump, Scold, Scold, etc.," on these occasions, but am sometimes more inclined to weep than to laugh. In our circumstances it is a most laborious employment. We are obliged to be content with simple washing and drying. We never think of ironing and starching, and as to clapping, I never clap my hands till it is all over. We cannot get help and what few things we can afford to put out we pay 4/- a dozen for. This evening I avail myself of the great boiler to wash and scour out our bedroom.

Monday, 6th December.

I have just heard the Governor is arrived at Australind. If so we may expect to see him here in a day or two. Lieut. Northey is

also arrived and I understand some fresh soldiers are on their way down. I believe this movement arises from a recent arrival of officers for Van Diemen's Land and to supply some vacancies at Perth caused by death.

We began our little harvest this morning. I have been reaping oats, but find the glare of the sun too much for me. My sight is not as good as it was, but I must not forget I am on the wrong side of 50. I left George at it (he is grown a very fine, strong young man), the rest are otherwise engaged. Such is the multiplicity of things we have to attend to, that we cannot always collect our forces through the day. I had, too, a hard day's work on Saturday, which tired me, or perhaps I ought to say, stiffened me.

I will relate what I did, as a specimen of some of our colonial employments and describe some other little occurrences. Having heard that our dun mare pony and her foal had been several times seen by the natives a few miles up the river and one or two fruitless attempts having been made by others to recover her, I determined to go after her myself. So taking William and both horses and a native guide of the name of Mullet (an excellent fish—i.e., the native) furnishing myself with a bag of maize and a rope, I started after breakfast.

We had proceeded about a couple of hours without seeing any trace of the animals when we suddenly fell in with Mullet's father and a little brother, under a gum treee. The former was just in the act of mounting the tree in pursuit of an opossum which on being pointed out to us we descried upon the furthest extremity of one of the topmost branches. The old native was active, cool and ready, and by making notches in the bark with his tomahawk, as a purchase for his toes, soon climbed the stem and then running like a monkey up the branches, came within a spear's length of his victim, which remained perfectly still. Removing gently a small bough or two in his way, he took unerring aim and struck the poor animal in the neck. It came tumbling down to the ground, where Mullet was in readiness to dispatch it with a stick. This, however, he did not accomplish until it had made an ineffectual attempt to mount another tree. The old man was down again in a moment; a fire was lighted (from the fire-stick generally carried in the bush to save the trouble and delay of obtaining fire by friction) and then commenced a jabber and excitement, evincing great good humour, in anticipation of the forthcoming treat.

The opossum was a beautiful male and I begged the skin, which they gave me, but which had I not asked for it. would have been singed upon the body. The natives are skilful in dismembering animals and appear to reject the large intestines. All other parts and the blood they devour. When part-roasted and smashed to

pieces on a log the animal I had seen killed was much enjoyed, the little blacky having his full share. I also out of curiosity and kindness tasted a piece of the liver, which, had I been hard pushed, would have gone very well.

During the progress of the eating we gathered from the old man that he had seen our pony and could show us her tracks. So before their mouths were quite empty, he and his picaninny accompanied us to seek further for the object of our search. We soon found the place where she had lain with her foal the night before and could see her tracks in various devious directions. After following these, however, for a long time we could hit upon no consecutive track and getting tired, gave up the pursuit. The old man and his boy separated from us and we ourselves, taking our bearings from the sun, striking homewards.

In about half an hour we met with several other natives and they had seen nothing of our pony. Among them were two most wretched-looking old people, man and wife, so feeble from disease, old age and want of food as scarcely to be able to walk.

Children are indulged in everything and treated with great kindness but the infirm and aged appear to be utterly neglected among these savage tribes and sometimes are speared in order to be put out of the way. When old people begin to fail, they are immediately branded, as it were, with a mark of death and are pointed out to the stranger as about to die. I passed a native grave in the bush, very like a great ant-hill (which here are three or four feet high; sometimes as hard as rock).

The natives seem to have various ways of sepulture, but I believe the common way is to compress the body in a sitting or squatting posture into a hole, generally under a tree, which is covered up with boughs and earth. The one I saw was under a stunted gum tree, which William has endeavoured to represent. Mullet could not tell me how long the body had been buried. They have no notion of the lapse of times and numeration beyond five. the number of fingers, puzzles them.

I did what I could for the poor old wretches I had fallen in with, by giving them some Indian corn from my bag which they immediately, squatting down, began very slowly to eat as if they had hardly strength to chew the grain.

Just as we were on the point of separating from these poor people Mullet caught the sound (their hearing and sight are wonderfully acute) of his father's "cooing" in the bush. This was immediately answered and we hastened in the direction of the signal, knowing that by that he had something to tell us about the pony. We soon met him directly ahead of us and as we had antici-

pated found that after we left him he had seen the mare and foal and he showed us the track on which to follow them in the direction they had trotted off on seeing him.

And now commenced the excitement of pursuit but in perfect silence. Mullet like a mute hound took the lead and traced the animals with wonderful accuracy through places where I could see no mark, the ground being hard and incapable of impress. Sometimes he ran, now and then he came to a check—when he was obliged to "hark back"—then he was off again with renewed eagerness. The old man followed as long as he could but having occasionally to carry his picaninny on his shoulder was obliged to give up the chase.

It is best not to bother the tracker on these occasions by talking so William and I followed in silence, our horses evidently participating in the excitement of the pursuit. We proceeded in this way several miles but the track at last became so difficult, even for our sharp-eyed native, that I began a second time to think of going home—when—"Hush! there they are!" said William, and looking through the trees I saw the mare and foal perfectly quiet. I had arranged with William that I should go up on Warwick and endeavour to catch the mare by stratagem, but if he heard me halloo he was to follow immediately in pursuit. I desired the native to keep out of sight, for the appearance of the blacks frightens horses more than anything.

The mare is not naturally wild and I had hidden her frequently but she had been away three months. She suffered me to approach close to her, but soon took fright and went off with her foal running like a deer, at the top of her speed. I gave William the signal and off we went through bush and bog, our object being to ride down the foal and by so doing easily secure the mother.

We had a sharp chase for half an hour before they began to flag; William lost his hat and both of us received sundry knocks and scratches from the trees. At length they came to a standstill, when I slipped off and made an unsuccessful plunge at the colt's hind legs. This set them off again as fast as ever. "Stick to 'em," I cried out to William, and mounting, followed the chase once more. After keeping them in sight with difficulty, dodging them about a long while and making many vain attempts to throw the rope over them, a second time they stood still.

I now watched my opportunity with more care and contrived, by creeping up behind, to seize one of the hind legs of the poor, terrified little colt. He, however, nearly mastered me and the mare flung out and all but struck me; William kept her off and as soon as he could came to my assistance and we effectually secured our prize by tying his legs together and a handkerchief round its neck.

Now what was to be done to get home? We knew not where we were and must have trusted to our horses to guide us, if our native had been out of hearing. This we thought improbable, and were presently delighted at hearing him answer our halloo. He soon came up, with William's hat in his hand and giving a broad grin at the prostrate colt, helped us to catch the mare—now an easy matter. This done we loosened the poor foal and proceeded straight home through the forest, our guide leading the way, not a little proud of our success and having no further trouble beyond an occasional halt, to relieve the wearied little animal that trotted after us. We reached home safely at tea time and Mullet was rewarded with "a great big damper," a glass of colonial beer (made with molasses) and a cup of sweet tea.

Such is as good a sketch as I can give of some of our colonial occupations.

I should mention that mares at large always retire into the recesses of the forest to foal and if they are not looked after become, as well as their progeny, very wild and unmanageable. I am afraid we shall never catch our other two, except perhaps in the way described, for one is on the other side of the river with some others, and may find its way into the mountains. Rivers are no barriers here, for cows, bullocks, calves and horses swim like ducks.

William brought in a kangaroo today but on account of the heat was obliged to go out at 4 a.m. He and young Scott caught also two young kangaroos alive, one of which was just now hopping about the room as tame as possible. It is a mistake to suppose the kangaroo leaps from its tail. It is never used except to walk with (if hobbling on three legs, or rather two legs and a tail can be called walking) or to balance the body in leaping which is performed with the hind legs only and with amazing speed.

John is rearing a beautiful parrot, called here "twenty-eight" from the noise it makes resembling those words. He (John) is far from strong and mostly our fisherman. Teddy is cow and bullock boy and sees after the pigs. All these things we are obliged to do ourselves, for we want James' work in the fields and Joe is shepherd and goatherd.

In the afternoon I was able to go out again and help reap and we began our wheat (the oats were a very little strip and George soon finished them) of which we have about an acre and a half. The first sheaf that was ever made by a parson in this country was made this day, 6th December. How I wish I could gather in as easily my Spiritual Harvest. But as I am only a humble labourer I hope I may safely leave the result in the hand of the Great Husbandman.

There has been much and unusual sickness to the great surprise of the old settlers. A kind of influenza, which even the natives have not escaped and which has carried off a great many of the old people among them. I have doctored one or two and a black fellow has just been to my window to beg some salts! I hope I shall not get the character of a wizard among them. They always call me "Misser Woolson," as I am upon very good terms with them all. I must try and pick up some of their words, but the rapid jabber of their language is a sad impediment with my slowness of hearing. I can always make them understand common things by signs which delights them amazingly and they are great and loud laughers.

Tuesday, 7th December, 1841.

The boasted climate, although a fine one, does not deserve the encomiums bestowed upon it. I have said that colds are unknown and so they were during the winter, but lo! as soon as the heat set in influenza began to prevail and it has been spreading extensively all over the colony. The temperature out of doors this day at noon was 83°. Mary has been laid up with sore throat and stiff neck. Mrs. Ommanney has been very poorly in the same way. This cannot be from damp, for there is no such thing; besides vegetation is now drying up, the grass and bush becoming parched and the country looking like a barren and dry land, where no water is. Thank God, however, this is not really the case.

Harvest has commenced with good promise and plenty of water may be had by sinking wells. Such extreme aridity does not at all suit the eye of an Englishman. How I should relish and enjoy a green lawn before my windows. I am told that Ogle who published on Western Australia,[1] never was in the country himself but compiled his book merely from Sir James Stirling's Statistical Account, for interested purposes no doubt, to enhance the price of land. It contains positive falsehoods.

I have been to meet the Governor[2] at Bunbury today and he is coming here tomorrow when we are to converse on Church matters and I am to accompany His Excellency to the Vasse on Thursday and see about the building of a church there also. I have lent him a horse for which he is to pay me 10/- a day as his own is knocked up; the one that draws his cart. He is accompanied by the

1.—"The Colony of Western Australia," a manual for emigrants to that Settlement . . . Also "Instruction and Hints to Settlers," by Nathaniel Ogle, F.G.S., with an Appendix containing the Governor's Commission, Land Regulations, a list of the names of the Proprietors &c., London, James Fraser, Regent Street, 1839.

2.—Mr. John Hutt, second Governor of Western Australia, arrived in "The Brothers" on 2nd January, 1839. He retired in December, 1845. Wollaston speaks of him as "Hutt, the Radical."

Surveyor-General, Mr. Roe[3], and Captain Stokes[4], of the *Beagle,* Government Survey Schooner.

While I was in Bunbury the *Velocity* came in, bringing goods and passengers for the Swan, bound for Sydney. She belongs to a gentleman of the name of Boyd, said to be very rich, who has taken up steam vessels. It would be a good thing for us if he would establish steam navigation round these coasts and to and from India.

I will record full particulars of my second visit to the other extremity of the district after my return. I gave Tullie some account of my first visit in October. We can now go down dry shod, which was not the case then for my boots were full of water and the boggy state of the country was most distressing both for riders and horses. This time I shall not go to Bussell's, but the Government Resident's, Captain Molloy[5], where I hope there is better accommodation.

In the course of conversation the Governor has told me of the distressing circumstances of Mrs. Henry Phillip's dangerous illness and probable death, which was communicated to him, I believe through some of the Thomases, with whom he is intimate. Alas! May God comfort my poor old schoolfellow, with such a family as he has! How will his poor son, who went out with Jack, be afflicted at the news. When I look back to the time of our respective marriages, then consider our present positions in the world, how transitory and unstable does this life appear. How truly and how

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3.—Capt. John Septimus Roe, R.N. (b. 8/5/1797: d. 28/5/78; m. 8/1/29 Matilda Bennett). The seventh son of Revd. James Roe, Rector of Newbury, Berks. J. S. Roe was trained for the sea and joined the Royal Navy in 1813. In 1817 he was appointed to surveying work under Capt. P. P. King, and with him took part in the survey of the coast of Australia from 1817 to 1823, in H.M.S. "Mermaid" and "Bathurst," and, under Capt. J. G. Bremer, in H.M.S. "Tamar." He then worked in the hydrographical department at the Admiralty. With so extensive a knowledge of the Australian coast, it seemed fitting that he should be appointed the first Surveyor General of Western Australia. He came out with Governor Stirling, in the "Parmelia" and held his post for 42 years. There is a list, in his own handwriting, of the tours of exploration which he undertook, the most important being one, in 1848, which took him to the Stirling and Russell Ranges, on the South Coast. But his chief work was that of surveying and laying out town-sites and holdings, and administering the work of the Lands Office, at Perth, and few men can have won higher esteem for the conscientious discharge of difficult public duties over so long a period of time. He had thirteen children who married into several of the best known families in the West.

4.—Captain J. Lort Stokes, Commander (afterwards Admiral) R.N., surveyed the coasts and rivers of Australia, in H.M.S. "Beagle", during the years 1837-43, and published an account of his work in "Discoveries in Australia" (London, T. & W. Boone, 1846).

5.—Captain John Molloy (b. 1776; d. 8/10/67; m. 6/8/29 Georgina Kennedy). Came to Western Australia in the "Warrior" (11/3/30), and, on Governor Stirling's advice, took up land at Augusta, in company with the Bussell family and others. Finding that the heavy timber prevented the development of their land for agricultural purposes, the two families moved to the Vasse River (Geographe Bay) to the town called (later) Busselton, after the Bussells. Capt. Molloy had been in the Rifle Brigade and fought at Waterloo. By his wife he had one son who was drowned in infancy, and six daughters, the eldest of whom, Sabina, became the second wife of Archdeacon Mathew Hale, afterwards first Bishop of Perth, Western Australia.

often have I felt the force of the Apostle's words "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

There is one thing here which still seems strange to me and I have remarked in some of my letters, the apparent course of the sun. Although, being so much nearer the tropics, the sun is here more vertical than in England and throws very little length of shadow when in the zenith, yet it seems strange to see him travel round by the north, having all my life hitherto followed him on the other track, by the south. Some of our nights are most beautifully serene and brilliant, but we cannot enjoy them for the mosquitoes. I do not, however, think there is anything seen in this hemisphere to be compared with a clear, frosty night in England.

We miss the sight and sound of common English birds. I should be glad of a flight of sparrows, destructive as they are, for the sake of the chirping. To say nothing of the songsters of our native land, the nightingale, lark, blackbird and thrush. Few small birds are seen at this season, they are busy in the bush rearing of their young. Of swallows we have a few and excessively tame; so much so that one cherished pair built in one of our rooms and fly over our heads as we sit at meals. They resemble the martin but I have seen two sorts. There is a beautiful little bird too here very familiar which we call the robin. It has a brilliant red breast and its habits resemble that of England, but it is smaller and much more delicately made. We have, moreover, a pretty little black and white bird, like the wagtail, very tame and frequently seen on the backs of animals. There is this difference, however, in its deportment—it moves its tail horizontally instead of vertically. It is very nimble and I hope catches a good many fleas. They require a nimble adversary to master them. Surely they must be a species of kangaroo, they hop so vigorously. Naturalists have calculated the strength of the flea, in comparison of size, to be greater than that of the elephant and I am sure they are right.

The paucity of numbers in the feathered tribe in this country strikes me very forcibly. I can look out of my window for half an hour and not see a single bird of any kind, unless a crow or two, or some cockatoos should happen to skim through the trees. The crow is known all over the world, but we have no flocks of dear English rooks. I am speaking only of the season at which I write, which is the breeding season and has doubtless its effect in withdrawing the birds from observation.

Friday, 17th December, 1841.

I have been unable to proceed since my last date. The truth is I have not time to write as much as I wish. I do not always date every time I write, but only at intervals. I returned from the Vasse on Tuesday last, whither I had accompanied the Governor

whom I left to proceed to Augusta, 66 miles further. He arrived at Australind a day or two before we started. When he had completed his business at Bunbury and parted with Mr. Roe, who returned to Perth, he made us a long visit, but chose to bivouac in the bush, close by, over night, to be in readiness to start the next morning and I joined him there on horseback at 7 o'clock. He travels also on horseback, but is accompanied by a cart, servant and escort of three soldiers.

I found it terribly tedious travelling on account of the cart, a flimsy thing, lent him by Mr. Clifton as being lighter than his own and having been exposed to the sun (which in this dry climate makes everything of wood fall to pieces) I thought it would have broken down more than once under the unskilful management of the soldiers.

We reached the River Capel (17 miles) at half past one (not three miles an hour), the Governor and I having ridden in advance and the cart coming up half an hour after us. We made a fire ready for our dinner, as well as to keep off the sandflies and His Excellency grew hungry and fidgety. On the arrival of the cart all right, to dinner we went. Some potatoes were immediately put to roast, a cloth was spread on the grass and a famous cold roast fowl which Mr. Ommanney had given him, ham and a loaf of bread made their welcome appearance. These creature comforts were washed down with Madeira and water and we wound up with a Segar.

Dinner had a wonderful effect on the Governor's temperament, who I suspect is somewhat choleric. According to Dr. Kitchener's remark that, to be at ease, we must keep in good humour every man's master, the stomach! There was, however, an interruption to our meal which had nearly proved serious. The Governor himself had made a second fire in a hole behind him to keep off the troublesome flies. This had, unperceived by us, insidiously communicated with the grass, and I was startled at seeing His Excellency all at once jump up, with knife and fork in hand and mouth full of chicken and begin stamping furiously. I then perceived the fire had spread round him; which this process however soon extinguished. Had it, in the eagerness of our repast, escaped notice, in all probability His Excellency would have found it necessary to search his knapsack for another pair of unmentionables.

I did not find out until I was on the road that the Governor intended to make two days' journey of 30 miles and was unprovided for sleeping in the bush. I therefore wished to go on, but so much time had been lost that I could not get the party further than across the Little Ludlaw, 9 miles from Capt. Molloy's whither we were bound. I had dismounted and driven the horses some way myself, but the tired soldiers only bothered me and I let them go on their own way. Leaving His Excellency to get his supper among

a host of mosquitoes, at his request I pushed on with one of the men. This was just what I wanted. The soldier shouldered his musket and marched on before as guide and I followed.

It soon grew dark and we could but just see the pathway. At nine o'clock I discerned the twinkling of a light through the trees, and we reached safely the first house at the Vasse, Mrs. Layman's (Wonnerup), a farmer's widow, whose husband was murdered by the natives at his own door about a year and a half ago. As I had still five miles to go, the mouths of two rivers to cross and it was quite dark, I thought it prudent to accept Mrs. Layman's offer of tea and shakedown and proceed early in the morning.

I was glad indeed to lie down on my stretcher under an inhabited roof, but alas! tired as I was, the horrid fleas absolutely tortured me all night and I could get very little sleep. At six next morning I proceeded with my escort and dropping him on the way at a hut, called the Barracks, reached Capt. Molloy's in time to partake of an excellent early breakfast in company with three American captains, whose whaling vessels were in the bay (Geographe). This was out of doors under a sail cloth and very pleasant in the cool of the morning. Hot rolls and a round of beef were indeed to me great dainties. The Governor came up at 10 o'clock, without having met with any accident to his cart, which was more than I expected.

He was upon the whole very agreeable and friendly and I passed three very pleasant days at the Resident's house.

But I must give some idea of the life which even old settlers are obliged to lead and must continue to do, until the population is greater and servants are procurable.

The Molloys are at present without servant of any kind and if it had not been for the loan of the steward of one of the ships in the bay and the Governor's servant, they must have done everything for us themselves. As it was, Mrs. Molloy, assisted by her little girl, only 9 years old, attended to everything in the cooking way. Although the dining room has a clay floor and opens into the dairy, the thatch appears overhead and there is not a single pane of glass on the premises (the windows being merely square frames with shutters) yet our entertainment, the style of manners of our host and hostess, their dress and conversation, all conspired to show that genuine good breeding and gentlemanly deportment are not always lost sight of among English emigrants.

The scene, however, I confess set me off musing very sadly; for the parties alluded to evidently felt, and felt deeply, their position and I could not help remarking to the Governor one morning, as Mrs. Molloy passed in our view from the house to the kitchen, with the dinner dishes in one hand and her youngest daughter without shoes or stockings, in the other, how distressing and

laborious must be the female emigrant's lot, who has in her native country been used even to the common comforts and plain cleanliness of genteel life.

I performed service twice on Sunday (12th December) at Mr. Bussell's[6] house where the settlers are in the habit of assembling for Divine Worship, and administered the Sacrament. I had a very good congregation and baptized Mrs. Molloy's youngest child. All her children are daughters and she has four. One son they had but he was accidentally drowned! The Governor attended in the morning and did not stay to communicate. This I was very sorry for, but he has had no notice. Yet one ought always to be ready for the Sacrament as well as for Prayer and his example would have been beneficial.

A party of us walked to the town site of Busselton to view the spot where Government had reserved the liberal quantity of four acres of land for church purposes and where they talked of erecting the church for which the S.P.C.K. holds funds in trust, at the disposal of our Colonial Bishop, originally subscribed for the benefit of the present residents at the Vasse then living at Augusta, from whence they migrated.

A more unsuitable spot in the present state of the settlement could not be; there is not a single settler near it. Two or three ruinous huts show where abortive attempts have been made to settle. The land is low and flat; the scene dreary and desolate. I ventured to hint that some endowment would be necessary to maintain a clergyman, even if the population enabled him to obtain the £100 a year which the Legislative Council allows to ministers of all religions. But the Government, which is radical and liberal, although possessing such an immense territory will do nothing more. The settlers themselves are not backward to offer their own land and the matter might be easily arranged, independently of the Government, if Tullie's college chum, John Bussell, were to exert himself properly. He and his brothers are among the principal proprietors of land, possessing 5,000 acres.

My parting advice was, that the site for a church at Busselton being, in the present state of the settlement ineligible, the settlers should unite to erect a sacred building immediately, suitable for existing exigencies, at their own expense, on the most convenient spot and reserve their funds in the Bishop's hands for a more sub-

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6.—John Bussell (b. 16/8/03; d. 21/9/75; m. 22/8/38, Charlotte Cookworthy), was the eldest son of a clergyman at Portsea, Hants, who, on the death of his father, came out with his brothers, and was later joined by his mother and sisters. They settled first at Augusta, with the Molloys, then moved to the Vasse River to a settlement called after them, Busselton. The early struggles of the family have been chronicled in "Cattle Chosen" (by E. O. G. Shann, Oxford Univ. Press, 1926). A man of wide culture and strength of character, he took a leading position in the development of the South West. He had four daughters.

stantial and ecclesiastical building at a future time, clubbing land among themselves for Glebe, and applying forthwith to S.P.G. for a clergyman to be sent out to them.

A meeting is to be held soon on the subject and perhaps something may then turn up to open better prospects of a settlement of this matter, of such vital importance to the bulk of the Vasse emigrants. From habitual neglect I am sorry to say (and in this respond warmly to the feelings of Bishop Broughton) that religion has sunk to a miserably low ebb in the colony.

I must not omit to mention Founder's Day and all the reminiscences it brought to my mind. The Governor and Captain Molloy kindly joined me in honouring the memory of good old Thomas Sutton, in a glass of claret.

On Monday the 13th I intended returning home, leaving the Governor to proceed to Augusta, but the Bussells managed so badly in catching my horse that he was not brought in until past 12 o'clock and then I found that someone had, *sans ceremony*, borrowed my saddle. However, I did start on that day and found my saddle at Mr. Chapman's, a settler who lives on the way. Having been unable to procure a native guide owing to the prevalence of influenza among the tribes, which drives the poor creatures into the bush to pine out their sickness, I was obliged to proceed alone.

It will be remembered I had come the last four miles down in the dark with the soldier and I could not recognise the path on my return. So finding myself bewildered and the day far spent, I turned back and slept at Mr. Chapman's. When on a former occasion I had come down with John, we went another way owing to the floods.

The next morning early I got a man to put me on to the right road and reached the Capel very easily. On the other side of the river the forest consists of larger trees and is awfully still and impressive and the only living creature I saw was a huge kangaroo, which hopped close to me and stood up at least five feet; having stared at me for some little time, he moved slowly off. I instinctively pulled out a pistol and pushed on. I had a plain to cross which in winter is flooded and in dry weather the path is nearly obliterated. Here I lost myself and for a while considered whether I should try back for the path or proceed. I had a compass and knew my bearings and determined on the latter.

After steering for about two hours through scrub and swamp, I fell in with the easier Vasse road near the beach. This was no small comfort. The reason of my getting into this road and not the one I had come by was my not liking to venture a single point eastward (the direction towards the recesses of the forest); whereas due north I knew to be the bearing of Point Casuarina and as long as I kept near the sea I was safe. My correct course

would have been N. by E. Before I found the path I saw a solitary native slip down from a tree. I was in hopes of getting him to guide me, but he immediately hid himself and would not answer my hail. Once on the track I felt no further difficulty and got home safe to dinner two hours only after the time I had calculated upon at starting.

It is very remarkable how truly horses accustomed to the bush will of themselves recover a lost track. I threw my reins on Warwick's neck, and all the time I held the compass in my hand had scarcely occasion to guide him and he eventually came straight into the path towards which I was steering. It was dear Henry's birthday on which I made my solitary journey homewards and his health we drank at our own humble board and bid God bless him. Exiles however, as we are, these reminiscences are painful and not to be entertained without a sigh and a tear; yet I hope, in the spirit of cheerful submission to the will of God, who knows better than ourselves what is for our good and does all things well.

Saturday, 18th December, 1841.

The influenza, alluded to as having attacked the natives, is very prevalent also among the whites. Two children have died at the Vasse. We have not escaped. Mary, John and our black servant have been very ill with it. Dr. Carpenter, who is a talented unaffected man, considers it a remarkable circumstance that all the features and stages of this epidemic are precisely the same here as those of the one which made such havoc in and about London some time ago, a report of which he drew up, afterwards translated into the French Medical Journals. And not only this—it is further remarkable that it has made its appearance at the same time of the year, in warm, dry climate, on the other side of the globe, during summer, which our November is.

These facts must puzzle the wisest doctor and prove that climate and seasons have little to do with it. Sudden transitions from heat to coldness and vice versa may be the cause. Such have occurred here (very unusually I am told) and still occur to a degree which Europeans would scarcely believe who had not felt them. These are very apt, by checking perspiration, to throw the system into disorder, especially if it had been previously out of sorts. For these reasons I do not think this so pleasant a climate as has been represented. What it may be in future years I have yet to learn, for all the colonists seem puzzled about their boasted country and begin to think they must expect these freaks of the seasons periodically.

Poor Teddy has been to tell me the mare and foal are lost again! He managed to let the latter get untied and both are gone back to the bush. This shows the absolute necessity of enclosures.

They have been seen since but I cannot go after them again at present.

Cleaning-up day. The dust of this country creates the greatest inconvenience and adds greatly to the trouble of washing, together with the sand it contributes to the speedy destruction of shoes and stockings. It is as impalpable as the finest flour. Charcoal enters largely into its consumption from the immense quantity of burnt wood over the face of the land, so that its grimy nature may be imagined. It sticks to everything with a pertinacity which nothing but washing will subdue and therefore is a source of much discomfort and labour, especially in a family.

To keep one's self clean was not half the trouble in England. Teddy has worn out all his clothes, which were few in quantity, on account of his growing and I am quite at a loss how to furnish him with others. There are few materials and no tailor to be met with here and if there were, the charges would be enormously high. I must try and buy some articles from the American whalers, if they come in, who sometimes bring slops for barter.

The shingling of our house being now completed and the tedious hammering at an end, we shall wash down all our rooms today with boiling water. The inconvenience of inhabiting a house wherein there are no ceilings is of course great, but the noise of shingling is worse than the incessant shifting about to avoid the wet and splinters on beds, boxes and furniture.

On Monday we must brew. This process consists merely of boiling molasses with a certain proportion of water and hops, and I think the beer is heady and unwholesome; but it is (and must be) generally drunk by servants, where spirits are not allowed. Spirit-drinking is the curse of this, as well as other colonies. I have set my face against it as in duty bound and will do so as long as I have power to speak. I hope I have done a little good in this way, but whilst the more respectable settlers, even gentlemen who keep stores, stoop to retail this pernicious beverage to the lower classes, the evil cannot be effectually checked. There are many melancholy instances of spirit-drinking to excess among gentlemen which has been taken up since they came out. I have hitherto kept all my own family from this habit and I pray God I may be always able to do so.

The Governor promised to call on his way back and we expect him early next week. Poor Mary has just been consulting me about what we shall be able to get for him to eat. We must trust to our hunting on Monday and I think we can kill a chicken or two, perhaps we may get some fish. We can bespeak nothing here. The kangaroo is in the forest and the fish in the river and must be caught. "First catch a hare" says the wise old provident

Mrs. Glass, of famous culinary memory. We also find this an indispensable preliminary step in our culinary routine. As for ordering beef and mutton, we may do so, at 15d. a pound, but then we must wait till the whole remaining carcass is bespoken also and a bullock's life is often respited in this way for a long while after the day of the feast.

Tuesday, 21st December, 1841.

A curious scene presents itself from my window at this moment. Four naked savages, one with its head profusely adorned with feathers of the white cockatoo, are gleaning in my little wheat stubble. George is reaping and a tame kangaroo is hopping round him. Blackfellow says, "What you sow?" "Wheat." "By by, me pick up." But, poor creatures, they cannot be made to dig and sow for themselves.

We have had some heavy rains which have retarded our harvest, but have been greatly refreshing.

I resumed my Church services at Bunbury and my own house on Monday last and gave notice of the Sacrament on Christmas Day. William is gone hunting to get us some fresh meat if he can. John is better, but still very weak. We have turned our beer and I have been helping John to make a large parrot cage with caness which grow in my garden. We have plenty of tame parrots and in two or three varieties, very beautiful. Also a white cockatoo, "Bobby," which goes about everywhere and domineers over the cat and all dogs in a most ridiculous manner, but makes a terrible noise.

William is returned, having killed three kangaroos, so now we shall have a good supply of fresh meat or rather soup and jelly, which will keep longer, for some days. As we hunt solely for the pot the result of a hunting day is looked for with some anxiety. Sometimes we have put up with a blank and go again to the pork barrel, of which we are all most heartily sick. We feel the effects of so much salt diet—hard, strong, excessively salt (which I could never endure) and indigestible, causing swellings and sores in different parts of the body, which are very difficult to cure—in fact, scurvy.

Wednesday, 22nd December, 1841.

Got up at 5 this morning to help reap and worked until past 7. I am anxious to know how much wheat we shall have the first year, that I may calculate our resources and the quantity of land necessary to bring into cultivation in order to supply our consumption without falling short.

Thursday, 23rd December, 1841.

The Governor returned yesterday and dined with us at half past 5; Dr. Carpenter also. We could only give them steamed kangaroo, potatoes and rice pudding and our first cucumber. However he is a plain, agreeable man and we did very well. He stayed late and I was glad of a little intellectual society for my boys. He preferred sleeping at his encampment to look after his men. He called again this morning with Mr. Simmons, Protector of the Aborigines, who came to meet him from Perth, sat some time and was very friendly. My Church matters are in progress and I hope to soon have a salary fixed. I have settled to ride up to the Swan in about a fortnight.

Christmas Day, 1841.

How different from former Xmases! Here we are in a broiling sun from which our only refuge is to sit in doors and endeavour to catch every slight breeze that blows. If it were not for the breezes I do not think we could bear this climate in summer. Yet some people do not feel it and seem to enjoy it. A strong breeze from the south yesterday made it pleasant but it was very cold this morning early, though so hot now, i.e., 5 p.m. Thermometer 82. We have had Divine Service and the Sacrament of which we all partook including Teddy and one or two settlers. But generally there is sad neglect in the attendance which I must tell them of.

I bought our first piece of beef for our Christmas dinner and hearing that some plums were to be purchased of a man in the bush, whose wife had recently brought them from Fremantle for sale, Mary obtained ingredients for a dear old-fashioned plum pudding, both for parlour and kitchen and we fared sumptuously and I hope thankfully. Who have so great cause to be thankful as we, not only for God's providential goodness in our preservation and the supply of our temporal wants from day to day, but also and chiefly for the gift of Jesus Christ, His Son, who, as on this Blessed Day, took our nature upon Him, that He might redeem and save us eternally. We did not forget any one of our dear relations and friends, but drank their health and happiness in a glass of constantia; a toast which choked my utterance and brought tears into my eyes.

What can those dear friends be now doing? Amidst frost and snow perhaps, yet doubtless, before a comfortable English fire. They cannot be drinking our healths yet, for, according to the allowance of about 8 hours in the 24 to our time as having the start of their's it is now in England but 9 o'clock a.m. whereas here it is 5 p.m. So I suppose they are breakfasting and preparing

for Church. I endeavour to keep up our old custom of evergreens by decorating our rooms with branches of the wattle, a very fair substitute for the laurel and excepting in the length of the leaves, somewhat resembling it, but the force of the symbol appears by no means so strong as in England, where there is contrast with leafless trees. All the trees here are evergreens and at this time have attained their fullest verdure.

In England, when the shortest day is past, the gradual rising of spring, like that of the Son of Righteousness whom we celebrate at this season, is looked forward to. But this is our longest day, and we all must experience more and more the gradual parching up of everything on the ground, until the rainy season begins in April, the commencement of what is called our winter, but which is in fact the season when vegetation begins to move and all seeds must be sown. It is, to be sure, hardly spring time in England before April, so that our respective seed times may be said to be very much the same. But then we do not witness that joyous bursting forth of the leaf from naked trees and shrubs, which completely alters the face of the country, and from contrast affords such pure delight to the lover of Nature and is so striking an emblem of the Resurrection.

The truth is we can only divide our year into two seasons, the dry and the rainy; the latter producing no striking effect except on the ground, very little to the eye, on the evergreen trees and shrubs. The sombre hue of all the trees except in the neighbourhood of water appears, to a general observer, much the same all the year round.

'Tis well our black servant does not leave us until Wednesday; for such is the fatigue of cooking (which these blacks do not mind) I do not know how we should have dressed our beef and boiled our pudding without him. I was told this fellow was very restless and never stayed long in a place and now he says he is going up to Perth. The Governor has promised to try if he can get us a servant to supply his place, but I suspect we shall have to rub on without one. The difficulty of getting servants extends to everything else. Johnson says, or nearly so, "Those who have long lived amidst the conveniences of a town, or populous neighbourhood, have scarce an idea of a place where desire cannot be gratified by money. . . .

"In order to have a just sense of this artificial plenty it is necessary to have passed some time in a distant colony. He that has once known how many trades, in such situations, every man is compelled to exercise, with how much labour the products of nature must be accommodated to human use; how long the loss

or defect of any common utensil must be endured, or by what awkward expedients it must be supplied; how far men wander with money in their hands before any can sell them what they wish to buy, will know how to rate at its proper value the plenty and ease of a long-civilised and thickly-inhabited country."

Tuesday, 28th December, 1841

The *Beagle* arrived yesterday, bringing back Mr. Clifton, who had sailed in her from Fremantle to explore the much-talked-of Port Grey in order to satisfy the company respecting the nature of the country and justify his own selection of Leschenault. As I expected, there is no such place as Port Grey. Champion Bay indeed was found but this was well known before Captain Grey's visit. As to the country, a party traversed it for 40 miles and described it as most desolate and wretched, with hardly any wood for firing and building and little or no water.

The Australindians are congratulating themselves on this result, and well they may, for if Mr. Clifton had taken his people there in the first instance and the *Parkerfield* had sailed, most probably all must have undergone great privations and sufferings and some of them even been starved to death. It will, moreover, establish the settlement here if the company goes on and I hope, in the end, be beneficial to the district. All we want now is to see another shipload of emigrants as promised by the company and if one does not arrive soon I shall either conclude it is lost, or entertain a great misgiving about their proceedings.

I never thought Captain Grey's account, which I heard from his own mouth in Adelphi Terrace, sufficient to justify the step which the company seemed to think so advantageous. So much for Gibbon Wakefield's prize as he called this new acquisition of Port Grey. There is no such port, the maps are wrong, the country around where it ought to be is described as worse than can be imagined.

Our black servant after agreeing to stay another month has run away, and James having a bad knee, we are sadly put to it, especially as we have all our onions to get up, of which we have about 1½ tons. Some wheat also and a little barley, in short so many irons are we obliged to have in the fire that our work gets very wearisome and today I am, without a pun, stiff as a poker. Perhaps I did wrong to bathe twice yesterday, but I could not withstand the temptation.

Here we feel the comfort of the river. The boys (who have all become excellent swimmers) have a beautiful bathing place of

their own at the bottom of the garden and I have made one by means of bent cloths hanging over the water for Mary, and the girls when they join us. Bathing in a hot country is highly necessary and in the cool of the evening before tea-time affords great refreshment and induces sound sleep.

The lads, servants and all, sometimes, make a fire on the bank the last thing at night to enable them to see where to plunge and to keep off mosquitos, and splash about like so many dolphins. I have nearly a mile of river frontage for the most part on both sides of the water, my two 100-acre blocks being nearly opposite each other.

Mrs. Clifton and one of her daughters, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, of the Survey Department, and Capt. Forsythe of the *Beagle* (who is surveying our estuary) called upon us yesterday.

Saturday, 1st January, 1842.

God bless all my dear relations and friends and grant them happy New Years, or rather, may every year be to them happier than the last, bringing them nearer to Heaven, into which may an abundant entrance be administered to them, through the mercy and merits of our common Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Went to Australind yesterday to baptize the infant of one of the settlers who accompanied Mr. Clifton: a Mr. Williams. Two o'clock was the time appointed but owing to Mr. Clifton's (he was to be godfather) being detained at Bunbury on Justice business, I was compelled to stay all that day and night. This was rather inconvenient and a waste of time to me, but as much attention and hospitality were shown and I am above all things anxious to keep together the members of our Church, I complied with their request to abide Mr. Clifton's return.

It is a pleasant ride in summer round the estuary to Australind but the vegetation is now getting very much dried up, the sun at times having tremendous power—ex. gr., the other day I helped George to thrash our little barley, our threshing floor was upon a cloth under the shade of a great gum tree; but even there, having imprudently stripped to my shirt, my back was quite scorched and for that night and the next morning I felt an intolerable itching and disagreeable smarting.

Riding to Australind at this time of the year one may be said literally to "pass through fire and water." The bush, or scrub, is burnt and continues at intervals to burn for many an acre on either side of the path, and when the River Collie is reached its two mouths formed by an island have to be crossed by riding round their sand bars into the estuary; the water being rarely above the

horses' bellies and at present not more than a foot in depth. The road will be understood by reference to the accompanying map.

Our river, the Preston, is the only one disemboguing into the inlet, which is not barred up by sand; a great advantage. It may be easily seen at this season how it is that the marks of fire on trees prevail so universally in Australia. The fire first catches the grass, if there be any wind it runs along the ground with great rapidity, leaving everything behind black and dismal. In its progress it surrounds the larger trees and the flame, finding fresh fuel in the resinous gum which oozes from the bark, quickly laps itself around the trunk and often runs upwards even to the extremity of the topmost branches, leaving nothing of the poor tree but a blasted, half-burnt wreck.

Wednesday, 5th January, 1842.

The heat is now most oppressive. As for work, it is almost impossible to pursue it after 10 a.m. In short, I feel at times quite done up and so does my poor wife. Please God, we shall be supported through it. Everything in this world, even the most trifling, will remind us if we be considerate that it is not intended to be our home and place of unmixed enjoyment. Another consideration will be found to be a strong inducement to patient endurance and submissive waiting for the expiration of our time of trial here below. It has been often asked by unthinking persons, "What is the use of this or that thing in nature which so annoys us?" Why even the very flies, which at this moment I find so troublesome and spoil my sleep and food, are doing the service of their Creator, if in no other way, at least in keeping alive in my mind the conviction of the alloyed nature of all earthly enjoyments. There is no climate in the world where they can be had unalloyed.

There will be experience of unmixed happiness only when the former things "are passed away." In perusing this Journal I sometimes reproach myself for showing so much apparent egotism and selfishness, but since it is intended only for the indulgent eye of relations and friends, who have known me long with all my faults and failings, they will pardon me. Besides, I am anxious to give my own impressions, whether pleasurable or otherwise, as they arise. It would not lead to correct conclusions respecting things in this country unless I described some of their effects on the spirits, which in us all are more or less elevated or depressed by external circumstances.

We are all reduced surprisingly in flesh; Mary and myself more especially. It will not be wondered at when I state that, at this moment, I am writing in my shirt only, the perspiration exuding

from every pore and John with a common watering pot endeavouring to cool the air by flooding our room. I hope we shall feel the heat less when we get more used to it. It is great here; what must it be in the tropics!—but in Ceylon and India abundance of native servants are to be had at a cheap rate to perform all the drudgery as well as to administer to the personal comfort of Europeans. A punkah over our heads, worked by coolies, would at this time be a supreme luxury. I do not see why this European constitution should not be indulged in this way by those who never feel the effects of a hot climate as we do, are well paid according to the custom of the country and kindly treated. I cannot think that this climate will be found so suitable as is imagined for rearing the children of European parents, however healthy it may be for adults.

Thursday, 6th January, 1842.

Today it is very hot and close, but to our great relief the sky is overcast portending a storm. In England a bright and cloudless morning is hailed with joy, whereas here we almost dread the rising of the sun and his "fervent heat" for he indeed "runneth his course as a giant," and when there is no wind (unless it be a hot wind which John tells me is experienced sometimes in South Australia to that painful degree as to make the falling upon the face the only refuge) seems as if bent upon putting the whole earth into a state of conflagration. As that earth and its works are one day to be burnt up when the awful event takes place, this wonderful depository of fire, so tremendous in effect, will surely be one instrument in the hands of its Almighty Maker for bringing it about. And let us all be mindful of St. Peter's application of his prophecy, "Seeing that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we be to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

A party of five natives came down from the mountains yesterday evening to visit the Elaap tribe here. The first meeting was on the hill near my house. The boys and men were in the cattle pond thrashing wheat and witnessed the whole of this curious and ceremonial proceeding. One of the natives from the hill had never seen a white man before. On first catching sight of each other, each party put themselves into a posture of defiance, poising their spears and setting up a wild and loud chatter.

Presently there was a pause on its being understood that the object of the strangers' visit was one of peace. They then ran into each other's arms, exchanged cloaks and placing their heads together, cried and laughed alternately. This over, the whole united

party came into my premises, and squatting down, seemed delighted and happy. At night the strangers shared whatever our natives had to eat and the entertainment was concluded with a corroboree. Many other ceremonies were afterwards witnessed on another occasion; one of which was of a distressing character. The wailing of the women for the dead, which consists of moaning and weeping, accompanied with scratching the cheek bones until the blood flows. This is done with their heads placed together in a crouching position on the ground.

Friday, 14th January, 1842.

Cold, rain and a fire at breakfast! Two Americans in the bay and John gone to try and sell our onions. I find I cannot write today. I have been so worked in mind and body of late that I have no heart to write cheerfully, therefore I will wait for a little rest. My present life and that of my wife is one of great trial but with God's gracious help we will persevere to the end.

Saturday, 15th January, 1842.

As we were sitting down to dinner news arrived that the *Champion* was come in from the Swan, having our dear little girls on board. John hastened off with the truck and horse and they reached us by moonlight, well and happy. The vessel had sailed at 4 o'clock the preceding morning. The girls are both grown—poor little Sophy very thin, though as cheerful and sprightly as ever. So now, thanks to a gracious Providence, we are all once more assembled together, dear Henry excepted. John has finished his bartering with the whalers but could obtain nothing but biscuit in exchange.

The local Government has very injudiciously put on port dues at Bunbury, which already has had the effect of keeping the Americans away and destroying the only trade we have. We want flour, sugar and slops, for our consumption is very great. The wasting of the body causes enormous appetites and the work we have to do wears out our apparel, especially shoes and stockings, most rapidly.

We begin to suffer from Ophthalmia and the troublesome flies make the eyes worse. Zinc and water with an eyebath is an effectual remedy if used betimes and a little physic be taken.

Monday, 17th January, 1842.

Received today by the soldiers (who convey the Post once a fortnight) two kind notes from Captain and Mrs. Molloy asking John to go to the Vasse for change of air and sending us a kangaroo dog in exchange for a sheep dog puppy. We were also led to

expect at dinner Major Irwin (Commandant[7]) and Mr. Singleton on their way back to Pinjarrah. They did not, however, make their appearance. In a country like this, where there are no Inns, the colonists make it a rule very hospitably to entertain each other on their travels. No preparation is necessary, indeed little can be done here at a push. Ex. gr., on this occasion having nothing in the house but some ship pork, we sent to our friend Mrs. Ommanney; she had nothing but a single fish, which was of course their own dinner.

I next sent to my neighbour, Mrs. Scott. No fresh meat was to be had and few eggs and some milk only for a pudding (we had yet but one cow and she is nearly dry). John, however, had luckily lent his gun to Dick, the blackfellow, who brought us a diver and a widgeon, so we had something fresh, though little enough. As it was we had all the feast to ourselves.

Perhaps the gentlemen will call tomorrow, since Mrs. Molloy tells me in her note she is sending us as a present some useful Indian mats by them. But how these can be conveyed except on a packhorse, I know not. The same kind lady had before sent me a jar of preserved Vasse apples (the only indigenous fruit) which I praised very much at her house. As far as I can judge from so short an acquaintance (not on account of the mats and apples) I should prefer Captain and Mrs. Molloy for neighbours to any persons I have yet become acquainted with. There is more right, well-bred English feeling about them and less colonial. They are ready to assist and sympathise with newcomers from disinterested motives.

George has been trying our plough today and he did remarkably well for a first attempt. William has been painting our boat which we have hauled up into the garden, she being leaky and out of repair. A good-natured savage, who is often about our place, was much pleased with some rings of white paint which William drew with his brush around his legs! This fellow (Mico) I have a great fancy for and wish I could establish him here and instruct him. When we first came he made a bit of a garden near the house, "like white fellow," he said; put some boughs round it as a child would do and planted two or three potatoes. When asked what he

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7.—Capt. (later Colonel) Frederic Chidley Irwin, arrived W.A. on 8th June, 1829, in H.M.S. "Sulphur," with a detachment of the 63rd Regiment. He was for many years Commandant of the forces stationed in the country. From the first, he took an active part in all that concerned its development. In 1835 he published a book on W.A. and its early settlement. On several occasions he acted as Lieutenant Governor, in the absence of the Governor. He was a keen churchman, kept Sunday services going for soldiers and settlers. He went to England and was responsible for the first "missionary" to the Swan district. He had a house on the Upper Swan (of which Wollaston speaks) called Henley Park. He married, 1836, Elizabeth Courthope, and had a large family. Returned to England in March, 1854.

was doing, he replied: "Me sow picaninny taty—by by he jump up big fellow!"

Nothing is more striking than the natural self-possession of these savages; they are never at a loss if you can make them understand you, never awkward, shy or confused.

Thursday, 10th February, 1842.

On Tuesday last I returned L.D. in safety from my long meditated journey to Perth. Including my sojourn there to complete the business I had in hand, it consumed 19 days. The clouds, I fear, are gathering on the political horizon of this colony and that so suddenly that everyone is dispirited. I have been unsuccessful in bringing my case within the letter of the Act of Council which professes to supply salaries to ministers, nor can any other of my brothers Clergy in the colony meet with better success. But I will give an account of my proceedings and intersperse my observations as I go along.

On Thursday then, the 20th January, at 2 p.m. I took the opportunity, agreeably to previous arrangement, of starting in company with Major Irwin, Mr. Singleton, Government Resident at the Murray, and Mr. Bland, Government Resident at York, who with one servant and a packhorse had been exploring to King George's Sound and back, partly over a country never before visited.

We dined at Australind by invitation and passed a very pleasant evening. Late at night we proceeded two miles to our bivouac in the bush, where preparations had been made for us and there slept soundly. It was my first bush night. The plan is this:—A good fire being made, each one tethers his hores and placing his saddle or anything else for a pillow, wraps himself in his blanket with his feet to the fire and thus sleeps on the soft sand.

At sunrise we breakfasted on tea, damper, and fried pork and following each other in a string proceeded 30 miles that day to the borders of the Harvey Estuary and River, having halted once only, where we found water, to dine. Our dinner was the same as breakfast, tea, damper and pork. The scenery passed through this day and subsequently I must endeavour to describe by and by.

After passing the night as before, very comfortably, for fatigue made our sleep very sound, we crossed the mouth of the Harvey early on the 22nd. We had to travel over a plain thickly strewed with large fragments of limestone, which made the footing for unshod horses very bad and somewhat dangerous; so I dismounted and led my horse and jogged on until we came to a small fresh water lake on which were a few ducks. The shores were remarkable, being composed entirely of brilliant milk-white sand. Here

we breakfasted (same meal as before), rested an hour, washed, shaved, etc.

The Major was an old campaigner in the Peninsula and seemed perfectly at home in making his toilet out of doors. In a climate like this it is rather pleasant than otherwise, only you must guard against the insects, the tormenting sand flies and mosquitoes and the sharp-biting giant ants.

From this spot we passed on to Pinjarrah Ford at the Murray (the bridge had been washed away), and crossing it, came upon the first settler's location, comprising comfortable cottage, barn, stock yard, etc., etc., a most pleasing sight after our dreary journey of two days; about 60 miles. Three miles and a half further along the windings of the river we at last arrived at Mr. Singleton's farm at about 5 p.m. Here we were glad of a dip in the river, clean shirts and a good feed.

We stayed that night and all Sunday. I performed Divine Service to the settlers in a barn across the River Dandalong where it joins the Murray. My congregation consisted of 26. This was the first time a clergyman had officiated on the Sabbath. Mr. King from Fremantle visits the Murray on a weekday only, once a month.

Mr. Singleton is a young Irishman, unmarried, who came out about three years ago with large capital and bought a fine estate of Mr. Peel of 5,000 acres at about 2/6 an acre; but he has had to make a very great outlay and the place is 40 miles from any market and there are no roads beyond the usual tracks in the sand.

The Murray, although navigable, labours under the same singular disadvantage of most other rivers in this country. It has a sand bar at its mouth in Peel's Inlet. Mr. Singleton seems, like everyone else, to feel the present depressed state of the colony and has lost £1,000 in horses which have died, as it is supposed, either from eating a poisonous plant, or drinking shalybeate water. He is a nice young man, kind, hospitable and gentlemanlike—above all attentive to his religious duties.

Leaving him at his home, the Major, Mr. Bland and I again started at daybreak on Monday, the 24th. Arrived at the Serpentine River at midday, where we got our dinner (same as before with the addition of onions); by sundown we had accomplished 30 miles and bivouaced for the night beside a black swamp where only we could find water and feed for the horses.

Hitherto we had slept soundly with trifling annoyance from mosquitoes, but at this spot, as soon as it grew dark they were most tormenting and in great numbers, stinging us through our clothes and depriving us of rest. I covered my head with my blanket, leaving a small hole for breathing, but it would not do—

they attacked us at every crevice and poor Mr. Bland, who is an old bushman, was compelled to get up and walk about. It was the more provoking for me that we were so disturbed for I had made a luxurious bed of a beautiful white flowering fragrant shrub that grew around in great abundance.

Amidst all one's disagreeables on these occasions there is always something or other to amuse and divert the spirits. I had dropped my cloak and pannikin coming along (I recovered them on my return) and the utensils of my fellow travellers were rather the worse for wear after their long journey. Our teapot was an old kettle, without spout or handle, in which we boiled our tea. Two tin mugs and a greasy tin dish were our cups. The hole in the kettle where the spout had been was stuffed with rags. When the tea was served this plug had to be extricated with some risk of scalding to the fingers.

On one occasion, after our meal, when the flies were very troublesome (most bloodthirsty creatures they are), Singleton rubbed his fingers in our pork dish and smeared his face and neck with grease, native fashion. And let no fastidious exquisite feel shocked at hearing of such a barbarous, uncivilised practice. Let him come here and be stung and he will think pork grease finer than Rowland's Macassar, more fragrant than Otto of Roses.

The morning of the 25th (Tuesday) was welcomed by us, and we did not stop again until we reached the settlement on the Canning which disembogues into Melville Water, near Perth.

Here we had some coffee and bread and butter at one of the settler's houses, and crossing the river at a clumsy bridge, Mr. Bland struck off the nearest way to Perth, the Major and I continuing our journey to the barracks, where we inspected the soldiers; this done, we rode ten miles further to Guildford on the middle Swan. This is a village consisting of a few straggling houses, with a small mud built church, sadly neglected and not at all in character, being exactly like a Conventicle.

Further on we came to the property of the Colonial Church Society and called upon Mr. Mitchell, their Missionary[8], with whom we found dining Mr. Mears, the Clergyman of the York district. I was much pleased with all I saw of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and their family. I inspected his chapel, an octagonal building, neat and clean, but not well adapted I think to its object. He officiates

8.—Revd. William Mitchell (b. 20/11/03; d. 3/8/70; m. (1) 5/1/26, Ann Holmes; (2) 24/1/32, Frances Tree Tatlock), was a missionary in India who lost his wife, married again and came out to the Swan River, as the second clergyman, to minister to settlers on the Swan. There he remained for many years, and of him and his work Wollaston has much to say in these Diaries. He had three children by his first wife and five by the second.

here, at Guildford, and at another small church on the upper Swan built by Major Irwin.

After engaging Mr. Mitchell to dine at Henley Park (as the Major's place is somewhat grandiloquently called) the following day, we visited two other settlers' houses which lay in our road, Mr. Sam Moore's, merchant, brother of George Moore, the Judge[9], who wrote "Letters from Swan River," and Mr. Brockman's[10]. The latter's house, garden, homestead, etc., were the most complete and finished I have seen. He is a gentlemanly man, yet was very busy with his men thrashing wheat by machine with four fine horses and seems to have a well-filled stock yard. It was quite an English scene. He is the best practical farmer out here.

Wheat is the chief produce, for barley and oats shed upon the ground never rot as in England, therefore become quite a weed and are cut green for hay. In this way land previously cropped with either must be cleared in order to obtain a clear crop of wheat.

At last we arrived, very weary, at the upper Swan and crossing the ford, in a few minutes, dismounted at Major Irwin's door. He has a small, plain, comfortable house, unfinished (as almost every place is in W. Australia) but having an upper storey. I preferred going with the Major to accompanying Mr. Bland to Perth, for to say nothing of his pressing invitation I wished to see the country and different settlements. The whole distance we had ridden from Leschenault to this place was about 120 miles.

Mrs. Irwin being an invalid was staying with her brother at Perth, but I experienced a most friendly reception from Miss Irwin, the Major's sister, and got what is very rarely to be met with in this colony, a good bed; glad enough I was to turn into it.

9.—George Fletcher Moore, came to Western Australia in 1830. He was an Irish barrister and came out with no more than a favourable recommendation to the Governor for an appointment as the Colony became settled. A man of means, he took up land on the Swan and interested himself in the development of the colony and in a study of the natives. He was the first Secretary of the Agricultural Society, established in 1831; and, in 1832, was appointed Commissioner for Civil Trials, a position which he held till his return to England. He kept a Diary of his early days in the West, which was later published in book form as "Letters from Swan River." He was joined in the West by his brother Samuel Moore, who married Dorothy Dalgety and has many descendants in the country today.
(Diary of an early settler: Sydney, 1884. Extracts from letters and journals of G. F. Moore: ed. Martin Doyle: London, 1834).

10.—William Locke Brockman (b. 1802; d. 28/11/72; m. Anne Frances Isabella Hamersley), who came to Western Australia in 1829, was the seventh child of Revd. Julius Brockman, Rector of Cheriton, near Folkestone, Kent. Two other members of the family also came to Western Australia: viz. his brother Robert James Brockman, and his nephew, James Groves Birdwood Drake Brockman, son of Henry Drake Brockman. William Brockman, from his arrival, took a leading part in the affairs of the country. He settled on the Swan, and was known as "The Father of the Swan." He was a Justice of the Peace for 42 years, first Mayor of Perth, and member of parliament for the Swan. He had a family of nine children who married into some of the best known families in the West.

Wednesday, 26th January, 1842.

All the next day I rested. Mr. and Mrs. Ash (our fellow voyagers) being in the neighbourhood, were considerately invited to meet me and I was very glad to see them again. He, poor man, is still a great invalid, while Mrs. Ash is much improved in health. They gave a sad account of their situation and prospects. He cannot endure the fatigue of practising beyond a very small circle. Mr. Mitchell and his daughter also came and the whole party stayed all night, sleeping on sofas or anyhow, as is customary here, where the distance between settlers' houses is so great and rivers have to be forded.

The Major was one of the first settlers, has a fine estate and beautifully-situated garden, but everything is neglected, or only half done. His garden is on the N.E. side of a hill, supplied by three springs, so that he can irrigate every part of it. It consists of almost every variety of soil and almost all the productions of the tropical and temperate zones might be grown in it with success. I saw an abundant crop of melons covering the ground; but no part is properly cultivated; figs, bananas and grapes, but nothing equal to what I saw afterwards at Perth, where pains had been taken. There the crop of grapes was prodigious, such as I had no notion of. In a grapery there bunches of sweet-waters have been gathered weighing 10 or even 14lb. in a single bunch.

Opposite to Major Irwin's across the river I saw Mr. George Moore's first residence, a mere colonial hut, which was interesting from the particulars he gives in his "Letters." The marks of the native spears are still in the shutters.

Thursday, 27th January, 1842.

At noon on the 26th January I took leave of my kind friends at Henley Park and rode to Perth, 12 miles through a most desolate-looking country, and arrived at Mr. Wittenoom's[11], the Colonial Chaplain, at 3 o'clock. Here I took up my headquarters, sending my horse to livery at an enormous expense, for Mr. Wittenoom had

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11.—Revd. John Burdett Wittenoom (b. 1789; d. 23/1/55; m. (1) Margaret Mary Teasdale, (2) 3/1/39, Mary Watson (Helms). He arrived in the colony in the "Wanstead" on 30th January, 1830. He was appointed Colonial Chaplain by the English Government. At the time he was a widower and brought out with him his mother, sister and four sons. He took up land at Gwambygine, near York, on which he settled his sons. During his first years in the West he went, with the Governor, to the Vasse and King George's Sound on two occasions to give the settlers there a service and sacraments. At Perth, he held a service on Sunday mornings and on Sunday afternoon went, alternately, to Fremantle and Guildford. He was interested in education and conducted a small secondary school, and was also for many years Secretary of the "General Board of Education" in Perth, which was the first educational authority in the colony, the precursor of the Education Department. At his death, in 1855, it was said of him: "He died, much and deservedly regretted by all classes. The venerable pastor had been unremitting in his endeavours to promote the education of the young."

no means of feeding him. Next morning I called on the Governor, who was very friendly and asked me to dine on the following Monday. The heat this day and more so the day following (Saturday) was tremendous and allowed to be so by the oldest colonists. Therm: 95 indoors. It was much increased by the bush fires, extending many miles around, which filled the sky with smoke, causing a most dismal prospect. Indeed I had found 100 miles of latitude had made a very perceptible difference in the climate.

I was chiefly occupied on Friday in running about to catch different Government officers, for the purpose of obtaining my bounty for bringing our servants, which I succeeded in doing, but it was quite a relief to hasten from one shelter to another out of the fervid rays of the sun. At sundown (this is a colonial term) I rode to Fremantle (9 miles) to settle with Mr. and Mrs. Shipton for our girls' schooling and to see Mr. King, the newly-arrived clergyman sent out by S.P.G.

Before I reached the ferry which crosses a fine reach of the Swan about three miles above Fremantle I passed a house near which was a most magnificent Aloe in full blossom, I know not how many feet high but like a tree—a rare sight, but more curious than beautiful.

Further I rode through an expiring bush fire of great extent which had a singular appearance at night and as you approached it from a distance, looked exactly like the lights of a town. I found it burning down to the water's edge. Some trees with their trunks ignited still retained their verdant tops. At the ferry it was a long time before I could get the boat over and I had to pay double fare (3/-) because I was after sunset.

At Fremantle I went to Mr. Broun's[12], the Government Resident, who with his wife had been so kind and friendly to us when we first arrived. Here I had the kindest reception. The next day (Saturday) I finished my business with Mr. and Mrs. Shipton who are giving up schooling and going to farm on the Canning. I was introduced to Mr. King, with whom I drank tea that evening on my way back to Perth. Mr. King is a pleasant, single-hearted young man and the Society could not have chosen a fitter person. He has an amiable wife and two little girls. They are broad Irish.

On Sunday, January 30th, I preached twice at Perth in the Courthouse (used in place of a church) to a numerous congregation in the morning. The Governor and all the Government officers were present. A large church is building and ought to have been built

12.—Richard McBride Broun (b. 1880; m. (1) 8/3/37, Anne Elizabeth Leake. (2) Charlotte Herbert), came to Western Australia in the "Parmelia" in 1829. He was resident Magistrate at Fremantle for many years. His brother Peter Nicholas Broun (b. 17/8/1797) was Colonial Secretary and a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils.

long ago but the funds are mismanaged and nearly exhausted. When I saw it the walls had not reached the top of the windows. There is a Sunday and Native School, the latter in the hands of the Wesleyans and successfully carried on.

What is our Church doing in this way? Nothing. The present Governor patronizes dissenting measures, not against the Church, but in conformity with his instructions and I take for granted his own principles. He has countenanced, however, a highly improper proceeding in the Baptism by the Wesleyan Minister, Mr. Smithies, of a native in order that he might be married the same day to a native woman (professedly as an experiment to get rid of polygamy among these savages) although the poor man (since dead) it is allowed, was very imperfectly acquainted with the nature of the sacred ordinance.

This sufficiently shows the estimation in which the Governor holds the Church and the liberality of his religious views. He has been severely attacked for this and justly. When the subject was discussed at his table the day I dined with him, I ventured to give my opinion and I think opened his eyes a little to the desecrating tendency of such incautious experiments.

The Governor's dinner on Monday was to a select party of five only.

On Tuesday, February 1, we had a clerical meeting. As all the Clergy in Western Australia (five in number) happened at this time to be within reach, it struck me as a good opportunity to get up a meeting and one principal object of my seeing Mr. King on Saturday was to ask him to fall in with an arrangement I had previously made with Messrs. Wittenoom, Mitchell and Mears to meet together at Perth on the following Tuesday.

I was able to accomplish this and hope some good has been done by it. The Church here is in a most anomalous state and I drew up a letter to our Bishop which we all signed, describing the state of ecclesiastical affairs in the colony and entreating his Lordship to visit us, if possible; consecrate our churches; define our duties; confirm the young and generally "set things in order."

This meeting, the first of its kind ever thought of, is noticed in a Perth newspaper I sent to Henry. To the general letter of our Diocesan, we each of us appended a separate account of Church matters in our respective districts and finally agreed that our communication together should be annual, either in person or by letter.

Sad indeed is the state of the Church here, made worse by the measures of an ungodly Government. Little do our clerical brethren in England know of the difficulties and impediments which are thrown in our way. I was the better pleased at being enabled to bring the Clergy together on this occasion, although we had little

to cheer us because Mr. Wittenoom is of the old High Church Tory Party; argumentative, somewhat stiff and unyielding in matters of secondary importance. Mr. Mitchell, on the other hand, of the Evangelical, but meek, mild and conciliating, yet firm, zealous and active.

Our case is this:—The Home Government in its liberality supports all forms of religion alike (ergo, none at all) and therefore the colonial does the same; but the Acts of Council are so framed that they will not apply to a single case under the Church and not one penny, at present, goes out of the Colonial Treasury towards the support of any of us.

Mr. Wittenoom's salary comes from the Parliamentary Grant (which by the way I am told, provided originally for three Chaplains); Mr. Mitchell's from the Colonial Church Society; Mr. Mears' a very scanty one, from the settlers in York, Mr. King's from S.P.G.; and that of your humble servant from nowhere, for I have not yet a farthing assigned me. The truth is the Colonial Treasury is poor and the Governor and Council feel obliged to truckle to the Home Government, or they must lose their places. Yet they tell you they dread applications from Romanists and Dissenters and would prefer assisting the Church, if their hands were not tied.

This is a bad prospect for the Church and for me; but I trust in God to raise her up friends, who have both inclination and means to assist her. A subscription in land for the endowment of a West Australian Bishopric has been commenced by a few zealous churchmen, but nothing will be done in the present state of the colony.

I found everything at Perth in a depressed state, business at a standstill; such a sudden fall has not before been experienced. The colony, hitherto through the greatest difficulties, has always progressed and bid fair, at the time of my arrival, to prosper steadily. The farmer now cannot get rid of his stock and produce at remunerating prices on account of the high rate of wages and greater scarcity of labour. This is all owing to over-speculation and bad government, but will, I hope and trust, be succeeded by a more wholesome state of things.

My present disappointment necessarily delays the building of my chapel, for until I know what I have to depend upon it would be wrong to enter upon an undertaking which I may be forced to relinquish. I feel indeed at this time much tried, but, please God, my trial will not be long. If I cannot get remunerated for my professional services, I must think of Oberlin and work the harder with my boys, who are very diligent and have accomplished much.

On Wednesday evening, February 2nd, having made several calls and met with much kind attention, I started homewards by way of Fremantle, that being the nearest road. I slept again at my

good friend Mr. Brown's. Thursday, rested all day at Mr. King's. Poor man!—he has not had a single promise, made him by people here, fulfilled: has been obliged to go to great expense in order to settle himself and family and has been sadly cheated and imposed upon. Yet no man can be more devoted to the spiritual good of the place; he moreover visits the settlers on the Canning and Murray Rivers—a fatiguing journey which takes him nearly a whole week, once a month.

On Friday, at daybreak, I mounted again and taking a native guide proceeded the way William had come down here over the plains to Mandurah—42 miles. This was a very weary ride. At this part of the country there are a succession of dreary plains next the sea: at first very flat, producing nothing but dwarfish trees and blackboys (they are so nicknamed from their black stems which I have often momentarily mistaken for natives in the dark).

After passing through an immense swamp the country becomes hilly and greatly improves. It had very much the appearance of what I suppose the moors in the north of England to be. It was covered with heath and scrub. I startled a good many wild turkeys (a noble bird, somewhat larger than domestic ones) but I had no fowling piece, being armed with pistols only. On the one side I now and then caught a view of the sea and Garden Island and on the other could trace the line of forest almost all the way.

I passed by the ruinous huts and abortive attempts at gardens at Clarence, the spot where Peel landed his immense establishment and where his notorious bubble burst. The scene was the most desolate, dreary and melancholy imaginable; a single grave surrounded by a fence showed where a white person had perished.

I need not describe Peel's well-known expedition; I will only add that the beach is to this day covered above and below the sands with almost every description of decayed, but once valuable property.

My sable friend steadily pursued his way. On he went till I thought there would be no end to these plains. At last we cleared them all and came suddenly to the commencement of the wooded country at the mouth of Peel's Inlet, close to which is Mr. Peel's residence, a beautiful, fertile spot, close to the sea yet entirely hidden from it.

I feel at a loss how to describe the residence of this notorious man, who possesses a territory around him of nearly a quarter million of acres! His wife (once an actress, I am told) and daughters are in England. His household consists of himself; his only son, a youth; his wife's mother, a hearty old lady upwards of 80 and a black servant of the ordinary kind. He bears a very indifferent character but is hospitable and gentlemanlike. I believe he is

cousin to Sir Robert. He lives in a miserable hut, or nest of huts, built of stone and covered (not thatched) with rushes. Everything about him shows the broken-down gentleman; clay floors and handsome plate, curtains for doors, and pianoforte, windows without glass, and costly china, hardly any utensil put to its proper use; odd cups and saucers, coffee in a mug, handsome china bowl for washing and as a ewer, a Toby Fillpot beer jug, the only looking glass the size of the hand and a whole pig hanging in the verandah, etc., etc. He has beautiful summer and winter gardens and extensive grapery, but in utter neglect.

Two fine bulls, which draw him about, were feeding near. When once put on the road I was told he could go to sleep in perfect safety in his cart. I got a good bed, however, on a sofa in the dining hut and in this respect was quite as well off as my host, for he sleeps on one himself, having no bedroom exclusively as such. He had plenty of fine dogs and a miserable-looking pony. In short, it was impossible not to muse sadly at what I witnessed and I left him the next day with melancholy feelings of regret at such a dreadful waste of God's bountiful gifts.

He talked of going to England to get up another company to buy his land. Not but what I think, with Safety Bay as an anchorage (if it deserves its character), a sober scheme might answer better than that of Australind; yet, after all that has passed, surely the very name of Peel will act as an effectual damper upon such an undertaking.

I reached Mr. Singleton's (12 miles) in good time on Saturday, calling at a location in my way. Mr. Singleton was unfortunately from home and a letter I had requested Mr. Brown to forward for me by a native announcing my intended visit on my return homewards (which was to save Mr. King a journey) I found unopened. I lost no time in sending notice to the settlers within reach of my intention to perform Divine Service the next day at the barn (as I had done on my way up); but owing to a misunderstanding on the part of some and the absence from home of others, I could only collect together four persons. I was much vexed at this, but could not help it. It will not be wondered at when I mention that some of the settlers lived 15 miles off.

After passing a quiet but solitary Sunday, carefully tended by Mr. Singleton's servant, I turned homewards in earnest early on Monday morning, 7th February, taking a native guide and his wife with me, although I was now returning the same road I came. I wished afterwards I had not taken them. I could get them no further than the Freshwater Lake, where I attached my prog and rested. They only delayed me by shamming tired and their lazy pace. So refusing the two sixpennies I had promised them if they

went with me to the Harvey, I pushed on and rode all the rest of the way alone.

At six p.m. I arrived at the stony plain beyond the Harvey, where having tethered Hotspur and made a fire with blackboys (which burn like coal) I supped on tea and bread. I made my solitary bed under a white gum tree on the plain. For some time I could not sleep. As I lay on my back gazing at Orion, my thoughts wandered to England and bygone times, where the same conspicuous constellation used to attract my attention in a different part of the Heavens, when a boy. I thought of my dear friends and included them all in my prayers and at last fell asleep. I woke only twice during the night and replenished my fire.

I met with no adventure the next day beyond riding down a young wild turkey in the pathway, which I dared not leave my horse to secure. I encountered a party of natives, three men and one woman, with a fresh killed opossum in her hand, near an immense bullrush swamp. One of them, quite naked and armed with spears came up to me and punching my saddle bags asked for bread. I had none but found no difficulty in getting rid of them. I had seen them somewhere before and they knew me and that I carried piccaninny guns (alias pistols). They were perfectly good-natured and would not have thought of violence, even had I been on foot. Yet a man should never travel any distance into the bush unarmed.

I arrived at the head of our estuary at about 10 o'clock a.m., there I bathed and made my toilet. I got some lunch at Australind, for which place I had letters and reached home in the afternoon; thank God, safe and well, but very tired. I had been absent 19 days, and had ridden, as well as I could computate, 275 miles altogether.

The country through which I passed was characterised by a reptition of great sameness. The soil, except near the rivers, very poor, sandy and worthless. Many of the plains abound in beautiful and elegant flowering shrubs, sometimes covered with unsightly grass-trees, sometimes of great extent, the soil barren sand, on which grew a few stunted trees and low scrub, but for the most part producing only coarse grass, very scanty, withered and nearly parched up.

The view on such occasions was cheerless, depressing and almost awful, not a living creature to be seen. The sky glowing with a misty fervent heat, and the deep silence unbroken by the slightest sounds.

During the whole journey, backwards and forwards, the only wild animals seen were two kangaroos and a native dog. The latter was about the size of an English lurcher and very like one, of a

tawny colour. He crossed us at about 40 yards, on seeing us trotted slowly off and was soon lost in the bush.

At this time of the year all the swamps are dry, or nearly so and easily passed, as are also the mouths of rivers which disembogue into estuaries (the peculiar feature of the country) by taking the sand bar which for the most part is now above water, dry and firm.

The scenery of West Australia is very peculiar, such as can hardly be described so as to give a just idea of it. It is very bold, I am told, to the southward. Major Irwin assures me that in taking a new line from King George's Sound across the country at the head of the Blackwood River, he and his companions met with grand and beautiful scenery, fresh and verdant, with no marks of fire upon the trees.

In that which I have seen, generally speaking, the absence of animal life, the want of verdure and the terrible effects of fire render it melancholy and distressing. I did not experience that effect upon the mind which is caused by the magnificence and sublimity of nature, yet, notwithstanding, I must own I felt the truth of the lines—

"Midst forest shades, and silent plains,
Where man has never trod;
There in majestic power He reigns,
The ever-present God!"

I have inserted a rough map of my journey on a small scale, as well as I can do it. The journey itself is nothing extraordinary and is performed continually. I have been thus particular in order that my friends may know all I can tell them about it. Mr. Ommanney has kindly traced another map for me, of this district, upon a large scale, which will be found at the end. This is really valuable, inasmuch as it is drawn by an excellent surveyor, who surveyed the country himself and is as accurate as it can be.

Wednesday, 16th February, 1842.

The people here have no idea whatever of observing Lent, or attending Service on Ash Wednesday. Is it not the same in the Mother Country, taking into account the population? How then can her migrating sons be expected to think about it? I had no service beyond introducing the Collect into our family prayers. As to fasting, our diet is too poor and scanty to render it necessary. Rice, a boiled onion and a bit of bread occasionally makes my dinner.

A colonial life is a very hard one to persons like ourselves. The fatigue arising from the exertion necessary during the hot weather cmpletely weighs down the spirits. I have been helping

my poor wife to wash her things today. The girls being at home increases our labour and they are too young to do much, yet our health, thank God, is good. What we feel is the excessive waste of the frame. The weather, to our feelings, is at times almost terrible and when the sun goes down and gives us a respite from his burning power, the mosquitoes begin to scourge most unmercifully and our only refuge is in the smoke of a fire out of doors; for as to shutting up the house, we could not bear the heat and mosquitoes would be shut in.

As we cannot hunt in the hot weather our food consists of anything we can get in; cockatoo soup at this time is a standing dish, sometimes fish, ship pork, rice and bread. Cooking is most oppressive work when we do get something to dress that requires attention over the fire so it is well we are sometimes without it.

I cannot afford another servant. Our two—heath lads do as well as I could expect and are more than fully occupied. George having succeeded in catching the pony and foal again, he and John are gone to Mandurah to try and exchange them and one of our horses for heifers with Mr. Peel, as we can do without the former and have but one of the latter, now quite dry, as are most cows at this season.

The country in all directions is burned and blasted by fire and when I returned yesterday in my boat from Australind (whither to I had been to baptize Mr. Clifton's grandchild) a tremendous one was raging on the banks of our river, from which I could only find retreat by stepping back into my boat and pushing off. The increased heat from this cause was very great and almost suffocating. I was reminded of the scene Abraham witnessed on looking toward Sodom and Gomorrah after their overthrow; "for I beheld and lo the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

How is the country misrepresented; Ogle says the climate is so fine that mere existence is enjoyment. The height of summer here is anything but such as to create enjoyment. We have almost the heat of India without one of its helps and aids. Here all the work of a new and thinly peopled country has to be encountered and were it not for the cool, refreshing nights and sound sleep, I know not how we could go on.

The absence of news from England is a great weight upon the colony at this time of universal colonial depression. William is gone with Mr. Ommanney into the bush for a few days to see how he likes surveying. We miss his help in our daily labour, for he is very strong, but I wished him to try everything likely to be of use to him.

Within eight months of our landing here we ate our first loaf from wheat grown by ourselves and very sweet it was. In two years' time I hope I need not buy any more flour, but one must work hard and live hard until then. We have but few grapes, our vines being young, but they will bear abundantly by and by. Our melons are ripening fast and in great abundance. I have a great variety, but what is strange, the dogs eat them; strange pigs also and our own poultry make sad havoc, so much so that I must make enclosures in the garden if we are to get any profit by them. We could have sold any quantity. Our peaches and figs are also young, but we have had a little fruit.

So long a time without a ship from England has not before occurred. Everyone in the colony is most anxiously looking out for arrivals. None more so than the Australindians, who were promised by the company another vessel in three months after their arrival here, barring accident, and they have been in the colony now nearly twelve months.

I should have mentioned above that there is no such thing here as taking a comfortable siesta in the middle of the day in hot weather. The flies and heat will not let you sleep, the only way is to sit in the most airy places as still as possible, reading and writing at such times are both irksome.

Thursday, 17th February, 1842.

John and George returned from Mandurah, have been absent since the preceding Friday. They could not deal with Mr. Peel, who misrepresented his stock to me and I am pleased that my boys were a match for him and acted with caution and prudence. But the time lost was worth something and we must make it up.

Since my return from Perth the people at the Vasse have been most kindly anxious that I should go and live there, but there are many objections to my doing so, especially since the feeling of the settlers hereabouts is very strongly in my favour and the Government, I think, would rather I should remain here, because the Governor has the success of this district very much to heart. They must then do something.

At present I work seven days in the week and have no wages. The Governor is very unpopular and I do not wonder at it. His views for this colony are mistaken ones. Several severe squibs have appeared in the *Inquirer* against him.

Mr. Eliot is engaged to Miss Clifton, the eldest, and I am to marry them shortly. Mrs. Clifton is a managing woman with all her Quakerism and if Mr. Stirling doesn't mind, she will catch him too. It is a poor prospect here for new married folks. Mr. Eliot is a very friendly man and kind neighbour. Poor Dr. Carpenter is very seriously ill, entirely owing to gratuitous overwork.

Monday, 21st February, 1842.

William returned from the bush and from his account I am glad he did not stay out. I wonder much that Mr. Ommanney should like to be so very familiar with his men and the soldiers who accompany him as escort, as he is; it surely cannot be necessary. William says the conversation annoyed him and that they slept all huddled together and for two days had nothing but weak tea and biscuit, although working under a burning sun. Neither is this necessary. He seems completely disgusted with the things and I am sure he can do more good by working with us, which he does as hard as any.

John and George bartered half a ton of onions for 15 fine goats, many of them in kid. We have now a flock of nearly 40. Put down and fixed my pump in a new well I sunk myself. This was the pump I brought out; I found it among the company's stores at Australind. It answers very well and the water is good, but I must contrive to keep the frogs out, or put it somewhere else.

Yesterday I received in congregation Ommanney's child and Mary and I dined with him to meet Miss Bussell and her brother John.

Saturday, 26th February, 1842.

I have been getting up a Benefit Society and Savings Bank. 20 members are enrolled. I hope it will help a little, with God's Blessing, to induce the people to spend less money in drink. It originated with a man who works for me as a carpenter and helped me to put my house up and shingle it. The heat makes us unsuccessful in kangarooing and we want better dogs. They will not hunt this weather. Killed two old cocks for dinner tomorrow. Scouring and flea routing day. Poor old Ann Morden (I wonder how the poor creature is), had she seen me today, would have exclaimed with uplifted eyes and hands, "Oh dear! Mr. John." This is a filthy country, the dust accumulates so fast and we are obliged to remove it ourselves. Yes indeed, such labours and privation as we have to undergo we did not anticipate, for we had never been tried before.

May God give us all grace to be patient and thankful for what we have.

The desire to hear from England is growing intense throughout the colony. There has been no arrival since that of the *Ganges*. The expected ship *Lucretia* is given up as lost. We seem almost cast off by the Mother Country. Mr. Clifton and family are very uneasy and evidently do not know what to make of the company.

Monday, 28th February, 1842.

At last I have received a letter from the Local Government promising, as soon as my Chapel is erected, I shall be allowed £100 a year. Thank God for this. So now I must endeavour to raise the building as soon as possible. My neighbours are very liberal in assisting me all they can, but much labour and expense must fall to my share. It is however, to God's Glory and the benefit of His Church and will secure me some income. The plan is considered a neat one, devised by myself, cruciform in shape and shall be accurately described when, please God, it is erected.

The *Grotius,* American trader, came in from the Swan. I had selected £10 worth of necessaries from her cargo, when I was told they must be paid for in gold and silver, so, as I did not like to part with cash out of the country when it is so very scarce, I refused to take them. The Yankee would have nothing to do with colonial bank notes.

We have had a little most welcome rain and it is cool and pleasant. Poor Teddy has been laid up with sore throat and fever, but is now much better. The dear boy has been fagging too much over the fire assisting in cooking for us. Most trying work in our miserable hole of a kitchen. I must erect something better.

We have lost eight goats in the bush owing to the native going to sleep and suffering them to stray and the ground is too dry to track them. This is one great objection to native herdsmen. You can never depend upon them in this employment. I daresay we shall have them brought in again, if the wild dogs do not get them.

I find when cares and engagements press heavily upon me I cannot pay due attention to this Journal. But I will do as well as I can and my friends must make allowance for me.

Tuesday, 15th March, 1842.

Dear John's birthday—22. No news from England! Several distressing accidents have happened with the natives, but I hope no serious result will follow. One poor black was accidentally shot at Australind, his arm being shattered, which he refused to have amputated or dressed. At the Vasse the Bussells have been extensively robbed by the natives of flour, they have also had driven off goats and a heifer. The suspected parties were pursued and found in a swamp, one fellow refusing to stand. Charles Bussell fired at him and killed him on the spot—most unjustifiable homicide, in my opinion. What can a poor savage know about standing in the Queen's name. They ought to be punished but not in this way.*

Soon after this tragical event Mr. Ommanney's servant boy accidentally shot a native boy with an old rusty musket with which he was allowed to shoot cockatoos. Mr. Ommanney was out in the

bush, and Mary and John being in the garden heard a great report near the house opposite, as of an overcharged gun. Presently they saw Miss Bussell running down the garden and heard her calling out—"Oh, Mr. Wollaston! Mr. Wollaston!" I was absent at Bunbury; but John immediately swam the river in his clothes (there being no boat) and hastened to her relief and protection in case the other natives had proved violent. This passed off quietly, but the servant boy swam across to us for protection and I had a guard of two soldiers over him all night. He had received a violent blow on the head and was finally sent to Perth.

This second accident was followed by a third of a more distressing kind. At the Vasse, Charles Bussell most inconsiderately threatened a little native girl, whom he had taken in his brother's room with a great damper in her hands, if she did not reveal how she had got the flour with which it was made, knowing she was connected with suspected thieves. He threatened to shoot her and presented his brother's gun which he had taken up by mistake instead of his own. He did not know the gun was loaded, with ball too! He snapped once or twice at her without a cap and when he had obtained all the information he could he finally put on a cap, thinking the explosion of it would impress his threats upon the girl more strongly. He pulled the trigger, the gun went off, the ball passed through the child and went into the floor under his brother's feet! The girl died next morning.

Now this threatening was perfectly illegal and unjustifiable and Mr. C. Bussell, I am glad to find, is summoned to Perth that this affair may be properly investigated. All this slaughtering of blacks by the whites, although in great measure, as has been seen, accidental, is distressing and lamentable. And it is difficult to convince these savages that the death of any of their people is caused by accident. At present all seems blown over with them and they are perfectly quiet.

Friday, 18th March, 1842.

Although weeks pass without our seeing anybody, today we have been inundated with visitors. Mr. Wittenoom unexpectedly arrived by the *Champion,* sent by the Governor to officiate for a time at the Sound. His was quite a flying visit for he was to return on board that evening. I was disappointed in hearing from him that our letter to the Bishop (although it has been published) was not yet despatched and that a good opportunity by the *Grotius* had been lost. The fact is, he is too lukewarm in the matter, but the letter will go the next opportunity. Captain Helpman accompanied him. Mr. and Mrs. Little and their three young people came by appointment and lunched (I had killed and dressed a nice

chicken) and took leave of us previous to their embarking for India, whither they are going we hope only for a time. They went up to Fremantle in a schooner. They are very nice people, though Papists and have been very kind to poor Dr. Carpenter, fetching him over the estuary to their house, in order that they might nurse him better than he got nursed at Australind. They had left him at Belvidere under the kind care of Mr. Onslow, with Dr. Green (but a sad incorrigible drunkard) from the Vasse to attend him. All, however, would not do, as shall be told presently and we have lost our kind friend, Dr. Carpenter.

Other visitors arrived about the same time, Mrs. Ommanney and her sister and two children. Mr. Turner from Augusta and his son, Mr. Stirling and Mr. Clifton, so that my room was filled. In the midst of my civilities to my guests a note arrived from Mr. Onslow to say that Dr. Carpenter was sinking fast. Mary and I had been to see him at Mrs. Little's and I had the satisfaction of talking to him and praying by him, which I also had done at Australind, before his removal. I therefore hastened away, and Mr. Clifton taking me in his boat, I arrived as soon as I could at Belvidere, but poor Dr. Carpenter had breathed his last, 20 minutes before.

As nothing had been done I closed his eyes and laid out his body. Poor fellow, his mind had been greatly affected by his illness and I understand he once or twice before laboured under aberration of intellect, before he came out. He was eccentric in some things, but devoted to his profession, and all scientific pursuits bearing upon it; universally respected, and deeply regretted in his death. Henry will remember what a nice, placid, even-tempered, intellectual man he was. He was not appreciated by the Cliftons. His loss in this neighbourhood is irreparable. Mr. Clifton arranged with me about his funeral the following Sunday, which was solemnly and decently conducted and we deposited his remains on the top of a limestone hill near Australind, the spot which is to be the grand cemetery. There is his solitary grave in the wilderness —the first of this expedition who has fallen.

After the funeral, at Mr. Clifton's request, I performed Divine Service to most of the Australindians and several strangers. I preached on death and the Resurrection and I will transcribe a few sentences from my sermon, which as they seemed to be feelingly responded to by those present, may serve to show the estimation in which Dr. Carpenter was generally held.

"Having now fully considered the text and the glorious doctrine which it inculcates—that of the Resurrection, it is of infinite concern to us all, my friends, to bethink ourselves in time, how

we are likely to rest in that last sleep, which must one day come upon every one of us.

"The occasion which has called so many together this day is of a peculiarly impressive nature and should not be suffered to pass without our seriously asking ourselves, each one for himself, 'If God were to cause me this night to sleep the sleep of death, have I a well-grounded hope that I shall rest in peace and awake to a blessed Resurrection?' I would not so much direct your thoughts to the memory of him, whose remains we have just committed to the grave, as to your own spiritual state in the sight of God, before whose tribunal we must all appear and who knoweth the secrets of every heart.

"Our friend sleepeth and we can no more awake him out of sleep, but we may rouse ourselves to new and timely efforts after holiness. In all that was good and estimable in his character let us follow his example: in his unwearied devotion to the duties of the station in which Providence had placed him; in the ardour with which he followed those studies which tended to qualify him more perfectly for their fulfilment; above all, in that kindness of heart which prompted him, at all hazards to his own delicate state of health, at all hours of the day or night, in all weathers, to go forth on visits of Christian love and mercy for the gratuitous relief of the bodily ailments of his fellow creatures.

"Surely he exemplified the feeling with which we colonists ought in a peculiar manner to be knit together; that of brotherly love. We have all alike left the country of our birth to pursue our journey of life in a strange and far distant land; we have alike encountered the perils of the great, wide sea and have alike mercifully been preserved. We have all our several difficulties and trials to undergo and do we not all at this moment feel the sickness of hope deferred, in the protracted absence of tidings from our native land? How powerfully then are we called upon, after the example of our sleeping brother, 'to bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ.' He sleeps now in the more immediate presence of Him who knoweth all things and doeth all things well and there we must leave him sorrowing indeed for his loss, yet not without silent hope that he may awake to a happy resurrection. But let us not here leave the subject; let us not overlook the lesson we ourselves are thereby taught. From the consideration of the text, under the impression which the present occasion must make upon the heart of every one who hears me, let us turn our thoughts inward and examine our own spiritual state.

"In prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving for past mercies, let us lay our wants and the burden of our sins at the foot of the Cross and He who heareth prayer will look down from Heaven, His

Dwelling Place, and send His Holy Spirit into our hearts, whereby we shall be enabled to cry, with the feeling of the returned prodigal, Abba, Father! and be led to true repentance and amendment of life."

We have been much puzzled to produce sufficient food for our large voracious family, but live on in hope and trust. "The Lord will provide" must be our motto. "Give us this day our daily bread" was never so deeply felt as now yet with submission and confidence. We cannot obtain shoes and our stock is getting very low, the wear and tear is so great. I could not find a pair for Mary or the girls in all Perth or Fremantle; not of any kind that would be of the least use.

I have made a lean-to for the girls to sleep in, which was finished today. Hitherto they slept on the floor at our bedside.

There are symptoms of a change of season and the hot weather is going off, the nights getting colder. This is a great relief, it enables us to hunt and have better success.

We have enclosed about 15 acres of my 100-acre block and have cleared and ploughed a large piece. It is severe work moving the fallen trees and stubbing the stumps and blackboys. The wood here is so full of splinters that the hands suffer much and almost all wounds are apt to fester.

Fire is our most efficient agent. We make large piles in the fork of a fallen tree with pieces which five men can just move with levers and these burn for days together and relieve us of much labour. This labour, if we paid for it, would cost 5/- per man per day. We have not yet paid a single extra labourer. John is weak and poorly at times but will improve in health and strength when the weather gets cooler and is better already for the change in the season I have mentioned.

Another of our ponies, we hear, has foaled in the bush. No tidings of our lost goats; George heard of them from some natives in the interior, but they were strange and seemed not to understand him. I suspect there has been foul play and that the animals have been driven away to the mountains and eaten.

A Mr. Nash and party of young Irishmen are gone up our river to settle (about 70 miles). They will have to undergo much labour and hardship and have poor prospects I think, as things are going on. They call their place (i.e., the spot they have fixed upon) Donnybrook. The young men I like much. We accommodated them as well as we could. Entertaining travellers is very inconvenient and expensive, but must be submitted to and indeed, I cannot but admire the free spirit of genuine hospitality which prevails in every part of the colony among all classes. It is a spiritual injunction, "Use hospitality without grudging."

Sunday, 20th March, 1842.

Performed Divine Service for the first time at Bunbury (hitherto at Mr. Eliot's house, near Bunbury) at the Government Resident's Offices (a new but small and ordinary building which has been erected for public business). It is better adapted to my purpose and my congregation although a very little flock, consisted of all the respectable settlers there. I baptized a child and Churched the mother. I officiate at a table almost on a level with and close to the sea, so that, with the door open, I can enjoy the view of the bay and the soft breeze. The houses in the new town are rising very slowly. The exertions of the settlers are sadly checked by want of Government support, and more frequent communications from England. It is now five months or more since we have had any news from England; the longest interval yet known here. All classes feel it—both on public and private accounts.

Monday, 21st March, 1842.

Our young boar becoming troublesome in our garden, we killed him this evening and tomorrow shall feast on a roasted leg and pickle the rest of him immediately. I used to laugh and affect to be disgusted at the village "Hog Feasts" in Cambridgeshire, whenever a poor labourer killed his pig—but now I can fully enter into the zest of the thing, even in the hottest weather and can pardon the gormandizing of the poor family, knowing what it is to work and live many days without fresh meat.

25th March (Good Friday), 1842.

Service at home, but alas, could get no one to attend! Some were ill, but no one thinks of keeping the Day as it ought to be kept. Yet what a solemn season it is, when we reflect on the event that occurred on this day, affecting the eternal welfare of all mankind!

27th March (Easter Day), 1842.

No communicants except my own family; sad lukewarmness and ignorance prevails. I used to look forward to the celebration of this joyful day beyond all others and generally had the largest attendance. How often I think of the Easter Sacraments at Baltham! Oh! may we all one day hold perpetual communion above with our risen and ascended Lord and with each other!

28th March (Easter Monday), 1842.

Last night we experienced the first storm (properly so called) since our landing. The rain descended very heavily at intervals,

the lightning was very vivid and the claps of thunder shook our house and were very loud and sharp, but I have witnessed more violent storms in England. This is my birthday—51.

"So fast Eternity comes on
And that important Day
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey."

May I and all dear to me be ever prepared for that Judgment!

Thursday, 31st March, 1842.

I have set everything down in this Journal as I was able to write. I am just come in from washing with my wife; five dozen and nine pieces (i.e., washing after our fashion; not such washing as poor old Ann would approve of); but she can have no idea of the greasy dirt of this country. The skin is off my fingers and I can do no better. When wearied with diving into the tub in the vain hope that the piece in hand may be the last, "Dear me! here's another!" I cry and am thus baulked two or three times before I have done. And yet these we have been washing are not the heavy things (for which we use a machine) but merely a few of Mary's and the girls' and a few of my own. I shall never be hard upon washerwomen again as long as I live, but think they are perfectly justified in eating and drinking, gossiping and complaining as much they please!

John is in the bush kangarooing, Teddy is gone to the point to get some clothes made if he can. William, George and James Everet are with the bullock cart bringing in split stuff for building a new kitchen and fencing and Joe is preparing our bread and dinner. So much salt diet is unwholesome, but we cannot afford to buy fresh meat. Rice and onions are our great resources at this scarce time.

It must be borne in mind that kangaroo (the hindquarters of which are reserved for the table) will not keep fresh 24 hours, unless the weather be cold; so when we catch more than we can consume while good, we send it to Bunbury for sale at 6d. per lb. and 1d. per lb. commission. But then it must be sent the instant it is brought home. We par-dress as much as we can. Even then we cannot always keep it sweet; the horrible blowflies spoil all kinds of meat if not most carefully watched. It is hard and tasteless when corned. It has been styled Australian venison, but has not a particle of fat upon it, a few streaks inside are now and then found. It has a strong taste at times, is best steamed and is very easy of digestion, but does by no means afford that nourishing support derived from beef and mutton.

Yesterday afternoon we were engaged making a road descending to our ford in order to take our cart over more easily; also to facilitate the passage of stock to our other 100 acres, the pasturage being much less depastured on this side of the river (the Government will do nothing in public works). It is a great improvement. If I had funds I could depasture 500 head of cattle and 1,000 sheep easily, for all the back country to an unlimited extent is open to us. A very extensive range is necessary because the soil of the country is so patchy; about four or five acres to a sheep. (This will serve to compare Australian land with that of England.) The expense of shepherds and herdsmen, however, is so great that none but good capitalists can enter upon these schemes. They can make the wool and mutton pay.

John and young Scott are come in with six kangaroos, which they divide between them. We shall send some to market. The season has much improved and I hope the late scarcity of fresh food will now be gradually less felt.

Saturday, 2nd April, 1842.

One of our sows farrowed—an important event—six pigs only but very nice ones. A shark 12 feet long harpooned in the estuary. We have got the head; a most ravenous-looking object. Bathing in the deep water is dangerous in the estuary. There is a well authenticated account of a shark in the bay so strong and large as to have drawn a ship's anchor by getting entangled in the chains.

Monday, 4th April, 1842.

The weather has now very much changed. We have still a hot sun from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., but pleasant, cool breezes and it is so very cold at night that we can bear three blankets. Such are the transitions, felt most by those who are compelled to sleep in the bush as hunters often are, but a good fire burning all night makes a great difference.

The hunters came in this evening just before dark with five kangaroos, so now we are doing better. But it is a great sacrifice of time; two hands and two horses for full 24 hours. This, when there is so much work to be done and labour is so expensive, renders kangaroos by no means so cheap an article of food as might be supposed. Many settlers have told me, for this reason, they have found it too expensive to hunt. Especially since dogs are now taxed—5/- each. It is done chiefly from necessity, as in our case.

Wednesday, 6th April, 1842.

Six o'clock p.m. News from England! Thank God! The *Venus* is come in from Fremantle bringing the long-expected *Lucretia's*

mail for this district. Lights! Lights! Never mind tea! Let us read of our dear friends and country.

Saturday, 9th April, 1842.

Our anxiety is now relieved. Our friends are all alive and well. One who has never emigrated and left behind him dear relations can form no idea of the bewildered eagerness with which a packet from England is received. When it is opened one hardly knows which letter to take up first! When the seals are all broken he glances over each letter to catch with his eye, at once if he can, the most interesting and important paragraphs, whether for good or evil the pith and marrow of the whole.

Then come the newspapers; the births, marriages and deaths! It will be some time before we can string together the various events in the course of time, so as to be able readily to call to mind when they occurred.

The *Lucretia* has brought us one letter from Richard and his wife, Tot Green, 10th July, 1841; one from my sister and Tullie, Brighton, 2nd September, 1841; five from Henry, latest date 31st October, 1841, Bridge St. (enclosing one from Mr. Acton, Mantling Park); one from Percival and his sister, Southwell, June 19th, 1841; one to William from a friend of his. Newspapers in abundance: *Cambridge Chronicle, Times, Britannia and Ecclesiastical Gazette.*

I own I felt disappointed in not receiving replies to our letters from Fremantle but it is now quite clear the *Stirling* had not arrived when the Lucretia left. She weighed for India the same day we embarked in the cutter for Leschenault, 11th May, 1841. By her I sent a continuation of my Journal at sea and wrote several letters besides. Since our arrival here we have also written by every opportunity; via America and via India. By this time I trust these letters, at least some of them, have come to hand and that our friends are in possession of such facts as we could then communicate.

This Journal will supply as well as I am able, such particulars respecting ourselves, as will give a correct notion of all we have gone through and are now doing, so as, in a measure, to fill up the whole time since we left England. Mr. Clifton has received answers (and very satisfactory ones to him, inasmuch as they approve of all he has done) from the company; but he wrote home by the *Parkfield* which did not touch at the Swan on her return but sailed away direct for this port, so that we being at Fremantle had no opportunity of writing by her.

My heart is very full at present and there never was a time when I felt more keenly the weight, responsibility and labour of

my situation, but I must not give way to these feelings. I have put my hand to the plough and must not look back; I pray God in all things to direct me for the best.

Mr. Wittenoom could only give me a few minutes today on his return from the sound. The *Champion* has several prisoners on board, blacks and whites, whom the Captain wishes to lodge in jail at Fremantle as soon as possible. Mr. Wittenoom tells me they were a whole week sailing from Cape Naturaliste to the Sound. Such is often the trouble of turning Cape Leeuwin, the wind being directly in their teeth. Leeuwin is a somewhat dangerous cape to double at all times owing to the strong winds and heavy swells. John was three weeks off it, coming round from Port Phillip.

Mr. John Bussell, his wife and children are on a short visit to the Ommanney's. We drank tea there last night and spent a pleasant evening; they come to us tomorrow, in the same way and return in their bullock cart on Monday. By means of a tent and plenty of servants they did very well, but were three days on the road. Mrs. Bussell is an agreeable, unaffected woman and improves on acquaintance. I find although the Bussells have gone through a great deal and met with many losses, they had a large capital among them. They are now in possession of plenty of all the necessaries of life.

This is the case also with many other old settlers, yet if they were to sell off tomorrow the proceeds of their property would not support them in England. The wealth of settlers is local and therefore nominal in regard to any desire they may have to return home. There is hardly anyone who has not been disappointed in their expectations from this country, but many have resolutely and wisely persevered, and thus surmounted their difficulties.

I must now leave my pen. It is Saturday and we are all busy cleaning up. I have scoured our room and cleaned and trimmed the lamps and must now brush my shoes for tomorrow. 6 p.m. I have blacked and polished four pairs of shoes, as the boys are all hard at work and Teddy has sprained his foot. Agnes has got a prize of an old pair of Mrs. Ommanney's.

I was thinking last night how glad and thankful I should now be for some of the old things I collected together before I left Wickham and gave to the poor. In clothing, strong useful shoes and socks or half stockings are the most scarce articles in this colony, yet the most wanted. Joey, the tame kangaroo, puts his soft nose gently into my lap and says I must not take his skin for a pair of shoes; although I am trying to use one for soles for some canvas slippers for Agnes.

Tidings have arrived of the discovery of the remains of three white men in the bush, supposed to have been a soldier missed a

year ago and two runaway American sailors. The natives are suspected, but a drunkard may easily lose his way and his life in consequence. A party, I hear, goes out on Monday to ascertain the truth of this report which comes from the natives themselves.

Sunday, 10th April, 1842.

One of our favourite sheep dogs, Flora, was found dead this morning by the river's side. She was run over by the bullocks in the cart some time ago and on opening the body we found two ribs had been broken and sundry internal injuries sustained which doubtless caused the poor creature's death. We regret her death the more as we have lost her breed; unless George can get back a puppy he sold.

In the afternoon of this day we heard a vessel was seen off our coast. Blackfellow told us, "Plenty white woomanee and pickaninney." So we immediately thought of the *Diadem*—and such she proved to be. She has anchored safely and brings 170 working emigrants and three cabin passengers. Our position now is indeed changed, for wages must fall and servants be plentiful for a time. I say for a time, because this number will very soon be dispersed in the colony. It seems Mr. Clifton is not commissioned to employ them on behalf of the company, but only to give them rations until they can find places. The *Diadem* brings very little provision and these poor people are arrived at a time of great scarcity. An Australian summer is far worse than an English winter; hay and corn must be laid up in winter for summer consumption. Vegetables have long since gone off entirely. In short we are at this time so distressed for food of all kinds for ourselves and animals that we clearly see we cannot hire unless we grow produce beforehand.

A scanty subsistence is picked up by the cattle in the bush, but not enough to work upon. What with drought and the extensive fires there is hardly any feed to be had except in choice spots at a distance. I must try and get servants from this fresh importation, but now I know not how to feed them. If I had corn and produce by me I could do anything. We have eaten many pullets I wished to save. We have not been here long enough to be able to provide against this dearth of everything. Thank God we are close upon the rainy season, when grass and all seeds will spring up rapidly.

But here's another letter from dear Henry, dated 12th November, 1841, announcing the comforting intelligence that our communications from the Swan have been received. This coming so soon after the letters by the *Lucretia* is indeed a relief and I bless God for it and for continuing to preserve all dear to me.

I fear many of the new emigrants will be disappointed, but they belong to a class who can do more for themselves, if they behave well, than any other. The Australindians are half crazy at this new arrival and I sincerely congratulate them upon it, especially Mr. Clifton's own family; but it does not make the least difference in my opinion of their colonial views in such a country as this. I am sure they are mistaken and the company will find it so, but perhaps they do not care so long as they can sell their land in England. The colony at large will certainly be benefited and this district in particular and for this we are most thankful. But the present grand plan of Australind is all nonsense and never can or will be carried out, unless a barren, sandy country covered with wood (generally speaking) be miraculously converted into one of fertility. The sensible plan of the company would be to let their town settle itself and to turn all their attention to the production of the means of subsistence from such of their lands as will produce them. Whereas these are utterly neglected, I would rather give £5 for an acre of my garden than 5d. an acre for their projected 100-acre rural sections (as marked in their map). No man in his senses would ever think of cultivating them for profit. I state facts; and they are not exaggerated.

Tuesday, 12th April, 1842.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bussell, their son and daughter drank tea with us yesterday evening and we have had visitors this morning including Mr. Onslow, a very amiable man, from Belvidere. He is keeping Mr. Little's place for him in his absence. This evening we, most of us, drink tea at Mr. Ommanney's.

Two soldiers have just passed through our premises with two natives manacled, the suspected murderers of one of the white men, whose remains I have mentioned as having been found in the bush. They will be tried at Perth. This will have a good effect I hope. I heard authentic accounts only of the remains of one white man.

We received the newspapers by the *Diadem,* and participate in the universal joy at the birth of a Prince and Heir Apparent to the Throne of our dear native country. God's mercies are great to England. May she never lose the help of His protecting arm and under a more godly ministry may truth and happiness, peace and justice, religion and piety, etc., be established among her sons! We have still hot days but the nights are excessively cold. This new arrival will create an accession of duty for me and I intend to offer a few words of advice and caution to the migrants, with Mr. Clifton's permission—for, at present, they are all under his protection.

Thursday, 14th April, 1842.

I have felt rather poorly this last day or two. So much exertion of body and anxiety of mind as I have had to undergo, added to our spare and insufficient diet, affects me in a manner I am compelled reluctantly to own. The care and provision and direction of a family like mine, with narrow means and in a new country, must, even with the firmest trust in Providence, exercise an influence on the bodily organs, which sympathise so closely with the mental. I am fully persuaded the effect is only temporary and that a course of mild alterative medicine which I am taking will, please God, set me to rights.

I have written to Mr. Clifton about the new emigrants and if I do not receive an answer tomorrow, think of riding to Australind on Saturday.

I have bought a quarter of wheat and a quarter of barley from Mr. Turner at Vasse, chiefly for seed. Its arrival today by the cutter is a great relief inasmuch as some of it will enable us to keep on a stock of poultry, among which are some turkeys, two of which I bought and two were given to us by Mrs. Little.

To show the abominable system of deceit practised by persons beating up in England and Ireland for emigrants to Australia, there is a case here deserving attention. Mrs. Fairbairn, who lives in the bush near us and whose husband is a sawyer, has a father and mother living as servants to Mr. Tanner at Guildford. They are most respectable people and were led to believe the statements made to them of the certain prospect of fortune and independence. On the strength of these they sacrificed, in Ireland, a good farm and every present comfort. They sold their stock, horses, cows and pigs; they dismissed several servants they had always been enabled to employ and now they are reduced to servants themselves and have no advantages beyond these of common labourers.

It must be admitted that they were very unwise to relinquish the good in hand for the prospect of double its value in the bush; but this folly of theirs bringing its own punishment does not in the least excuse those at whose misrepresentations (and those wilful ones!) they were induced to emigrate. The poor old man is almost brokenhearted at the disappointment.

I would warn all not to be too ready to listen to these emigrant-recruiting persons; their representations are often false and generally too highly coloured. I do not mean to dissuade anyone from emigrating at all, but those who have the charge of the poor and the better sort themselves should be very careful in securing some good introduction to proper persons in the colony who will really help and forward the interests of the newcomers and not be guided entirely by their own interests.

I daresay my friends may wish to know how this climate affects my hearing. I had anticipated great improvement from the dry and uniform state of the atmosphere but the experience of nearly twelve months has not realised this anticipation. My hearing is certainly more uniform, but I have never heard so lightly as I used to do, at intervals, in England. At times I am very deaf but not so deaf as formerly. I am, thank God, free from pain, but the noises in my head are sometimes very troublesome. I feel the effects of doing duty in hot weather very much and it is sometimes almost painful to speak out. I am more tired than with a hard day's work. This used always to be the case. I am still subject to a constant daily discharge from the ear.

Friday, 15th April, 1842.

Heigh ho! Washing day again—5 dozen and 2 pieces. It's hard work and I hope my poor wife will soon get some help from the newcomers. We have much to do at this time which cannot be postponed. Our anxiety is to get as much corn in as possible.

I see no notice of the death of Mrs. H. Phillips (as surmised from what the Governor told me) in the papers, therefore I must hope she is restored to her husband and family. Mr. Acton tells me Mr. Townley has left the country, in dudgeon, I suppose. I rejoice at the success of the Conservatives and hope some good may arise to the colonies from the accession of Sir Robert Peel to the Premiership. Whig and Radical Government is the destruction of Swan River and almost every settler would rejoice in a change. Under Sir James Stirling most appalling difficulties were overcome and he left the colony in a sound and gradually thriving state.

It is very interesting to me to read the Cambridge papers. There I see well-known names and while reading, feel almost in England again.

Besides washing and hanging out, I have today been felling trees, so it will be seen I am much better than I felt yesterday. I cannot however work quite so hard as I did at first. No gentleman works so hard as I do. The weather now is very fine; the mornings beautiful. At this season there would be great enjoyment in the climate if we had not so many unaccustomed laborious occupations.

Among other omissions in my outfit was that of glass, which though I paid for, Sharpus, Haymarket, never put up. As I agreed to find my own on board ship, most of what I had at Wickham was broken, so, with accidents here also, we are reduced to two tumblers and two wine glasses, yet my neighbours are not much

better off. Mrs. Ommanney borrowed what we had for her party the other night. We generally drink every beverage out of tea cups.

Everything here ought to be made of block tin, for breakages of earthenware and china are irreparable. Lamps, too, we want. Oil is universally used. No candles but wax will do for this climate. A tallow or mould candle if not melted to the wick before it arrives, may last a short time, but it is soon gone and gutters over the table to the great annoyance of those who can afford to use them. There is a composition sort, cheaper than wax, which answers very well. Our lights of a night are common oil burners and we have a regular greengrocer's lamp overhead, such as used to be seen before the introduction of gas, flaring over the baskets of potatoes in Newgate or Leadenhall Markets.

This is my dear brother, Richard's, birthday. May he long live to see many more. May God make smooth his path through life, and lead him to life eternal! The materials for my chapel come in very slowly; I fear I shall not be able to cover it in before the rainy season. There is a great deal of talk and much profession, but no zeal among Churchmen here. I must stick to them and civilly exact what they have promised.

Every day the evil is still more apparent of a Christian Government not taking the lead in these matters. It was observed to me at Perth that, "if a district wanted a Church the inhabitants would apply to Government for assistance." My reply was, "No, they would not, all experience proves that mankind in general do not seek after the truth as it is in Jesus" . . . "The Church must be brought to them. The circumstance of a body of emigrants neglecting to apply for a place of worship and a clergyman is the strongest proof that they stand in need of both."

A somewhat extensive confederacy among the Vasse natives is developing itself. Another party are gone out secretly today to capture several others supposed to be concerned in robbing Mr. Bussell's flour mill and it is thought, in spearing the man whose remains have been found.

Wednesday, 20th April, 1842.

I believe this must be my last note. Yesterday was the anniversary of our anchoring *L.D.* (*Laus Deo*) at Fremantle, so that my friends will, if they receive this Journal, be in possession of one year's account of our proceedings, so far as the oppressive cares and labours I have had to undergo have allowed me to record them.

On Sunday Mary accompanied me to Church at Bunbury in the bullock cart. William also and the two girls. I generally take part of the family when I can. Monday I rode to Australind to

see if I could get a servant and the same day attended a public meeting at Bunbury to memorialize the Government to take off some of our unjust burdens for they have taken a great deal of money from us and have not yet laid out a shilling.

Having found among the new emigrants some persons who seemed likely to suit, I took Mary to Australind yesterday and a very hard and fatiguing pull we had, for there was not a breath of wind when we wanted it. However, we engaged a man and his wife (country people) without encumbrance and a very nice lad belonging to another family. The two former for £30 a year and the lad for what I please, the same as Joe. I have taken this step as an act of necessity and I hope and pray I may be able to pay and feed them by a providential increase of our means.

We spare no exertion. The truth is I find if I go on as I have done the last twelve months that I shall wear myself out and poor Mary the same. I feel I cannot do as I have done. We are too old for emigrants with such a family as ours. At this moment I feel so sinking that it is painful to me to speak: but a truce to all this egotism.

Richard's acquaintance, Mr. Lionel Samson, is about to visit England again immediately and I must close this to avail myself of so good an opportunity of sending it. The *Devonshire* cutter comes in from the Vasse on Friday, and will sail to Fremantle immediately where the *Lucretia* is, which is to take Mr. Samson.

This accession of emigrants is a great thing for the colony, but the W.A. Company told the poor people all sorts of lies. They are a tolerably fair set considering, but some of them are out of the London workhouses. Some highly respectable and churchmen. I have volunteered to Mr. Clifton my professional services occasionally in their behalf, as far as is consistent with my duties here and at Bunbury, but he has given me no reply as yet. The poor people have never had Divine Service since they left England. There are several excellent National school teachers among them and if I had but the means I would set up a school at once. There are many large families of children. Several died of fever on the voyage.

I shall write a short letter to Henry by the *Lucretia's* mail, because were I to enclose any with this and it were opened, a fine might be exacted by Government. But any details will be excused as I have had so much writing in my Journal which indeed contains almost all I could say.

Poor William has been so occupied that he is obliged to postpone a sketch of our house; this, however, will be best, since it is not finished; and our friends may as well have the comfort of seeing it so. Please God we are able to accomplish it.

For the amusement of the dear children at Tottingham I shall endeavour to put up two little birds which will not add much to the bulk of the packet. I rejoice in dear Agnes Spanton's safe confinement and send to Tommy a drawing from life of the tail and claw of a kangaroo. I wish I could send all something. One of these days, I, perhaps, may be able to do so. I must now leave off and resume my pen at night.

It is now evening; the weather is very cool and pleasant and several heavy showers have fallen; the commencement of the rainy season. Having lost so much time last year by Capt. Todd's neglect of us, we have been very busy in getting seeds in. I have already cabbage plants in the second leaf. From this time to the end of July the Australian farmer and gardener must be very active. Nothing sells so well as vegetables of all kinds, for few take the trouble to grow them and we hope, when our fencing is up, to reap some benefits as market gardeners. At present we can consume no vegetable but onions. Our potatoes we want for seed.

Mr. McKullock, from the Murray, and Mr. Plowes, from Australind, called today. I have sometimes more visitors than I like but it is the custom to receive everybody.

I expect very soon to be summoned to marry Miss Clifton to Mr. Eliot and his house is undergoing repair and alteration.

There are many circumstances omitted in this Journal which I daresay would interest my friends but I could not find time, or collect my thoughts, to write them. I have done what I could.

I have added overleaf a summary of my opinion of this country as far as I can judge; I wrote it a few days ago. I must now get my tea, have prayers and go to bed. God bless all my dear relations. I am sorry I cannot say my Chapel is erected, but we are now carting in the materials.

Tired as I am I don't know how to leave my pen. Once more, God bless all.

SUMMARY REPORT ON COLONY

Before I conclude this Journal for the present, it may be as well if I sum up my candid opinion of things in this country, its capabilities and climate, etc., and our own prospects, as far as one year's experience and that the first, will allow me to judge.

I must particularly request that what I have so imperfectly written may not be handed about beyond the circle of my own relations. I may very possibly have cause to alter some of my sentiments and views in the course of time, please God we live to see the result of our exertions. I have endeavoured throughout to make every allowance for constitutional depression of spirits to which

I have, all my life, been occasionally subject, that I might not represent things in a darker light than they deserved. And whenever I could have rallied myself in order to intersperse amusing and cheerful observations. I most readily admit that I have not had experience enough of the country to be able to speak on some points so decisively as I could wish.

Western Australia by no means deserves the praises which have been lavished upon it. Land jobbers are of course interested in telling falsehoods respecting its soil and production and the colony suffers far more from undeserved commendation than she would do if facts were adhered to; for it does possess capabilities sufficient to reward the enterprising, persevering, sober-minded and industrious.

Taking the land throughout, not one acre in 20 is worth cultivation. A large portion of the rest is utterly worthless and the remainder affords a scanty herbage for sheep and goats. There is no such thing as pasture, as understood by the term in England and artificial pasture would be burnt up in summer. Of the arable lands some few consist of splendid soil, such as will grow good crops of wheat 10 years in succession without manure. Some few require little expense and labour to clear, others again, to bring into a proper state of cultivation would cost, according to the present colonial price of labour, £30 or £40 an acre. Many excellent farms are prodigiously deteriorated in value by the distance of their situation from any market and want of roads. Hard roads would be very difficult, almost impossible to construct from want of materials at hand.

Half a crown an acre is the utmost Government ought to charge if they knew anything about the real nature of the country and the difficulties and sacrifices of bona fide settlers. I would most earnestly recommend to everyone not to purchase Australian land in England, at any price, however low, unless he received a power of selecting it for himself, or he had an agent here upon whom he could depend to do it for him.

Capitalists may do great things here; but in general capitalists are not those who want to emigrate. As to making rapid fortunes, it is the exception rather than the rule. For the most part it is all humbug. I do not mean to imply that agriculture, sheep farming and stock-keeping with small means will not eventually answer, for I think it is almost the only sure (and I was going to add honest) means of living in this country, but it must be at the expense of great labour and many privations for the first three or four years. When once established and his land under cultivation the farmer may have every necessary of life about him in a plain

way; but as things are now, saving money to any extent is out of the question.

Thus much of purely agricultural prospects. As to production not strictly agricultural, Western Australia presents a fine field to the wine grower; vines thrive wonderfully here and their produce when attended to is beyond all calculation. Many tropical and European fruits also may be grown successfully. Wine has been made but I have not tasted it. There can, however, be no doubt that were vineyards established, Western Australia might soon export wines to a great amount. There is also a fine opening for whaling. Timber likewise may form a profitable export.

The auctioneering and general agency business is a good one; but has been injured by over-trading. As to store-keeping—there are nearly as many stores as houses and little or nothing is to be done by it in a fair way. If a resident at Fremantle goes into a store there, he is asked 2/6 for an article, which the next minute is charged to a stranger 10/-. It was observed to me with great truth, "There is no such thing as a penn'orth of any thing in the colony." Sixpence may almost be said to be the lowest current coin.

The climate is, generally speaking, fine and healthy but nevertheless there are many severe transitions of weather. The air is serene and remarkably dry, the heat excessive in summer, a great part of the country under water and nearly impassable in winter.

A kind of influenza has this winter been very prevalent throughout the colony both among whites and blacks and has carried off many of the latter. Colds and sore throats are by no means infrequent, but are soon got rid of by attention. Ophthalmia is common but easily remedied if taken in time. The reflection from the land, I think, tends greatly to weaken the sight of persons declining in years. Dysentery and rheumatism of the chronic form are of frequent occurrence; the latter chiefly where there has been much exposure to wet and night dews (which are very heavy) and is very intractable. Children are for the most part pale and thin, but exempt from many common diseases usually incident to the childhood in England. Pulmonary complaints are unknown, and those who come out affected in this way derive great benefit from the climate. The sea breeze which sets in about noon contributes greatly to the healthiness of those living near the coast.

There are no ports, properly so called, except King George's Sound which is a very fine one. I define a port to be an anchorage protected from prevailing winds and tides. The holding ground in many of the roadsteads is excellent and vessels may ride in such with safety. The Americans come in at all seasons; they know more of this coast than we do and speak well of it. If it were better known and English skippers would be more careful and less obstin-

ate, it would be found a safer coast than that of England in bad weather. The great drawback is the trouble and heavy expense of lading and discharging cargoes.

As to our own prospects I can say but little. Our means are very narrow, but while we are blessed with health and strength to work, we may look forward to a gradual improvement in our circumstances. "He that plougheth should plough in hope." We pray and trust that God's Providential care, so mercifully vouchsafed us hitherto, may be extended to us for the time to come. All we have to do is to work on in this hope and when a couple more years are passed over I may then, D.V., be able to give a more satisfactory account of our circumstances than it is in my power to do at present.

I must not omit to mention the Church. Though last mentioned it is by no means the least object of my care and solicitude. In my private engagements I cannot overlook my public duty. £100 a year is the utmost I am led to expect from my profession and that stipend has not yet commenced. I do not allude to this in a complaining or mercenary spirit. I most earnestly desire, whatever my temporal emoluments may be, under the Great Head of the Church to be instrumental in the spiritual advancement of all within my reach. I pray God to raise up friends to His Church and so support me under discouragements, which a colonial minister has of all others, to undergo and to give me the graces of patience, humble trust and perseverance.

I cannot conclude better than by giving a sketch of the ground plan of my intended little Church, and towards which I hope some assistance may be sent me from the Church in England, but circumstances will not admit of any delay in its erection. Every week I more and more feel the want of it and shall never be able to collect churchmen together in a regular, decent and orderly manner until I can invite them to the House which God has chosen to place His Name there.

JOHN RAMSDEN WOLLASTON
April 26th, 1842

Monday, 16th May (Whitmonday), 1842.

Having closed my Journal for 12 months from the time of my arrival here and dismissed it under the care of Mr. Lionel Samson, who is gone to England, via Mauritius, I shall now begin another year's account, but it will probably not be so particular as the last since first impressions soon wear out and to us there is now little novelty in the country.

It will be useful, however, to record some of my humble observations on passing events during a continuance of my sojourn here

and I pray God another year may bring with it such a portion of peace and health to me and mine as He may see best for us here below.

When I closed my last packet I had been suffering under dysentery, which for a time weakened me much and the only thing that gave me permanent relief were two small pills made with the gum of the Red Eucalyptus. It is a strong astringent and has been taken medicinally very generally in the colony; and certainly I found immediate relief from it. In fact it cured me at once. I did not however escape another visitor immediately afterwards in the shape of a rheumatic attack of the head and face. Toothache worried me sadly, and at last after the severest pain I had yet undergone, all at once every disagreeable feeling left me and I have been well ever since. It is remarked that almost all illnesses are with care sooner removed here than in England.

I think I mentioned having gone to Australind to get some servants from the people brought out in the *Diadem*. Mary and I pitched upon a man and his wife without encumbrance, who appeared to be just the sort of persons we wanted. They came to us; the man was very well, but we soon found the woman would not do at all and I have since heard a very indifferent account of her character. So, baulked for this time, I tried again and now we have a man and his wife, two boys and a little girl. We were compelled to take all or none. The man's name is Moore, from Kent, and he knows Wrotham. Singular! They suit us exactly as far as we can see and for the sort are very nice people. The boys are very useful; the little girl too young to do anything. Wages for the whole party—£50 a year and board. This is a fearful undertaking, but we were driven to it from necessity, for Mary and I could not continue to work as we have done without wearing ourselves out. As it is, my poor wife has suffered seriously from the exertion. Whether I can keep them or not must depend upon my obtaining a salary, and above all, upon God's providential blessing upon our agricultural pursuits.

We were obliged to give up the old houses or hut, to these people, wishing to make them as comfortable as we could although this is a great inconvenience to us personally. The consumption of such a family as mine is great and the dearth of fresh meat makes it very difficult to meet the craving appetites of those around me. Some of us hunt twice a week. But the kangaroo gets shy and if we had not horses, the distance we have to go would render it very difficult to catch any; as it is, the hunter (we take it by turns) often comes in unsuccessful and the consequence is, the day following is Bainigan Day.

Even at Perth, where there is a supply of everything, Mr. Wittenoom, the Chaplain, assured me the two articles alone of meat and flour for his family cost him £200 a year. Although he has a grant, as one of the first settlers, of 5,000 acres he is yet not living upon it and he can only let it for £60 a year, it being in the interior and has to purchase all his provisions.

We are all of us incessantly at work. clearing, ploughing and sowing. We have now got in about 4½ acres of wheat and half an acre of barley, besides a good breadth of potatoes (to be increased we hope to one acre), mangel wurzel, turnips and oats. This is exclusive of common vegetables. As soon as the first rain comes we begin to sow (before it would be useless) and this sowing may go on until September but the sooner the sowing the heavier the crop, for then it has moisture enough to bring it to maturity. I have also commenced a vineyard. A vineyard society has been formed at Perth for the manufacture of wine; and next year, D.V., I shall plant some hundreds of cuttings now rooting and add to them from my friends' gardens at the Swan. I have a sort called the "Wortley Hall," a great bearer of two crops. January is the month for the gathering of the grapes and I cut a bunch from a small vine of this kind on 1st July, last year.

The Church is at last begun; I am most anxious to get it up, but such are my straitened means that I fear it will be long before it is completed. May God prosper me in this.

A vessel, the *Transit*, from the Cape, has put in here and I was glad of the opportunity of purchasing some necessaries out of her, but at a dear rate. Flour, peas, sugar, plums, a little inferior wine and some lime juice. Since she left our port she has been wrecked off Rottnest Island and gone to pieces and part of her cargo and splinters have been floated to our coast! The crew were saved. Some dark hints have been given concerning the conduct of the captain. It is well known ships are sometimes wrecked on purpose to cheat Lloyd's. Some of these common skippers are, I fear, great rascals. There was no just cause for the wreck; the weather being fair, a bright night and Rottnest plainly visible. She went straight ahead on to the shore rocks.

I hope the tiny birds I sent by Mr. Samson will bear their voyage; I was afraid to make too large a parcel. I have now an Australian eagle, which John has skinned and preserved; a most noble bird. Indeed, the birds of prey in this country are very numerous and of many most beautiful varieties, eagles, hawks, falcons and owls. Whereas of beasts of prey there are none but dogs (though they are troublesome enough): but no, I forgot, of beasts of prey, of one genus, there are abundance—the *Genus Homo*. Alas! for human nature!

Sunday, 22nd May (Trinity Sunday), 1842.

We have received our dear friends' welcome letters by the *Shepherd*. What a blessing it is in a strange and distant land to hear from those we love at home and how great is the interest felt about everything concerned in them. The parcels alluded to are not yet arrived, but doubtless they are at the Swan. I need say nothing in reply here, since I shall write fully by the first ship.

This day I was cheered by a good congregation. My house was full, I had 26 and 8 communicants. The want of a Church is gradually more and more felt.

Monday, 23rd May, 1842.

Received notes from Messrs. Clifton and Eliot requesting my services to unite the eldest daughter of the former to the latter, on 1st June. A day of all gaiety this colony is capable of, being that of its foundation by Sir James Stirling.

Mr. Clifton has been a good deal quizzed for his grandiloquent ways in a clever little newspaper called the *Inquirer,* but he takes it very good-humouredly. They call him Waller, 1st. By the way—this *Inquirer* I will send home when I can; but all colonial papers should be read with a pretty good share of allowance for colonial prejudices. If they are read by my friends in England many clever letters will be seen from "Colonicus." This is not an individual, but I suspect a name assumed by a clique, who are all deeply interested in what is said. I did not forward the paper which my brother saw, in which our Church meeting at Bunbury was mentioned, because I feared too sanguine conclusions would be drawn from it. In fact, the meeting in question was in consequence of a public letter from me, held in an unfinished house and consisted of those I could catch after a public sale of goods from a vessel in the bay. It was a step certainly towards awakening people there to a sense of God's claims upon them; but only a step and it will not be followed up until I call upon them again.

I am much struck by the circumstances which the Bishop of Australia notices as continually experienced by his clergy in New South Wales; the apathy of the people generally as to Church membership, compared with the zeal, ardour and piety of the North American colonists. I think it is thus accounted for: most of the American settlers were united Church bodies, or belonged to such, before they emigrated and had experienced the privileges of God's ordinances; they therefore received the Church as, what She is, if rightly understood, a blessed boon. Thus moreover, at once settled in the country (whereas the people here, for the most part adventurers, are not only of mixed religions, but tainted with the liberalism of more modern times) have evidently understood the

Church's claims upon them in a worldly light and not as mainly the nursing mother of their souls. Our office is in consequence perdu and meets with more obstructions from the choked soil we have to cultivate, than that of our American brethren.

I am, notwithstanding what I have said above, frequently favoured by visitors and have had most of the respectable people in the colony from all parts in my house.

I have just parted from Capt. Molloy, Mr. Bussell and Mr. Eliot, who most kindly presented me with a jar of snuff. (I hope some will be sent me from England, for it is my only indulgence in the wilderness.)

I have had a long conversation with Mr. Simmons about the natives. My opinion is much altered about them. I am now convinced it is a bad plan to encourage them about the premises, unless they are employed. They are of too rude a nature to bear it. But the education of their children I am most anxious about and would most gratefully receive any help towards so good a work. The plan I want to see tried, I mentioned to the Protector, but whether Governor Hutt will entertain it or not, I cannot tell. I think, even if he approves it, he will be afraid of the expense, his whole thoughts being absorbed by finance.

My plan is this:—To have an establishment at Rottnest (already used as an island prison for delinquent natives) on a large scale, supported by the local Government, the Church at home and individual settlers. Patron, the Governor; President, the Bishop; Visitors, the Magistrates and Clergy. To consist of Infant and Adult Schools, conducted by qualified teachers from England under the superintendence of the colonial clergy; at whose services the Government schooner should be placed when wanted for visiting the island. Settlers to be invited to send native children at a small annual charge, to be clothed, fed and educated by the Church until they are confirmed and then to have the option of receiving them into their own families as domestic servants.

Of course, the children must be, as in primitive times, voluntarily given up by their parents, which would be readily done, for there is no stronger tie among these poor savages than that between an animal and its offspring. The infants I would have baptized forthwith, the Church finding sureties and not allowing them ever to return, after their adoption, to their heathen relatives. Young and older children I would have received as Catechumen and so trained after the manner of primitive antiquity for adult Baptism and Confirmation. Our Church Societies would surely support such a plan as this; the only one that I can see, which will effectually remove the pitiable objects of it out of the reach of the baneful influences of heathen customs and (the

greatest obstacle) the evil example of the white people of the common sort, during their education. But we want a Governor imbued with true Church principles to carry it out. I am very sorry he is so unpopular, our present one. It is a bad thing for the colony when Governor and people do not pull well together. All his measures seem to create dissatisfaction, but he has hitherto acted from instructions from home and this ought always to be borne in mind.

I have, thank God, had no return of illness and feel quite myself again, but I must not work so hard as I have done. Mary and I are both grown so thin we should hardly be recognised by old friends. We must, however, be expected to show the wear and tear of life, especially such a life as our present one. We cannot help being very anxious about our dear children.

This winter is very cold at night. We have had many severe hoar frosts, which we felt more on cleared land from the absence of trees. There has been ice as thick as a shilling. Quite as much provident care is necessary here to provide against summer, as in England to prepare for winter. For in winter our grass begins to grow.

Our other sow has farrowed and brought us six nice pigs. But although there are plenty of roots and grass to feed them in the bush and they do well running at large, we are obliged to keep them up, for they will trespass and have found their way into Scott's barn and attacked his potatoes. It's clear we cannot keep stock of this kind unless we grow food for them and they are invaluable as meat. Even our cow and bullocks are very troublesome, straying away and we are too busy to go out and watch them. We are expecting another calf soon. Our young bull, now a year old, we shall by and by break in to yoke. Our horses suffered from a common complaint in the mouth and I have been obliged to have them fired at the part affected and they are now getting into better condition. We have not yet caught our stray ponies, although they are seen continually. We shall wait until they foal. Our lost goats we shall never see again, the native dogs have no doubt long since devoured them.

I have just heard two Australind emigrants who came out in the *Diadem* have been lost at sea. The foolish men, mere landsmen, one a shoemaker, must needs buy a crazy boat at the Murray and attempt to boat it down to Leschenault. Such a trip would not have been dangerous in fine weather, with good craft and a moderate share of nautical skill.

Time slips away so rapidly we often find our day too short for work. I have mentioned the cold at night. It is sometimes excessive, yet unlike the sort of cold felt most acutely in England. I can

liken it to nothing better than the temperature of the bottom of a very deep well, or very cold cellar. Many of our ducks have died of cramp in consequence and we have only two ducks and a drake left, recovered by care. They must never be left in the water in winter.

A prize! Discovered a turkey's nest, this being her first laying and not suitable for hatching, the eggs afforded us a great treat. Turkeys thrive well and we hope to have some broods. What a change when we can prepare them for our knives and forks! Our great difficulty at present is to find food for them!

We experienced great help from our new servants. I am obliged to rebuild the kitchen (our former sitting room) chimney with clay and straw. The old one was unsafe and not suited for cooking. I have fixed a small copper at the side. The clayey earth here is admirable for such purposes. We use nothing else. I employ a clever man here who understands this work, which requires much pains, nicety and patience.

Our goats having been moved for one night into the cattle pound away from the house, some of our kids fell a sacrifice to the wild dogs. They make sad havoc, biting and tearing the throats of more than they kill. We have had, however, our revenge, for George and young Scott have hunted down and killed two of them, strong animals, evidently indigenous and not introduced as supposed by some; in short a sort of wolf, or rather between a fox and wolf.

Thursday, 26th May, 1842.

Alas! A sad misfortune. Poor Mrs. Moore has broken her leg by a fall, so we must be deprived of her services (my poor wife!) for six weeks or so and nurse her besides. Well, thank God it's no worse, indeed we found help immediately. Providence directed Mr. Sholl, the Military Surgeon from the Vasse to us at the very time. I had splints by me, a bandage was made and the patient woman had her limb set at once, before any swelling could arise and she is likely to do well. "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof; and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit."

Sunday, 29th May, 1842.

Parcels arrived. Many, many thanks to dear Tullie. 21 papers (the Church); Reports of the S.P.G. and S.P.C.K. and 8 Remembrancers; 12 Almanacs: What a treat! The eagerness and interest excited by these publications with us is great. They put me in possession of many cheering facts of a public nature respecting the Church and churchmen. Especially grateful to a poor isolated unit

like myself, who am struggling on for our Holy Mother all alone. For these and our various letters, I must again say many thanks. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." But I should not have said I am alone, for I trust that God is with me in my humble and feeble efforts to establish His Church in a strange land. He will raise up friends to help me. Though my flock at present is but a "little one," it may increase. At all events others who come after me will find a Church ready for them and may they reap a more abundant harvest.

Friday, 3rd June, 1842.

On Tuesday evening I rode over to Australind to be in readiness for Mr. Eliot's[13] wedding on Wednesday, the 1st. I found the whole party busily employed in preparing for the next day. Soon after ten I performed the ceremony in a room temporarily fitted up as a Chapel and a very serious, well-conducted business it was. We then proceeded to breakfast, which was public and furnished with considerable taste and many substantial good things.

As ladies may be curious to know how wedding cake can be furnished in the wilderness, I will reveal the whole secret. Among the emigrants was fortunately found a confectioner. The due manipulation was thus provided for and flour, plums, sugar and sweetmeat were among the stores, or procured from one of the trading ships; eggs and suet there was no difficulty about, nor of spices, which everybody has. Thus the cake, or rather cakes! (for there were several) turned out of the oven of very respectable and inviting aspect. But more was to be done; the frothing or iceing the ladies undertook and I witnessed the whole process, which consisted in the application of white of egg and covering it with fine powdered sugar. The smoothing with an ivory paper knife improved the look and the whole was made to appear almost as good as Birch's by a fringe of white paper and being exalted on an inverted dish covered by a napkin. The taste was as good as any bride cake ever is, it being in my opinion a very sickening thing.

Sundry speeches and toasts passed off with great glee and at about 3 p.m. the bride and bridegroom started for Bury Hill, Bunbury (Mr. Eliot's residence) on horseback, crossing the Collie in a boat. Sundry attempts were afterwards made to get up some

13.—George Eliot, was the fourth son of Revd. Laurence William Eliot, for 60 years Rector of Peper Harrow, Godalming, Surrey, and his wife Matilda Elizabeth Halsey. On his mother's side he was a connection of Capt. James Stirling with whom he came to Western Australia, in the "Parmelia", in 1829. At an early age he was holding civil appointments at Bunbury, where he became Resident Magistrate. He married (1/6/42) Louisa Clifton, eldest daughter of Marshall Waller Clifton, and by her had a family of four sons and four daughters.

outdoor sports and loaves were placed on a pole for the natives to spear at, which they did with great skill and force and thereby obtained a good belly-full. We supped on the remains of the morning feast, with the addition of some hot soup from preserved tins and there was music, singing and male dancing, until I was thoroughly tired; but I could not retire until all was over as my bed was the sofa in the spare room.

The weather was tremendous most of the time I was there. Tuesday night it blew an awful gale, there was quite a heavy sea on the estuary and the Collie was hardly safe to ford; at least I did not like it and therefore stayed two nights. It is rather nervous work riding into the estuary; blinded by the wind and rain and the waves breaking over your horse and dreading a quicksand.

The next morning (Thursday) I availed myself of the return of Mr. Eliot's boat and sent my horse forward by a native. Lieut. Northey and one man accompanied me. We soon found we could not get on by water, the wind and tide being too much for us, so after sailing as near the wind and as long as we could we ran straight on the island at the mouth of the Collie. Plainly perceiving there was no such thing as getting home by water, I jumped ashore and fortunate it was that I did so, for Northey and the man tried to row out again to catch the wind but were obliged to give it up and finally got shoaled, and were obliged to wade ashore up to their chins.

At first, however, I was a little like Robinson Crusoe, cast alone upon a desert island. But my native had not yet crossed with my horse and I descried him in the bush coming to the ford. Thus I was enabled to ride through the second ford of the estuary and reached home safe to dinner. The best of the business was a tip of £5 which has just served to enclose my churchyard. So much for this grand Australian wedding.

Friday, 10th June, 1842.

Jno., James Everet and Teddy I have been obliged to send on an expedition to the Vasse with the bullock cart for wheat and potatoes. This was something like Jacob's direction to his sons. "Go again and buy us a little food." But thank God, though a great scarcity, there is no famine in the land. They got down well but on returning the cart got bogged and one of the wheels gave way. The poor lads and James Everet had to pass several nights in the bush in the worst of weather; everything was soaked and it cost us ten days to get all home piecemeal. It will be very expensive repairing the cart, for I must have new spokes to the wheels. The poor bullocks were quite done up and we were obliged to get two

more to lug home. Teddy, who is a good bushman, came in last with a kangaroo he had killed. Such are our labours.

Saturday, 11th June, 1842.

The schooner *Devonshire*, trading between this and the Swan, or rather carrying and freighting for the storekeepers, has been due some time and the heavy gales caused some apprehensions about her. News has arrived that she has been lost and the body of the mate, some boxes and a hat found in Mangle's Bay. This is a melancholy event and occurred, it seems, when we were in the midst of our festivities at the wedding. The crew consisted of the Master, Mate, one man and a boy; there was also one passenger, Mr. Shenton, of Bunbury, who possesses and has located the 100-acre section of Picton next above mine. These were all lost and it is supposed the vessel went down in a squall, for no part of her has been found.

Independent of this awful loss of life, many here are great losers of property and the whole district deprived of the usual supplies of provisions. She had 8 or 900 pounds' worth on board for this district and the Vasse. The Governor is going to send down the *Champion* to supply our wants. We were quite out of flour and pork and if Mr. Stirling had not kindly lent me a barrel (damaged) of the former and a half-barrel of the latter, we must have gone without. £8/10/- was immediately asked at Australind for a barrel of pork! This is too bad. The wheat I had from the Vasse was to keep our animals alive; I could get nothing else.

This loss of the *Devonshire* so soon after that of the *Transit* will sound unfavourably for our colony, but as the latter was certainly wrecked from negligence if not on purpose, so the former, it is thought, was lost from obstinacy in going to sea in bad weather, taking a dangerous passage inside Garden Island and indifferent leadership. The Master too was a drunkard.

Poor Mrs. Shenton has only recently been married (she was a Miss Cameron, of respectable family) and came down here to settle with her husband. I have called on her, but saw her brother only who is staying with her. He holds a government place in the Commissariat. When fears began to be entertained for the safety of the schooner, she, poor woman (her servant told me), ascended the hills and walked for miles along the beach before breakfast, in the vain hope of descrying the wished-for sail. But it never came! She returned immediately with her brother to Perth.

Monday, 13th June, 1842.

My Church is going on slowly. I get no assistance in labour which was promised me. Must persevere alone. Church principles

not understood in this country yet people are jealous of the name of Churchman. How the American Church seems to thrive, as is evident by the Toronto papers. In one of these I read also an account of the consecration of Dr. Hook's Church at Leeds. What a beautiful impressive sight it must have been—the aged Archbishop at the Altar, assisted by Bishops and 300 robed clergy. I was delighted with it.

I want my brother clergy here to correspond with me, but I can't get them to do it. Perhaps they will by and by, for Mr. Mitchell is editor of a small religious publication called *The Record,* to which I have contributed some papers. I don't like the name; I feared it would be controversial and thought of the improper tone of the Record Newspaper, but it is nothing of the kind, perfectly orthodox, and as the first thing that has been tried in the country of the sort may be considered, I hope, as a good sign of the times, for it is generally read.*

I am ashamed to say temporal cares weigh me down sadly at times. Procuring food for my family is the greatest. We are now eating bread so sour that it sets our teeth on edge. The *Champion* is not yet arrived and there are no supplies. When they come they are often very indifferent and enormously dear. I cannot afford to buy fresh meat even when to be had. But we must struggle on in reliance upon a kind providence and perseverance. No answer yet from the Governor about my salary. Our servant, Mrs. Moore, is going on well. Paid the bridal visit today; Mary will go when the cart is mended. Called also upon several others at Bunbury. The answer I want from the Governor is that, now my Church is in hand, my salary may commence. I cannot help feeling in great suspense. The expense of purchasing even the humblest food swallows up all my means and the only hope I have, and that is a strong one, is that please God, some income will be awarded me and that our unpleasant labour will be rewarded in a year or two by independence.

My poor wife has been much weaker lately and I have many uneasy moments on account of her health. Her present life, diet., etc., is every way too hard for her. All the rest of us are, thank God, well. No delicate females should come out here, unless their circumstances are such as to set them above the labours and privations of a colonial life. Men may rub on very well, but it is not a life suited to the physical strength, or feelings, of well educated women. Poor Mary at times can scarcely hold up.

Monday, 27th June, 1842.

Our boy having lost part of our goats, the wild dogs chased them to our yard, killed four nannies and two kids. They are most

destructive animals. We saved all the meat we could rescue, and ate it. And a great treat it was. The depredators have as yet escaped, but there must, I think, have been a pack of them.

Mr. Drummond[14], the botanist, called whilst on a scientific excursion. He is a plain, agreeable old man, with white hair, enthusiastic in his botanical pursuits, an old colonist. His pockets, bag, hat, were stuffed with specimens. He showed us a most curious new native fruit he had discovered; a dark green or purple pulp about the size of a crab and the stone of a bright yellow as big as a marble, on the outside. He was so good as to praise my *hortus siccus,* which I am, without an atom of botanical knowledge, collecting for my friends. He showed me also a letter from Sir I. Hooker, Curator of the Kew Gardens. It spoke in high terms of Mr. Drummond and evinced the deepest interest in the botany of Western Australia. It also mentioned the transmission to Dr. Buckland of an account which Mr. Drummond had sent him of a curious cave in the York District. I had heard that described before and certainly the facts are most extraordinary. The cave is of granite and on the face of the rock is the perfect delineation of a hand and arm, of a deep red colour. It seems stained into the rock, for on chipping it off, the same appearance presents itself underneath! Is not this strange? It is no kind of pigment on the surface, but appears part of the rock itself, yet preserves its form. Some more effectual methods of examination should be resorted to. It is, too, the left hand—and apparently a woman's. All the traditional information that can be got from the natives is that it was done by "the man in the moon," when he was blackfellow and the place is called the moon's cave.

John gave Mr. Drummond an uncommon specimen of illuminated fungus, which are most beautiful in the dark. We have no glow-worms, but these fungi shine in the bush like a fire stick. Some grow on trees, some on the ground. The former are more rare.

Sunday, 3rd July, 1842.

Thank God, had a good congregation this morning, but long sadly for my Church and bell to summon the people. No one ever knows what's o'clock except by looking at the sun. All watches are out of order and no watchmaker in the colony. My own chamber

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14.—James Drummond, the distinguished botanist, came out in the "Parmelia", in 1829, as agricultural expert. He took up land on the Swan and at Toodyay, and did most valuable scientific work on the flora of Western Australia, travelling in every direction and collecting specimens of plants, many of which were till then unknown to science. In 1846, he received a special honorarium of £200 from the English Government, as an acknowledgment of the value of his work. He died in 1863, leaving six children, all of whom had come out with him from England.

dial was shaken in the voyage and will not go. Poor Mrs. Moore hobbled to church on her crutches. Mr. Millard, surgeon on the *Diadem,* has seen her once; this visit and Mr. Sholl's are all she has needed. Mr. Millard is an agreeable, good man, but I regret he is not a churchman; he is one of the Plymouth Brethren. He lives at Australind. A Mr. Harris has succeeded poor Dr. Carpenter.

Mary and I greatly prefer winter to summer in this climate. We have now occasional heavy rains (but not like last winter) and in the intervals most delightful weather, and if our minds and bodies were easier, the absence of flies and mosquitoes would enable us to enjoy it to the full. I fervently hope some movement at home will be made on behalf of the Church here. It takes often 18 months or more to get an answer from Sydney where my Bishop resides; I am more than 100 miles from my brother clergymen and there are only five of us in the whole territory. I am placed in a difficult position, having the local Government patronising the voluntary system and dissent at least as much as churchmanship on the one hand and Mr. Clifton, although boasting himself a churchman, agent for a no-religion company, on the other. His wife is a Quakeress and is inculcating the inutility of sacraments and forms upon her children.

Monday, 4th July, 1842.

The Perth papers must be read with caution. Nothing can exceed the puffing in "the communications from Australind." Mr. Clifton's especially—*ad captandum*—to serve the company's views. I, who live near and see everything, do not alter my opinion of the company one jot. As I have said: let emigrants come first and buy afterwards, if they like it. All this must be kept to themselves by those who read this Journal. It would do me harm to publish it, but I have no motive but to convey the truth. Having undertaken his office, Mr. Clifton could not do less than he has done. The right and wrong of the thing is another matter.

Wednesday, 6th July, 1842.

Hunting, ploughing and potato planting now occupy almost all our time. Kangaroo meat goes a very little way. Apropos, our tame kangaroo has disappeared; also our favourite and beautiful tom cat and we cannot discover what has become of them; I suspect the native dogs.

Friday, 8th July, 1842.

The *Champion* came in today, after a very hazardous voyage, I am told, with provisions, to our great relief. A letter also from the Governor arrived in which he says "although fully aware of

the value and extent of my services he greatly regrets it is not in his power to accede to my wishes, it being contrary to the Act of Council to grant a salary until the Church is finished." So I can have nothing until I certify that Divine Service has been performed in it. As I have nearly all the labour and expense myself, this state of things may last some time longer. No one who has not experienced it in their own case can imagine the difficulties and delays in a new country in completing a work of this sort. We must all work at it, for unless I get this little stipend soon I cannot afford to keep any servant. The settlers ought to help me, as they promised, but as they fudge off, it is only waste of time going after them. I do not remember ever having laboured under greater mental depression than at this time. Yet, when I review all I have done, I cannot but believe that God has directed me for the best on behalf of His Church and my own family.

That a numerous population should be collecting in a district without any visible means of grace, calls for my utmost exertions to establish the Church. When I see what my boys are and the bent of their natural dispositions, I know of no other plan in my circumstances which I could have adopted, with the prospect, humanly speaking, of doing better by them than by emigrating. My poor wife, exhausted in body and harassed in mind, is evidently suffering seriously in health. Nor is our case peculiar.

We correspond with our friends and fellow voyagers, the Ashes, and I have received today, with great comfort, a letter from my brother clergyman, Mr. King, at Fremantle. These letters all show the disappointment and privations of the writers and the labours they have to undergo. For young men the constant work and occupation is conducive both to health and morals. As to our general worldly success, sufficient time has not yet elapsed to prove whether or no it will be granted to us. We know it cannot be without great labour, patience, perseverance and self-denial, but if these can, by the help of God, be kept up, there is no apparent reason why we should not in time obtain a sufficient if not abundant maintenance. In all things let God's Will be done!

All hands, myself excepted, are gone into the bush to cut sedge for the Church. Hymus, from Horseheath, is to thatch it. He is doing well and will, I have no doubt, get his children off his hands as they grow up. These kinds of people are universally the best off if they are sober and industrious. I have introduced him to several employers.

Saturday, 9th July, 1842.

I have purchased some flour, pork and sugar at a dear rate. Thank God we are able to buy any. We are disappointed of a piece

of beef for tomorrow, the ox's life being respited. So we shall have for dinner an opossum and a bandicoot. Anything better than salt meat. When these animals are seen at the zoological gardens some idea may be formed of our repast. We cook rats like rabbits and they are very good when young. Even crows sometimes are not despised. The bronze-winged pigeon, a beautiful bird, is excellent eating and so are ducks and quails, but a great many are necessary to quell such enormous appetites as are displayed around me and much time is taken up in their pursuits, as well as expenditure of powder and shot. In fact it by no means answers to attend much to the procuring of wild food.

Tomorrow is my turn of service at Bunbury.

Sunday, 10th July, 1842.

A fair congregation at Bunbury, but a very little flock at home in the afternoon. I made my case with the Government publicly known and so I must leave it. It caused great dissatisfaction and will I hope stir the people up to do more for themselves and me.

Monday, 11th July, 1842.

We have all been working very hard for the Church and after the rest have gone to bed I have sat up to record what we have been doing, but I must be brief for I am tired too and must turn in presently as well as others. I sent the four boys and one man in the morning to cut sedges and wattles all day, taking some biscuits in their pockets. James Everet and I went into the bush for a load of timber. Having done this and refreshed the bullocks we started for the swamp where the boys were at work and helped to cut and bind the sedge. We all returned home in the evening with a load of it and wattles which we deposited in the Churchyard, with the exception of a few bundles, which we left on the road because the poor bullocks could not draw the whole all the way. We are all going for it again tomorrow and the rest of the week. It should be borne in mind that all this while our own work is standing still; yet as this is work for God, He will make it up to us. We had our guns but could only procure two pigeons. We made a hearty meal with our tea, upon mashed peas with salt pork chopped in them and rice pudding. Now I must go to my prayers and bed. I will not forget those dear ones I have left behind in my Motherland.

Our work for the Church today at colonial prices, including the cartage, cannot be estimated at less than £2/5/-.

Wednesday, 13th July, 1842.

Paddled poor Mary down the river today and made her sit on the banks of the estuary to inhale the sea breeze, while Teddy

and I fished. I was obliged to fish yesterday also to get some food. I obtained a dish which sufficed us, but today have been unsuccessful and have so far lost my time. The rest work daily for the Church and I must lend a hand tomorrow. Mary and I did not go to the mouth of the Preston but only about half way and walked across to the estuary. Fishing takes up a deal of valuable time and except with a flowing tide is often lost pains. If I had but a seine I could in half an hour, by moving out on the shallows, catch buckets full. As to river fishing, except at night and at certain seasons when the large fish come up, it is not worth the trouble. Being therefore tired, I cannot prose any more tonight.

Friday, 15th July, 1842.

I have been writing to my old friend Pearson and shall, D.V., do the same to all my clerical friends in the hope that some exertions will be made to help me. I greatly need support and assistance on public grounds, but I must learn patiently to bow to the will of God in everything. My private cares too are great; I pray God that I may not be overcharged with them, lest that day come upon me unawares.

Sunday, 24th July, 1842.

A fear sometimes comes across me that all this scribbling of mine may become tiresome to those who read it. I hope not. My design is to give a true account of things from time to time, sometimes of a serious, sometimes of a trifling cast, and I cannot find a better way than this bit-by-bit of a Journal. As long as there are those who take an interest in it I shall not give it up, for I feel the writing is a sort of link which unites me to my native land, the rupture of which would sadden my remaining days.

Our Church is going on, to which we give our constant labour. Sedge was found not to answer, except for gutters, at least, from its extreme sharpness when handled, not so well as rushes. These we cut on the other side of the estuary, bind them in bundles, boat them over and then cart them home. It will take nearly 800 bundles procured in that way to complete the Church. The boys often sleep in the bush over the water, near their work. Before the wattles were put in it was necessary to level the inside and throw out the sand, and as all hands were wanted to keep Hymus (the Horseheath Thatcher) going by supplying him with rushes, I took it in hand myself and by beginning overnight by moonlight got through it (no long job) by the time required by the carpenter.

We now, thank God, fare better. Our bread is sweeter and we have ventured upon a sirloin of beef! Part of it corned for dinner today. Our year's bill for meat even at the high prices here has

been only six pounds—so we have not luxuriated in beef and mutton, although living in a land of flocks and herds.

We have had visitors from the Vasse and Augusta. Mr. Turner from latter place. He tells me all the American whalers are there, being driven away from our port by the imposition of harbour dues. He consequently gets all trade with them which we have lost and sold last year meat and vegetables to the amount of £300. Mr. Nash (whom I have before mentioned) has lost another horse and failed (it is said) in other speculations. I am very sorry for it. He is a worthy man and sound Churchman. Donnybrook, I fear, will not thrive. He and his partners are now trying herd-keeping. This from the nature of the country is most likely to answer. All this small news is not, I acknowledge, suitable for filling up my time on Sunday, but I am writing late at night and having so little time on week days and being often very tired, I do not feel it a breach of the Sabbath, thus to mark passing events.

My congregation at Bunbury this morning was much as usual. I had service at home in the afternoon at 4. But when the Church is finished, which I hope will be in a month, I shall adhere stictly to the usual hours of 11 and 3. There is no end to accommodating the Church to the people. What suits one won't suit another. It must be the other way or there will be no order.

We have heard of the arrival of the *Houghton le Skerne* at the Swan and anxiously look for letters. We have now charming weather, very different from last year, but nights and mornings still very cold. I have mentioned the loss of the *Devonshire*, schooner. A solitary dog which was on board has been since found on Garden Island and this is all. They who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business on the great waters, surely of all others, ought to "walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise."

Our dear boy Teddy was 15 this 24th July. Had we still been at Wickham he would have come down to us by Tredgett yesterday.

Friday, 19th August, 1842.

An immense whale has been caught in our bay, but the crew of one boat had a narrow escape, being driven on the reef whither the whale had drifted. This will be a feast for the natives for many weeks. The *Houghton le Skerne* has arrived here and brought our goods (we had previously received our letters) which were most acceptable. The night before she weighed to return to Fremantle a boat was swamped in crossing the bar and two men lost, though great efforts were made to save them and they were three times placed upon the keel of the boat, but the boat

itself drifting out to sea and the surf being very violent and the poor men no swimmers, they were lost.

Mr. Turner called again on his way back from Perth. He had had a most miserable journey down, being three days on the road and having to strip three times to wade through swamps. On his reaching the Preston he tried to swim his mare across, the waters being high, but from some cause or another she struggled violently in the water, returned to the bank and dropped dead. John opened her and found she had burst a blood vessel. Over-exertion the cause no doubt. Poor Mr. Turner bore his loss so properly that I was quite delighted with him and lent him another steed to the Vasse, where he has two sons farming. The horse was carefully returned, with a thankful letter to me and some hinges to hang my Church doors with, which I could not get here and he had by him.

All this week we are working incessantly for the Church. The boys have slept out and worked hard. I took my turn with the men this week to fetch rushes from a spot higher up the estuary. For this purpose I borrowed Mr. Onslow's large boat, brought it down from Belvidere to the place (about half way) where the rushes were, loaded by moonlight and having then anchored her out in the estuary away from the shallows, we slept on the sand hills under some Peppermint trees. At daybreak we took advantage of the breeze and brought our cargo in good time to the landing to meet the bullock cart. I am this minute to give an idea of what we do here, and how we do things. If it had not been for the toothache, I should have enjoyed such a trip as this.

The *Houghton le Skerne* brought me some cuttings of Zante currants from Fremantle which I have planted. Excellent raisins are dried here and why not currants? They are nothing but a small grape.

Our first lamb was dropped this year, July 22nd. We are not successful in our increase of ewes; out of nine lambs seven are rams. We have had two calves, both bulls. Two foals, both males. With some persons the increase is all the other way, and then the numbers multiply fast. But I tell George we shall have the more wethers to eat. Great watchfulness is now necessary against the destructive wild dogs.

The Vasse people have shown their liberality by raising a subscription in aid of our Church. There are many sound Church people in the district—they only want to be directed.

Wednesday, 24th August, 1842.

Returned from Bunbury where I have been burying the remains of the two men lost on Friday, which were found some

way up the beach. One much swollen; the other almost eaten to a skeleton by sharks and dogs, a shocking object, too much so for description. I took the opportunity of addressing the people at the grave, warning against Sabbath-breaking and drunkenness.

Friday, 26th August, 1842.

Mr. Northey has brought down from the Swan, the *Simon Taylor's* letters from England. One from my dear sister, one from Tullie and one from Aunt Spencer. These I had looked for by the *Houghton* which brought Richard's and Henry's. Both pain and pleasure have been caused by this mail, for I cannot but feel greatly distressed on Henry's account and yet I rejoice that my friends are well. But answers shall be sent. The *Simon Taylor* has brought 218 emigrants—another vessel is expected soon, bringing more. These arrivals enhance the price of provisions very much and England must not be pouring in her poor emigrants into her colonies, unless she sends with them capitalists to employ them. I do not mean to say we have not at present room for a good many more; but emigration may be overdone and cause much misery unless the system be entire and capital and labour in some measure balance each other. Too great and sudden an importation of people here would quite swamp our local Government, if they were all poor labourers and mechanics.

I have now, thank God, finished thatching my Church which is done in a very superior manner. I now hope to open it in a fortnight. My quondam parishioner has deservedly obtained great credit for his work. We must now get in our maize crop, for all our own work has been suspended for some time, except when we could do a little by snatches.

Thursday, 15th September, 1842.

I have issued notice for the opening of my Church next Sunday. The plastering is done and white-washing nearly so. William and I are busy contriving the windows with calico. The natives are getting very troublesome again, by their quarrels among themselves. Poor creatures, how I wish I could have a school for their children. The women fight as well as the men and I have today been separating two who were knocking each other about the head with sticks. I broke all their sticks, or digging spears and threatened them with punishment if they fought any more. This had the desired effect throughout the encampment. The men stood by and laughed. Two young emus have been brought in by Mr. Ommanney's chainer, but they soon died. They are excellent eating.

I have been obliged to part with James Everet. He is however likely to do well, or better, at Australind. My reasons were:— Firstly, the expense of keeping so many servants (although I have far more work than they can get through); secondly, his discontent and constant impatience to set up for himself; thirdly, his sulky temper and ill-treatment of the poor natives and lastly, his disagreement with his fellow servants. Yet James was a very clean and handy lad. Though very slow, whatever he did, he did well and I hope he will find his expectations answered. Now he has started for himself, I shall not lose sight of him.

Tuesday, 20th September, 1842

On Sunday last, the 18th instant, occurred the most important event of my life, the opening of my new Church; the first testimony for God and His Christ erected in this district. Blessed be His Holy Name that I and others have been made instruments in bringing this good work to a conclusion and to Him be all the glory! I have described the plan of the Church before. The elevation of it quite justifies my anticipations. It is a neat and ecclesiastical building and everyone is pleased with it. Excellent effect is produced by a contrivance in the temporary windows, which are made of calico, prepared with oil and turpentine and painted with cross stripes in imitation of Quarries. The exact dimensions of these windows I shall send home with direction, in the hope that some kind friend of the Church will send them out in glass and leaded. Such work is not to be procured in the whole colony. I have received word from Perth that nothing of the kind could be made. And square wooden sashes would spoil the whole. When the desk, seats and altar table are finished and a cement floor laid down (which we are going to do ourselves) the effect will be very striking, but I must postpone further description to relate the proceedings of the long-looked-for, important day of opening, the crowning reward of all our labour.

The meeting was fixed at 11 for 12—this was to give time for the gathering of the settlers from a distance, as well as to have the shorter service. I omitted to have the numbers counted, but about 100 I am told assembled. Mr. Clifton and his family (not Mrs. Clifton) and others from Australind, the Vasse and Bunbury. I had erected a temporary desk on a platform with a table. I began, "Let us pray" and the Collect, "Prevent us, O Lord" etc. and then I spoke as follows.

"My dear brethren, before I proceed to the services of the day, allow me to say a few words explanatory of the circumstances connected with the erection of this Church.

"In every point of view we ought to think it a privilege, for which we cannot be too thankful, that we have been permitted to raise the first House of God in this district and are assembled together this day for the first time, to offer up to Him therein our united prayers and praises.

"Amidst many disapointments and delays, it has been a great comfort and encouragement to me to have met with those who have readily lent their aid to this good work and I take this opportunity of publicly thanking them, in my own name and in the name of the Church at large, for their kind assistance. My thanks are due not only to the friends of the Church in this district, but also to those in the district of the Vasse, who have voluntarily came forward in the handsomest manner to assist in this undertaking. I beg therefore that they also will receive my grateful acknowledgements. Yet, for whatever we have jointly accomplished, or may hereafter accomplish in the cause of the Church of Christ, let us be mindful to give all the glory to God, to whom alone it is due. No merit can attach to ourselves, for after all we can do for Him, we are but unprofitable servants.

"Mr. Eliot and Mr. Ommanney have consented to act as Church wardens (an appointment which I trust some day will be confirmed by ecclesiastical authority). This is an honourable and most useful office much degraded indeed in past years in England, but now becoming more appreciated for its great importance in the Church. It should be an object even of holy ambition among the higher classes of the Laity.

"The building in which we are now assembled will I hope be considered as substantial and appropriate as our finances would admit of. We have studied economy in our expenditure as far as we thought consistent with the decent and reverent performance of Divine Worship. At this time, we have no debt upon the Church; everything is paid for. It will be seen however there are still some internal fittings and furniture requisite, more especially a desk or pulpit and Communion table. I myself will see that a proper floor is laid down and I am anxious that no further expense should be incurred at present, except for what is absolutely necessary. The seats will be all free, i.e. so far free that there will be no annual charge upon them. On this account we thought it reasonable that the first expense of making them should be defrayed by the respective occupiers. It should be understood, however, that they will not be transferable, but when a seat is relinquished or deserted, it will be at the disposal of the Church wardens as the law requires.

"I will now lay before you a summary statement of the contributions we have received and of our expenditure, the particulars

of which anyone may see by application to the Church wardens. It will then remain for the friends of the Church to consider what further necessaries it will be expedient to supply forthwith.

	£	s.	d.
The site cost us nothing.			
Our receipts in money have amounted to	74	7	4
In labour and materials as nearly as can be estimated	62	1	10*
Making a total of	£136	9	2
The total of our expenditure up to this time has been	129	1	10
Leaving a balance in Church wardens' hands of	7	7	4

"In addition to this account there have been presented to the Church the following articles.

"Communion plate and linen (not yet arrived from the Swan and at present under the care of Mr. Rd. Broun); Font; Books for desk and altar, surplice, and (if I am not disappointed in receiving it from England) a bell to be hung on two trees adjoining the Church.

"With the concurrence of the Church wardens it is my intention to set apart, to aid in meeting future contingencies whatever sums I may receive from time to time at the offertory.

"To every Church erected in this country should be attached a daily school for the benefit of the rising generation; but since this object would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to accomplish under our present circumstances so as to meet the wants of all the settlers (so far dispersed from each other) we must have time for consideration and for obtaining assistance, if possible, from the Church at home. In the meanwhile I shall be happy to receive, in this place every Sunday, the young of both sexes, whom their friends may wish to send for the purpose of religious instruction and catechising, at a small weekly charge to be appropriated for a supply of books and other incidental expenses.

"Nor must we be unmindful of the claims which the children of the aborigines have upon our Christian charity. For these also it will be our duty to provide instruction as soon as circumstances will admit of useful and permanent arrangements being made for the purpose.

"The consecration of Church property to Holy uses can be performed only by the Bishop in person, unless he should appoint a commissioner to act for him. All I can do therefore on the

present occasion, is to offer up a few appropriate prayers. I fear there are many obstacles to prevent the Bishop of Australia visiting us. At present he is so distressed for clergy at Sydney as to be compelled to take a large share of the usual ministerial duties upon himself.

"It must however be gratifying to every true churchman's feelings in this colony to know that Western Australia is placed in the list of new colonial Bishopricks now in contemplation and that she will doubtless be supplied with a diocesan of her own as soon as sufficient funds have been raised for an endowment.

"I wish it to be well understood that Bunbury and other places have not been lost sight of in what has been done at Picton. I hope and pray that more Churches will be erected and ministers supplied, as occasions arise, to meet the spiritual wants of an increasing population. Let us be thankful that we have been permitted to make a beginning. Let us never forget the solemnity of this day and let it stimulate us to further exertions in behalf of our Catholic and Apostolic Church.

"The service we are about to perform in defence of the Church Militant may be said, without irreverence, in some degree to harmonize with the name of our district. Wellington, the great warrior of the age and a true champion of the Church, often successfully rallied our countrymen around the National Standard, against our temporal foes. So we, the soldiers of Jesus Christ, are this day to plant the standard of the Cross around which all true churchmen may rally under the Great Captain of their salvation, in their conflicts with their spiritual enemies. And, if obedient to His guidance, they too will be led on to victory.

"I cannot conclude this address without alluding to the personal kindness I have experienced from you. Such kindness is at all times gratifying but I have felt it especially grateful and cheering to the spirits under the difficulties and privations of a colonial life. We must not indeed lean upon the arm of flesh for support in anything we undertake, but still, as Christian brethren, we should learn to 'bear each others' burdens and so 'fulfil the law of Christ,' being assured that all things here below are directed by an all-wise and merciful Providence. I have never felt more strongly than at this moment, that by emigrating with my family to this country and throwing in my lot amongst you, I have obeyed the call of God. May He preserve and prosper us in all our undertakings for the good of ourselves and of each other, both in time and in eternity, to the glory of His Great Name, through Jesus Christ Amen."

This over—and it was rather trying—I went to the vestry and having put on my surplice, hood and scarf, proceeded to the

altar, whence I repeated the prayers relating to the Offices of our Church, from the Form of Consecration, introducing an allusion to the unavoidable absence of our Bishop and expressing an earnest desire for his consecration and blessing when it should please God to bring about a visit from him. Then remounted the desk and performed the Evening Service of the day—using the proper Psalms and Lessons—viz. Ps. 84, 122, 132 and I Kings VIII, 22-62, Heb. X:25. The 100th Ps. new version, was then excellently sung by the congregation, myself giving out the words. Lastly, having robed, I preached from 84 Ps. 1 part of 2nd, "O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of Hosts, etc.," using the Bidding Prayer before Sermon, and the Collect for 16th Sunday after Trinity after it.

Altogether the service was most impressive and gratifying. As my case was peculiar and such as no clergyman within reach of his Bishop is ever placed in; considering too that it was desirable a proper Church impression, if I may so express myself, should at first starting be made upon the people, many of whom have evidently quite forgotten Church usages, I hope I shall not be considered as having taken too much upon myself. My solitary ministrations on this occasion in the wilderness afford a striking contrast with those of the A.B. of York supported by brother Bishops and a host of clergy at the new Church at Leeds!

After service we regaled as well as we could all of the better sort who chose to come to our house. It may satisfy the curious to be told how in this land of short commons such a thing could be done. I will describe therefore our shifts and contrivances. (I write for the amusement of private friends.) In the first place it must be understood that the settlers on these occasions are always ready to help one another, lending a few glasses here, a spoon or two there, etc., etc.

We were materially assisted by our neighbours the Ommanney's, and Miss Bussell who is staying with them and who made all our cakes for us. My object was to provide enough luncheon and yet not set the company down to table, which indeed would have been impossible. So I bought a ham at Australind (about 1/6 per lb.) and a hind quarter of mutton at Bunbury. These were all cut into sandwiches. I procured butter and cheese from Mrs. Scott. Cakes we had in abundance and variety, Mrs. John Bussell sent us down some rich pound cakes from the Vasse, of her own making and plenty of good coffee. I had secured also with some difficulty 1 doz. bottles of English ale. This with a few bottles of Teneriffe wine, one of Port (a very scarce article) and a little Cherry Brandy we had left and plenty of pure water served to wash down the solids. Of course a little tasty arrangement

must be imagined at the side of the table, with native flowers, geraniums and mignonette. All went off well. There was plenty for everyone in parlor and kitchen. All seemed pleased and we parted in the best possible spirits. Thus ended the proceedings of the day. I went to bed early, for I was very tired, with a thankful heart.

After the blessing of such a day as this, I ought hardly to mention the disaster of the day following in the loss of our only cow, which fell over the bank and broke her back. The boys, however, bled her to death and as she was fat she has made tolerable beef. Thus suddenly, from meagre and insufficient diet we are accidentally exalted into one of the most substantial and are now revelling in beef in all manner of shapes. This morning we have all been butchers, cutting up and salting down poor Brindle against the hot weather! Her calf must be weaned at Mr. Ommanney's and we must again buy milk of Mrs. Scott (our goats not giving enough for our consumption) until I can afford to get another cow. Our stock has from the first been insufficient. Every settler should if possible, always start with breeding stock sufficiently numerous to cover casualties of this kind. This was out of my power.

Wednesday, 21st September, 1842.

Deluge of rain; it rained more last year but not so heavily as at this time. The Preston is swelling and I think we shall still have a flood. It is hardly passable at present from the violence of the current.

We have lately lost our favourite and valuable sheep-dog, Cromwell. He (as others of our animals have done) suddenly disappeared and we have heard nothing of him since. We are now well convinced the native dogs or rather wolves, destroy everything they can attack beyond the premises. They are a serious nuisance. Poor Cromwell must have fallen a victim to his fidelity for though unable to fight the native dogs, he was most zealous and watchful of their approach and always gave warning. He was fond of hunting opossums at night and George has obtained many skins by his means and we think he must have been attacked and torn to pieces when upon his favourite pursuit by two or more of these voracious beasts. I am sure they must be a sort of indigenous wolf and not introduced, as some maintain. Their character is remarkable and uniform, although their colour varies. The mysterious disappearance of animals cannot otherwise be accounted for. For we have no reason to suspect our natives (i.e. our tribe) in these instances: the cowardice of the wolf and the cunning of the fox are combined in the Australian wild dog. One of our turkeys strayed into the bush to lay her eggs and was

taken off, no doubt, by one of them; a great loss to us. We found the eggs and some feathers.

Thursday, 22nd September, 1842.

A tremendous quantity of rain has fallen with much thunder and lightning and violent gales. Altogether last night the weather was the most stormy and tempestuous we have yet experienced in this country. The waters are out to a greater extent than last year. All the low grounds of our garden are flooded. One part is quite isolated. We can only get at our vegetables by rafting over the gully on some planks. In parts of this gully, which we have enclosed and call our summer garden, nothing is to be seen above water but the tops of peach trees in full blossom. These floods have a beneficial effect when not too violent. I fear the subsidence of the waters will not take place so soon as last year for the rain continues. The sun kills all the vegetables that have been under water. So little do the settlers know of the seasons, that everyone here said after such a winter as the last, we should have no flood this. I think, however, it will prove even more serious, because more sudden. A large white gum tree has been undermined by the torrent on the bank opposite and has fallen directly across the stream. This obstruction caused the waters above to overflow to a greater extent than they would otherwise have done, for the drift-wood and rubbish brought down by the stream is thus stayed at the tree and forms almost sufficient footing to walk upon.

We have been fencing today and doing such jobs as the weather would permit. I have made a ladder. Teddy, who is become an expert hunter, was out in all the heavy rains of yesterday (for the more boisterous the weather the better the hunting) and brought home two kangaroos, which, having beef, we were able to send to market. The death of our cow has thus in one sense, not proved altogether a loss to us, for she makes very tolerable beef. Thank God, for thus supplying good out of evil, which He always does if we were not too blind to see it. John is tanning her hide for shoe leather, for we have not, any of us (myself excepted and I have given half my stock to the boys) a pair of shoes in a whole state. There are none to be bought but poor flimsy things at an enormous price. Really good stoutish shoes and boots, not too heavy, would at this time produce 100 per cent profit to the importer.

Flour is now getting scarce again, and very dear; it is 6d. per lb. This is a sad state of things, for ample may be produced easily in the colony for the consumption of its population. Somehow or other, bad legislation and monopoly are suffered to continue.

The only way is to grow for yourself and not to be dependent upon the market. This we are straining every nerve to do.

The floods have done much damage, Some houses on the Brunswick (heedlessly erected on low ground) have been washed away, but no lives lost.

Sunday, 25th September, 1842.

The state of the weather and roads prevented several from attending church today. It was well I fixed upon last Sunday for the opening. Must not expect ever to have a regular congregation. While a new country is in the course of formation this cannot reasonably be looked for. But I do rejoice that we have a Church to go to and so do many others. May it prove the Gate of Heaven "to all who seek it." John Bussell sent me a tribute of Latin verses entitled "Nova Ecclesia populo," very fair, but I could not answer them in kind; so wrote to thank him in plain prose, and exhorted him, indirectly, to a practical as well as poetical zeal for Mother Church. I am going to the Vasse soon, *D.V.*, to administer the Michaelmas Sacrament and officiate any other way that may be requisite.

Thursday, 29th September (Michaelmas Day), 1842.

No holiday, no goose and apple sauce as in auld lang syne; but making one serviceable cart out of two broken ones. The boys being out in the bush with the sheep and after their ponies, I and my man, Moore accomplished this rather difficult job. And instead of goose, dined on a piece of old Brindle.

Saturday, 1st October, 1842.

The ponies (the natives told us) having foaled a day or two ago, George has succeeded in securing his after 18 months' run, of course, in the highest possible condition, but very wild. William's is still at large and not yet foaled. Except these animals are watched at the time of foaling and the foals secured there is no possibility of catching them, if they have been long in the bush. They are in fact quite wild.

Sunday, 2nd October, 1842.

Service at Bunbury in morning and evening at Picton Church. The course of duty I have now established and indeed have always except the hour followed is this: Morning, at 11, at Bunbury and Picton on alternate Sundays; evening, at 3 at Picton Church every Sunday. Catechising (beginning next Sunday) every Sunday at Picton Church, from 9 to 11 and 2 to 3. Occasional duty at Aust-

ralind is rare, and I am called upon whenever necessary, but in some cases, such as the burial of a corpse, I could not always be there in time; then Mr. Clifton officiates. Periodical visit to the Vasse, I hope at least once a quarter, but I must be guided by circumstances. I have signified my intention to confine the public administration of the Lord's Supper, to those in this neighbourhood, to the Church.

Tuesday, 4th October, 1842.

Settling for stores. It is ruinous paying such prices as are charged. I pray God to enable us to make our way, and in time shake off these nefarious impositions. Extortion is the rule here, not the exception.

Wednesday, 5th October, 1842.

Constructing a more roomy poultry house in anticipation of harvest, when we shall get a little grain for the half-famished fowls. Poultry, if you can but find the food for them, answer very well indeed. The boys have gone to market at Australind in the boat with potatoes, which fetch at rate of £30 per ton. They have taken rather more than 4 cwt. and are saving all they can to buy another cow. They indeed take great pains and I rejoice to see them getting something for their labour. All the stories we were told of advantageous trade with Americans in vegetables etc. are moonshine; for the harbour dues (as has been told) drove them away and the time of dashing sales and speculation is gone by. At Augusta and the Vasse a good deal of business is sometimes still done, as they have no port dues, especially at the former.

Sunday, 9th October, 1842.

I am always excessively tired on a Sunday evening and continue to feel, as I always did, more fatigue from doing duty than from the hardest bodily labour. Mary and I calculated upon the climate doing more for us than we find to be the case. Yet we have no reason to say we are not in some respects the better for it. This morning I administered the Lord's Supper for the first time in our new Church, but I had only eight Communicants, including my own family. The cause, however will creep on and I hope prevail, in God's good time. I must go on and patiently wait. I had ten children brought to me as the commencement of a Sunday School. These we have classed as well as we can. Their ages from 5 to 14. Some have evidently been well taught in England, but have forgotten almost all they had committed to memory. Others are very backward. Some not a shade better than the children of the poor aborigines in knowledge and I think, inferior in intellect. It

was a strange omission my not bringing out any elementary school books and now I feel the want of them. There is a prospect of a daily school being established in connection with the Church (I have long had it in my thoughts, and have an excellent master in my eye, who is willing to undertake it) but as I cannot yet tell whether it can be made worth his while (he having an increasing family to support) I will say no more about it at present. There are many difficulties in the way and greater than persons in England have any idea of.

Nothing can be more melancholy and distressing to a clergyman who has been used to even the very imperfect order of things in England, under due authority in Church and State, to find here (and elsewhere it is also the case in most of the Australian colonies) his countrymen and fellow churchmen running wild and lapsing into ignorance and greater darkness, from the want of any order at all or authoritative custom and requiring to be urged on to resume the religious habits of their native land. Not that we should place our reliance upon externals for the conversion of the soul. No, this is the work of the Holy Ghost, but He works in the use of means and where the means of grace are not held forth to man's acceptance in the ordinances of Christ's Church, there will he infallibly become a savage, in mind, at least and religion will decline with a rapidity which is quite startling. If I could but sound a bell for Church Prayers, though no one could attend the summons, yet would the very sound and the knowledge of its cause be a moving testimony for God.

Thursday, 20th October, 1842.

I have at length received safe my box of plate from Mr. Rd. Broun, who has kindly taken care of it up to this time and shipped it down hither. I shall now be able to use my dear sister's Communion Service at Xmas. As to our spoons, etc., they are too good, a few tea spoons excepted, to use here. We have hitherto had iron ones and I have locked the silver up.

We have been variously employed of late, among other things in laying down a clay foundation for the flooring of our Church; a work of some labour and trouble. Clay binds upon the sand with great firmness; upon this, I shall, by and by, place a coating of lime and ashes. John is busy making a small ferry boat to cross our river, the ford having been so deepened by the late floods as to be impassable. George has been some days in the bush with Joe, where he has made himself a hut, about six miles off, with the sheep, goats and pigs, for the sake of superior feed. We have nothing to give animals here and the feed immediately around us is taken off by the herds of our neighbours.

It is most important we should get as much land under cultivation as possible, if we are to keep the wolf from the door, but it is slow and very laborious work. This will enable us to grow more green food and roots. We run on from day to day, and have been well supplied with kangaroo, but flour is very scarce and dear and flesh meat not lowered in price in this district, although at Perth it has fallen to 7d. a lb. Things in general however look and I think show a faint tendency towards improvement. For this we must be thankful. We have now plenty of good vegetables; beans, potatoes and cabbages today. The first of these we have never tasted here before.

The local Government has at last granted my stipend, with that of two others, Messrs. Mitchell and Mears: £100 a year each and I believe I was gazetted last Saturday. My people are about to present me also with £50 (I am afraid it will not be annual) as will be seen in a Perth paper with the account of the opening of Picton Church communicated by the Church wardens and which I have sent to Tullie. This is a great relief to my mind as I hope it will enable me to keep on our present servants. Yet I cannot feel that the crisis of a first settlement is securely passed and my chief anxiety is to make my means eke out until that is the case.

I have within this day or two received a kind letter from Mr. Mitchell; I have written him a long reply. I have now a correspondence with two of my brother clergy. A great comfort to persons situated as we are. My wish is that all of us *Clerici Colon* should write and act as a body as much as we possibly can. This may serve to remove prejudices and as a sort of guarantee that we all teach the same thing and may perhaps convince many that that "thing" is far more needful for them than they at present imagine.

We have many visitors; Mr. Nash slept here last night and Mr. Armstrong, Jr., from the Serpentine River has just come in. To "use hospitality" is a scriptural injunction, entirely responded to in my own breast, but it is attended with more expense than is convenient, for we can hardly procure enough for our own consumption. Of course I can only give of such things as I have, often very poor fare indeed.

Mr. Clifton has received his finely-printed plan of Australind; as a work of art it is very beautiful, but the humbug of the whole scheme is terrible. Mr. Peel has another fine map of Liverpool an extensive town in nubibus, with a railroad not indeed to the moon, but to the Mahogany range from Safety Bay for the conveyance of timber! He (Mr. Peel) I hear, has made arrangements at last with Levi's Executors, whose agent he was as Leader of the Expedition, the failure of which is so well known. His salary was to

have been £1,500 a year but having received nothing he seized the immense territory for arrears of pay for 12 years. The whole grant to Levi's Company originally was 250,000 acres. The Executors have now offered Peel as a compromise £1,200 and 100,000 acres, he giving up to them the other 150,000! He will of course, pick out all the best and this projected Liverpool is part of it. I should not wonder if he now went to England and gambled it all away. He has some of the finest land for extent in the country.

Mr. Clifton rides the high horse as hard as ever and is even quite absurd in his way of talking. In some things he has been a ueful man in the colony and in nothing more so than working out the best and shortest roads.

On Mr. Geo. Leake's[15] unexpected arrival at Australind the other day, Mr. Commissioner had scarcely shaken hands when he apologized for the waters of the estuary being so low! I suggested on hearing this, that he should have added, "Had I known of the honour of this visit from a Member of the Council, I would have taken care to have them higher and better adapted for giving a pleasing view of the site of our intended city." This is hardly too much of a Johnathanism for Mr. Clifton.

I must soon be preparing letters again for England; as the *Houghton le Skerne* returns in about six weeks. When shall I hear again, and what will be our news? I pray God, favourable. I must now leave off and resume my pen when I can.

Friday, 21st October, 1842.

Began a letter to my dear sister. How often I think of England and those I have left behind and how anxious for the next accounts! A rumour is afloat that the *Trusty* is come again—a vessel which sailed soon after us. If so, perhaps I shall have letters by her. Our post overland is once a fortnight, every other Friday, so, unless a private mail is forwarded, I shall not hear until next week. We pay 4d. postage for every letter from the Swan. This is a recent regulation and marks the increase of the colony. There is now a post from Perth and Fremantle to Australind, Bunbury, the Vasse and King George's Sound. The mail contracted for and conveyed on ponies. But is hard work in the

15.—George Leake came from Suffolk in the "Callistra", the first ship to land emigrants at Fremantle in 1829. In 1831, he sent home for his mother and two brothers, John and Luke, and his only child Ann, whose mother had died at her birth. John came out, but soon returned; the others settled in the West. His daughter, Ann, married Richard McBride Broun. His brother, Luke, became President of the Legislative Council and was knighted. George, son of his brother, George Walpole, was sometime Premier of Western Australia; and his niece, Catherine Ann, married Sir James Lee Steere. George Leake, who died in 1849, was the first magistrate appointed in Western Australia, and senior non-official member of the Legislative Council, and a very highly esteemed citizen.

wet season. The weather is still very cold at night, in fact the climate is far more changeable than has been described. The late floods have been very general and are succeeded here by a host of caterpillars (which we have not seen before); they have fixed themselves upon a piece of our wheat, which I fear, will be greatly injured. A serious thing to us. The Prophet Joel calls them "God's great army" and I can easily conceive how in a climate like this the smallest insect may be made the scourge of rebellious man, without the intervention of what may be strictly called a miracle. Somehow or other these caterpillars have something to do with the flood.

Friday, 4th November, 1842.

On Saturday last I went to the Vasse; John and Teddy accompanied me. I had arranged to go on Friday, for the purpose of getting an intervening day of rest, but was deterred by the stormy weather. Riding in wet clothes gives me the rheumatics and cramp, besides the high winds sometimes bring down the branches in an awkward manner. Nothing less than a most powerful whirlwind could have produced the effects I have seen in two places this winter. The trees are torn up by the roots, or the tops twisted off in an extraordinary way and this for a long way in a straight line through the forest, presenting a scene of striking desolation. We had a very good journey, starting at 9 a.m. and arriving at about 7 p.m. I now know the road and discovered the mistake I made when I lost myself on a former occasion. The marks too of the flames I am better acquainted with. The miles are sometimes marked on the bark of the trees, but there are other spots, often used as halting places, ex. gr., "the five mile wattles," "the seven mile swamp," "the ten mile brook," etc., etc. We were most kindly and hospitably received. On Sunday I had duty twice and a good congregation each time; administered the Sacrament, baptized a child and churched the mother. I preached twice. On Tuesday John proceeded with a soldier and native (who convey the mail) to Augusta, to see the country and pay a visit to Mr. Turner. On Wednesday Teddy and I returned and reached George's hut between 5 and 6. Here we stayed an hour and got some tea and inspected the sheep and goats which were doing well. George makes himself very happy in his solitude; he has Joe and a native boy with him. He has made a really comfortable hut with paper-bark, perfectly watertight—before which was burning a good fire. He will be in tomorrow (Saturday) to attend Church and for provisions, such as we have, for we are very closely pressed indeed just now. We reached home about eight and I found poor Mary glad enough to see me, although with a swelled face and suffering from toothache.

I took the opportunity of visiting Geographe Bay (vide map) and it is very fine. Two American whalers were lying at anchor and one has been there perfectly safe through the whole of this stormy weather. The coast has much the same appearance as about here. I could see plainly in the distance Cape Naturaliste on the one hand and the coast rounding far away to Point Casuarina on the other; yet I suppose the circle of the shore cannot be less than 40 or 50 miles. Owing to the extent of the bay and the gradual shelving of the shore, there is never any very heavy swell experienced here.

At the Bussell's, where I stayed this time, I got plenty of good feed. They have a large dairy, and all the comforts it affords; butter, cheese, puddings, etc. Beef and rabbit pie which I have never tasted here: they live however in a sad, dirty muddle and do not make themselves, considering their means, half so comfortable as they might. There will be no Church there until they get a clergyman. There are unfortunately many differences existing among the settlers there, which it would be a clergyman's office to reconcile. If I were able to start some of the boys here I would go there myself, but it won't do at present. I had a long talk with J. Bussell about Tullie and Trinity College, Oxford.

We had to pass seven streams on our road, but none deeper than my horse's chest. Teddy only on his pony got a ducking in the legs. The road was in an infinitely more passable state than last winter, notwithstanding the floods. We had much more soaking wet last year.

No ship from England; all false about *Trusty*. One was due from the company last July. I have heard Mr. Cifton has entertained a notion the company is broken up. I fully expect this, but we shall see and in the meantime must wait in patience until it pleases God to send us some tidings of our dear friends. The sickness of heart caused by hope deferred is surely more severely felt by the emigrant than by anyone else. I dismissed my English letters and papers last week to go by the *Houghton le Skerne*.

I have been making clay bricks today. I am going to try and erect a separate hut with my own hands for myself and Mary to be quiet in. We feel the bustle of our noisy wooden house, for the poor lads must be constantly in and out. William and Teddy have been helping me; our man has been washing. It is hard work and I am too tired to add more tonight.

Monday, 7th November, 1842.

I felt so exhausted and tired with my duty yesterday that I lay in bed until 12 o'clock. It is not that I have more actual speaking than in England but, somehow or other, the fatigue I feel is

quite overpowering. The attendance at Church is very scanty and fluctuating and it is evident few persons here are desirous to avail themselves of the privileges now afforded them. How sickening to the clergyman's heart is the apathy and indifference of those around him! and how cheering is it to his harassed and depressed mind when he can discover any, the least sign, of humble teachableness and active faith. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton have brought up their children without any fixed religious principles. The tendency of Quakerism is to make those who have not been bred to any decided views imagine that all outward forms are unnecessary and savour only of superstitions. Mr. Clifton takes upon him to perform offices which strictly belong to me, when there is no necessity for his so doing.

The other day when at Australind, I found a man was dead and when on the spot, I offered to bury his corpse, the Commissioner said he did not think it necessary to trouble me, as he had made arrangements to do it himself. He made out the friends of the man did not wish it, but I discovered the person was a perfect stranger and had not a friend or relative there. I had nothing to do but turn my face homewards. This circumstance will give an idea of the views people here take of the Church. The truth is, the clergy here are in this way often placed in very painful situations and the want of a Bishop to appeal to is deeply felt.

We are now reduced to the lowest possible ebb for provisions and a fear often comes over me (which however I am ashamed of) lest we should be compelled to part with all our servants. We have not had time to establish the means of support and the present enormous prices are ruinous. A bill sent in by Mr. Millard, the Surgeon (of whom I thought better things) has quite startled me. It is merely for three visits to our poor woman who broke her leg, and amounts to £8/3/1, besides a bill to her for a few pills £2/16/6. No surgical operation was performed, the bone was set by another man assisted by me and all Mr. Millard did was to shift the splints.

I must ride to Bunbury tomorrow to get some food. We have not tasted meat these ten days, i.e. fresh. Ship's pork I cannot eat, besides we have now none left. Our kangaroo dogs have unfortunately been so wounded in fighting the boomahs (large male kangaroo) that they cannot hunt until they are healed. Vegetables alone we find, with water as a beverage, very inadequate to keep up the strength necessary for work and the mind sinks in proportion.

Friday, 17th November, 1842.

I mentioned that John had gone to Augusta. He returned greatly pleased with his excursion, after the absence of ten days.

He described the situation of Augusta as beautiful. But the country is so heavily timbered as to be unavailable for farming purposes and the soil indifferent. Limestone and granite rocks abound and the Blackwood is a very fine river. The road he travelled was very bad; a constant succession of swamps, but he saw many new shrubs and plants. He is very fond of botany and is very thick with Mrs. Molloy, of the Vasse, who is a perfect botanical dictionary. On his return he stayed with Captain Molloy for two days.

The best feature of the colony is the spirit of hospitality which is shown, but no assistance is given to newcomers (strange). You may go and stay a week at a house, eat and drink and be welcome, but if a man has 50 cows in milk, he won't offer to lend one and as to buying milk you must pay as much as ever he can get out of you. The Molloys migrated from Augusta, where they expended £1,500, all lost. John visited their deserted garden, where all sorts of things introduced were growing wild, but rapidly giving way to the exuberance of growth in the native plants Cultivation causes them to grow more rapidly and a few years would be sufficient to obliberate the traces of a settlement, except that on the spot a more luxuriant vegetation than that around would be seen. The deserted ruinous huts etc., John says, are a melancholy sight. Indeed whenever I have witnessed (and such scenes are abundant in all directions whither man has wandered) these abortive attempts of poor struggling emigrants to establish themselves, a distressing train of thought has always come over me.

Mrs. Molloy has given John all sorts of Indian seeds and what is more valuable, the Captain has kindly lent the boys a pair of bullocks for nine months, on the condition that they are broken in to the yoke, which is easily done. He is the only liberal-minded man I have yet met with, in assisting newcomers in this way. Our man went down for these on Monday, in company with another who had to bring up some cows and returned yesterday afternoon. He took our cart with a pair of wheels to have the tyres put on, for I could not get it done here. What would an English farmer say to this? A journey there and back (for he must go twice) of 120 miles to get a common blacksmith's job done, which a village forge at home would accomplish in a few hours.

Since my last date our work has been making clay bricks and with my own hands and William for my hod-man, I have laid the foundation of a two-roomed house. So slow are these works (as we can only go to them by snatches) that perhaps we may not inhabit this building for many months and then without doors and windows. We are so crowded we cannot do without it and keep ourselves

clean. On Monday I went into the bush with George and William (about 7 miles) to cut hay. This is only to be found in patches near water and has to be carried to one spot, stacked there and when settled, cut into trusses and carried home.

I was mowing two days and returned home on Wednesday. John is gone today and Teddy and we all go again next week. We sleep under a fallen tree. Our food was rice, potatoes and kangaroo. We had no flour left. Tea and sugar also and a little brandy to qualify the water. We found it impossible to work our animals last summer for want of food, when all herbage was dried up. The summer dearth here is worse than that of an English winter, and unless we clear and burn and plough in dry weather, we can have no land ready to sow when the first rains set in. But it is laborious work, under an almost tropical sun and the ground excessively hard. The season, however, up to the present time, is unusually cold and backward. The caterpillars have done and are doing much damage. They appear all at once in considerable multitudes. In short the colony has not yet been sufficiently tried, to say what checks the farmer may meet with. I cannot help thinking, there will be seasons of severe visitations of this kind; to say nothing of floods, which have (evidently from the face of the country) in times past extended far beyond what has been experienced as yet since the foundation of the colony.

The potato crop is very deficient this year, a most important one. We have however, as good as our neighbours but not sufficient for our consumption (having so little bread) and yet we planted every bit of seed we could procure. Our maize crop promised remarkably well until the caterpillars came. We hope our little wheat is too forward for their taste. Incessant labour and attention necessary to procure food and having to accomplish everything within ourselves without sufficient means and appliances often weigh me down sadly and in addition to constitutional depression of spirits, are, I feel, a great burden. They however, are for my good, for they bring me to my knees to pray for trust in God. Notwithstanding what was said in the newspaper, I have up to this day received nothing from the settlers, for my professional services which I carry on regularly as usual. I have now 14 children on my Sunday School list.

Saturday, 19th November, 1842.

In many sentiments in this Journal I feel I have betrayed great weakness and want of faith. A too ready disposition likewise, to be severe on the faults and failings of others, but I will not withdraw them, they shall go, even though they make against

myself and will serve a good end in checking me in future when my eye glances over them.

This Journal is not meant for a religious diary, but still all we write should be with a religious feeling. The utter ungodliness of the people here, generally speaking, is more apparent, although perhaps, not greater in proportion to numbers, than in England; but to the single-handed minister in a remote and extensive district of a new country, it is a source of mournful anxiety and distress, beyond what it would be were he supported by others, the wholesome provisions of the law enforced and the usages of respectable society not lost sight of. People here seem to think themselves at liberty! (alas! what slavery is it!) to throw off all restraints, and thus it is that the minister's voice is so seldom heard, or if heard, so little heeded.

The quiet routine of duties in a country parish cannot be followed here. Here all is disorder and irregularity. The Sabbath is selected as the day of pre-eminent drunkenness and profligacy. It is also at the Swan. I can only pray for these poor, thoughtless people. I pity them from my heart. One great cause of gratitude to God I feel to be that hitherto my own dear sons have not been led away in this respect, by the error of the wicked. But knowing what I now do of the colony, I should tremble and be miserable were I to leave them, or they me. Their age is yet too tender to be left unwatched by a father's anxious eye; and as I have said elsewhere, let no parent, who is really solicitous for the eternal welfare of his child, send him out to these colonies alone, until his Christian principles have been formed and he has acquired the habit of acting, (I won't say up to them, this we none of us, alas! do), but upon them.

Tommorrow I have a funeral at Bunbury. A Roman Catholic woman, who has died in childbed, or rather in consequence. This is the second instance here and in the colony there have been several others, more in proportion to the population than in England. Poor Dr. Carpenter attributed it to the extreme difficulty of regaining bodily strength, in an enervating climate, where nourishing diet is so difficult, sometimes impossible, to procure when wanted. He used to say there was a point of weakness beyond which he considered there was, humanly speaking, no possibility of aiding nature. She will sink, if not administered to in time. The fatigue of a nursery in this country is immense. This is all against the poor mother.

William, George and Teddy are come in from the bush and I must leave off. One of our new bullocks has run away. Thus are we poor settlers in the wilderness exposed to interruptions and loss of time which the English farmer knows not of.

Monday, 21st November, 1842.

The husband of the poor woman that died at Bunbury, I was given to understand by others, declined my services yesterday, being a Papist, although I cannot see how my burying the corpse could have had any appearance of impropriety even in the eyes of the Pope himself, where no other minister was to be had. (I have been thinking of this and do not think I am wrong, in the absence of any other minister, to bury, according to the Rites of my own Church, the corpse of a member of any other Christian Church, if requested to do so.) There are a good many Irish here, so they had a Wake and buried their countrywoman after their own fashion.

I churched Mrs. Ommanney in the morning and baptized her infant, Mary standing god-mother. My congregations are very small. We have been prevented going out after our hay today for want of provisions to take with us, and hope to go tomorrow. Mr. Drummond, the botanist, and Mr. Gilbert, the ornithologist (who assists Mr. Gould in his splendid work on the birds of Western Australia), called again today, and partook of our humble fare; ship pork and vegetable. The latter gave me some useful information. They were both much pleased with my Church and are proceeding on a long exploring tour to King George's Sound. They travel about ten miles a day and walk a great deal to save their horses(which carry packs) and I have sent some lint and spermaceti ointment this afternoon for poor Mr. Drummond's feet. I lament that my means of hospitality are so limited but old colonists well know what privations are. At this moment I should luxuriate in a good slice of Gloucester cheese.

No ship from England; everyone is now anxiously looking out. Flour has risen to 9d. per lb. and wheat at the Swan is a guinea a bushel. If this is the case after 12 years, I do not wonder at instances (which I have heard) of deaths among the first settlers from over-exertion and starvation. Mr. Drummond told me that at first he subsisted his family almost entirely on black swans. These are rarely to be got now. Our cow's death has been a great loss to us.

Monday, 28th November, 1842.

Since my last date, I have been more than three days in the bush with our man and the lads, to finish our haystack which we accomplished so as to return home on Saturday night. The distance from hence is seven or eight miles. The way is to cut from patches wherever you can find them and these patches are always moist places. The grass is mixed with various plants, particularly an elegant red-blossoming creeper (a sort of vetch) which horses and cattle are very fond of and we think it will make the hay more

heartening, inasmuch as the grasses are for the most part very thin and wiry. Very little making is necessary. You can always stack the day after cutting, without any shaking out, but there is an annoyance arising from the grass seeds, which are sharp barbed and insinuate themselves into every part of your dress, especially flannel.

When the stack is made properly, thatching is unnecessary unless the hay is to be kept through the wet season; a time, however, when it is not wanted. But it must fenced in from stray animals; a trench dug all round and a considerable circle of the ground burnt, as a precaution against the natives' fires. When wanted, it must be trussed and carted home. I give this detail to afford an idea of an Australian farmer's shifts and labours. For the fortnight the party was out, the bivouac (as I have said) was under a tree which had fallen and we made ourselves comfortable with boughs, etc. One cooks for the party while the others work and we fared better the last week, having more flesh meat, some flour and bottled sugar beer. Of course we were very glad to get home and have a good wash.

During our haymaking we experienced another loss from the native dogs, owing to the carelessness of Joe, the shepherd. Two of these cunning and voracious animals attacked the sheep in open day, when at too great a distance from their keeper and killed two lambs, one of which only we recovered and this by the pursuit of Joe on foot, the other he saw nothing more of. They worried besides three others, one of them so much, that we were obliged to kill it. This is the first mutton of our own we have tasted and if we may judge from this specimen, our Down sheep, for eating, will far surpass the Merino. The fleece we know, is much inferior. One of the lambs was an ewe. We have never had the sheep attacked before although the goats have suffered frequently. Not that old settlers would think anything of these things, but to us, in our little way, who have to cherish every increase it pleases God to send, the loss is no trifle.

One good, however, for the present, has been the accession of more fresh meat than we have ever yet dared to indulge in and another in future we hope will be the greater attention and care of our shepherd. How strongly are we reminded here of Patriarchal times! When David as a lad "kept his few sheep in the wilderness," his flock was exposed to attacks like ours, only from more powerful animals: our Joe however, was no David, for though he arose (probably he was asleep) and went after one of the native dogs and delivered the lamb out of his mouth, he could not smite him and the lamb was slain.

In addition to the above depredation, the hawks and falcons which abound here, annoy us much by taking off almost before the door, our young chickens and turkeys. These are all common events, of course, but they are worth mentioning for the purpose of conveying correct notions of an early settler's life and drawbacks.

Having now two full duties on Sunday and a ride through a broiling sun (the hot weather is now coming on apace), I feel sadly the want of Sabbath rest and today have been compelled to lie a-bed until the afternoon. Working as I find it necessary to do for the sake of giving help and example, during the week, the Sunday, so far from being a respite to me, is the hardest day of all the seven for the effect which public speaking always has upon my frame, an effect most overpowering. But, it please God, it will not always be so. I find too many of the settlers do not confirm the good opinion I had formed of them. But this is always the case. People put on the best face at first, before strangers, especially if they contemplate getting anything out of them. In time, they cool and show the cloven feet of envy, jealousy, detraction and pride and (to coin a new word) dog-in-the-mangerism is but too prevalent a feeling among all classes.

The worst feature exhibited here is the manifest change in the behaviour of Mr. Eliot, the Resident. He is a weak young man and fond of exercising undue authority, checking, instead of encouraging newcomers, in various ways and all this may be traced to his connection with the Cliftons. He is now learning to play the king after his father-in-law's foolish and impolitic example and is becoming a very different man from what I expected. Such persons are most unfit to be placed at the head of affairs in a new district. It requires a firm, but kind and liberal-minded person, indifferent to personal trouble and one who shows that he has the interest of those around him at heart, as well as his own: One who will set a good religious example and co-operate effectually with the clergyman for the public's best interests.

I never saw the evil of mis-government so plainly as I have done since I have been here, nor imagined those evils could be so readily traced to their cause. It is true the root of the whole is in the absence of religious principle, but still society, when it is sufficiently strong, always acts as a powerful check upon those who have not sufficient principle to guide them. Where there has been no participation in the Church's ordinances and the voice of public opinion is weak and powerless, the poor fallen human nature will revel in the mire and the minister of Christ has a task which, were it not for God's promises, would weigh down the strongest spirits. "Son of man, be of good courage, be not afraid of them,

I am with thee." This I have always felt a blessed support, even under a deep sense of my own weakness and insufficiency, when others have opposed themselves and I pray God, I always may.

I must now go to bed. I am most thankful I can sleep soundly and this, in my present trying state, is my happiest time. I omitted to mention Mr. Nash, who comes in once a fortnight to meet the Post, spent part of Saturday and yesterday here. I am always glad to see him, for he is an excellent young man and good society for my boys. The change too for him poor fellow, is beneficial, for he not only gets a little society, but can also go to Church.

Thursday, 1st December, 1842.

We began cutting our little barley yesterday, though this can hardly be called the beginning of harvest. Ours is much more forward than Scott's (we are the only two corn-growers in this neighbourhood) and the caterpillars having made such havoc, we thought it best to secure what was left for seed. It was a fine crop The caterpillars attacked it in a curious manner; they crawl up the stalk, eat through the straw under the ear, which falls to the ground, so that in many places there appears nothing but headless straws. The ground is covered with immature grain. To obviate the waste, I have this evening been contriving to fold it with our sow and pigs. By tethering the sow and enclosing the pigs with hurdles (George's making) I think the double purpose will be answered of fattening the animals and clearing the ground; (for every grain left will shoot again) to say nothing of the manure. John is gone again to the Vasse to recover our runaway bullock and William and George to the Murray to fetch two heifers and a cow for which we have bartered one of our horses (Warwick). Considering the great fall in prices, I think the boys have done very well, for they are two-year-old heifers and all are warranted in calf. So now, I hope, we shall get a little bit of a dairy. This will be a great help and comfort. We have been long trying to effect this exchange, but no fair opportunity offered until the day before yesterday, when we met with a person who wanted what we had to part with and to exchange what we wanted.

I have this day signed receipts for the first instalments of my salary as Government Chaplain, £25 being the quarter due from 1st August to 31st October, 1842, so that for fifteen months I have performed all the clerical duties of this district and built a Church without any salary whatever. I must trust to Providence to help me out. Everyone is now most anxiously expecting arrivals from England daily; now hourly. When a speck is descried with the glass on the horizon at sea from Point Casuarina, we soon learn the news,

but the natives are the most keen-sighted in descrying a vessel and often first point it out to "white fellow."

I called and lunched with Mr. Eliot yesterday on my way from Bunbury, for I never wish to quarrel with persons, though they may sometimes treat me unkindly. As a clergyman too, it is especially my duty to pass over these things.

We have discovered next the sea a far more eligible spot than this for summer grazing and as it is on Government land we intend to have a hut there, please God, another year. Wheat can only be grown here, the soil being loamy. Feed hereabouts would be plentiful, if it were not for the large herds and flocks of our neighbours, or we might get pasturage for a few cows on our own 100 acres over the river if we could afford to fence it in, which we cannot. For though we could keep (i.e. watch) stock there, we could not, without a fence, keep others off and everyone, of course, tries to get feed as near home as he can, i.e. everyone who keeps a dairy. It not infrequently happens that a whole dairy of cows are missing for a day or two in which case, when they have wandered far, all the milk, for the time is lost. The time and labour lost for the want of proper fencing in incalculable

Some fine and copious rains this last day or two have done a wonderful deal of good. They are very unusual, I am told, at this time, at least such heavy rain as we have had. The stimulus given to vegetation by the soaking rain on the hot earth may be imagined. Our maize and melons will reap great benefit from it and today, as an experiment, I have been planting potatoes in a hollow, to take up in April. Our general potato crop (a light one compared with last year's) we have just housed, for they will not keep unless carefully spread (as in England). They shoot directly or rot. Considering the age of my vines there is promise of a fine crop of grapes, but as yet all our other fruit trees are too young to produce fully-matured crops.

The change of weather has given colds to many, but the great inconvenience here is rheumatism, pain in the bones, on these occasions. Flannel is the best preventative, but does not always secure me and there are times when I feel almost infirm. We have no shoes and they are not to be had. A person called on me today from Bunbury with his cotton stockings sticking out at the toes. I have given my boys all my stock, except one pair for daily work and one for Sundays. Shoe leather here, if it is often wetted, soon gets as rotten as brown paper and the friction of the sand wears it exceedingly fast. The best way, I see, would be to soak the whole shoe in mutton fat and I have kept mine together entirely by anointing them frequently in this way. Joe had his feet tied up in kangaroo skin. But I have said too much of this. Mary has

gone to bed and I must follow, prayers being over and my lamp burning very dimly.

Monday, 5th December, 1842.

A native called Death, brought us in last Friday four wild ducks and two divers. It is rare that they meet with so many, within shot. Teddy lent him his gun and these sharp-sighted fellows will wade into the water to the middle and wait patiently for a chance. So having peas we had a grand duck feast and I hope were thankful. Being young birds they were a great delicacy. Formerly they were very plentiful, but now it is difficult to get them. A common dish of the first settlers used to be swans or wild turkeys, garnished with ducks. Provisions are so scarce at times that everyone is on the lookout, so that it may be imagined how much the wild animals which are eatable are persecuted and destroyed. Mr. Child told me yesterday there is not, at this time, a pound of flour for sale at Bunbury, he himself is using rice and oatmeal.

Our wheat we thought of beginning to reap this morning but are delayed by two circumstances, great wash and an accident which has happened to one of our new cows. George and William returned yesterday (they were compelled to travel on Sunday) from the Murray. They brought the cow and heifer about 20 miles towards home, when the former turned upon poor William, tossed him and trampled upon him, while George was attempting to tether her to a grass tree. Providentially William escaped unhurt, but the cow by some means or other sprained her hind leg and fell so lame she could be brought on only five miles further. Having insufficient provisions, the boys were obliged to make her fast in a grassy spot and the heifer with her and come home. At four o'clock this morning they started again and John with them to see what they could do. The other heifer we bartered for is at the Vasse, so that to get this stock together we have had to send 50 miles in one direction and 30 in another. This is owing to there being no markets.

The labours and loss of time to the first settlers before they can get their stock together in one spot are far greater than is imagined in England. When once you are fixed and the stock is bred upon the place, there is comparatively little trouble for cows and bullocks will always find their home and it is no uncommon thing for them to find their way through the intricacies of the forest 100 miles or more. The only danger is from the outlying natives, who sometimes spear them and devour every morsel of the carcass. If the poor animal is only wounded and runs homewards, they dare not follow it for fear of detection. The reason

of our not getting all three animals from one farm is that settlers in the towns have stock at various and most distant places according as their business transactions are carried out with different persons and a written order is given for the delivery of certain stock to the bearer, whenever required.

For Monday, I feel *L.D.,* better today than usual. I find the same lukewarmness and indifference among the people, but we must not despise the day of small things. My congregations are small, but, I hope attentive, evidently hearing truths they never reflected upon before. Where the fundamental principles of Christianity appear new, there no saving knowledge can have hitherto been acquired.

Wednesday, 7th December, 1842.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock p.m. yesterday the *Trusty,* from England, dropped anchor in our bay. We are all in consequence, in a state of excitement. I have heard no particulars yet (6 o'clock a.m.) except that Mr. Ommanney came in last night to tell me she had brought nothing for anyone here except the company's agents and that the mail was not come on shore. If true, there is something exclusive and wrong in this. How I long to receive my letters and yet almost dread it. Of course, I must stop here until I hear more, for I shall not go down to Bunbury today.

Five o'clock p.m. Mr. Ommanney has returned from Bunbury. There is not even a letter for any of us! at least no mail is forthcoming. Mystery and contradiction is all we meet with. There must be something in the wind, but our disappointment is great and painful. The emigrants, 180 in number, besides 15 in the cabin, the Commissioner is landing at Australind, so we have gathered nothing from them as yet. Perhaps another ship will soon clear all this up. It is vain to form conjectures. It is so rare a thing for a ship from England to be bound direct to Port Leschenault, that to have no tidings of our friends by this is most extraordinary.

Our poor lads are come in exhausted and sunburnt and our new cow was found to have put out the joint of her hind leg. Being unable to drive her to water they dug three wells with their hands; but all would not do, they shot her or she would have gone mad with thirst, and of course left her on the spot. The weather is intensly hot, the flies dreadfully troublesome. The boys had nothing latterly, but biscuit and water, but succeeded in bringing homewards, as far as Australind, the heifer, with great difficulty. They seemed sadly pulled down and half-famished when they came in and much distressed at this second loss; the two cows are a loss of £50 and we must be delayed in getting up a dairy, until it

please God to prosper our endeavours. The discipline and experience of these common drawbacks will doubtless, through the grace of God, have a good effect and in this view our losses will be gains.

Saturday, 10th December, 1842.

A very small mail (containing four letters only) has been landed from the *Trusty* but none for us. News, however, is arrived in a duplicate, of another vessel behind (the *Elizabeth*) for this port, besides one due at the Swan. By these then, please God, we shall have tidings. And now I have determined suddenly to close this portion of my journal, which I shall continue nevertheless. The *Houghton le Skerne* is returned from the Sound and has Lady Spencer and family on board returning to England. She has (although I have not seen her, for she remains on board the little time the vessel stays) consented kindly to take a packet for me, at my request through Mr. Ommanney. Her son, about the age of Teddy, has been here. This is an opportunity rarely occurring and I don't know when I may have such another. The *Houghton le Skerne's* mail will probably also convey my letters, which have been written and sent to Fremantle a long time. We seldom know here the time of ships sailing from the Swan and in future I shall always put at the corner, "per first ship."

We are in the midst of our little harvest. Our wheat is a thin crop for want of manure, but very good what there is of it. Our barley almost all destroyed. Our stock at present consists of two bullocks, two heifers, two bull calves, 26 sheep and lambs, 49 goats and kids, two sows, two store pigs and 89 young ones, one horse, two ponies and two horse foals, one pony foal in the bush (but one in hand is worth three in the bush) besides poultry. Our capital all sunk, but no debts yet contracted. Our clothing in shoes, short stockings and trousers are pretty well worn out. We want common slops. In short, if I had but moderate means I could, humanly speaking, command a rough independence for all my boys in a very short time.

I and my wife find by painful experience that our present exertions and trials must and do take effect upon us. This will readily be imagined, when such a life as this journal faithfully portrays, is entered upon at a time of life when most persons, in our class, look for a respite in the fatigues of bringing up a family and are quite unprepared and disqualified for manual labour and privation in common necessaries. If we begin to slaughter our goats and sheep before their numbers and age are sufficiently advanced, we shall not only waste a great deal, but perhaps be unable to go on. We are 14 in a family and food, I suppose from the exhaustion of the

body, is craved in a manner never known in England, where there are regular and substantial meals in an ordinary gent's family. I should have mentioned our losses in stock at colonial prices have two cows (£50), five sheep and lambs (£5), about 15 goats and kids (£7/10/-).

If my Journal is preserved and my life is spared, the whole may be put together, but it is my earnest wish that no part of it should go beyond the circle of my immediate friends.

And now I think I can add nothing more to this. I must have it ready immediately. I shall think of all in England on Christmas Day. Our Sacrament will be on New Year's Day—the Sunday following. May that day be the commencement of every earthly happiness to all dear to me, for the ensuing year and may I and others finally meet again in a better than any earthly country, never to part more, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

J.R.W.

I have been advised by Mr. Ommanney to send a box of dried plants and a few birds under the care of the Captain of the *Houghton le Skerne,* and I do so as an affectionate remembrance to Emily, my dear brother's wife. The freight will be paid. As an apology for this Journal being so dirty, I must remind the reader that it was written at odd times, often in my working dress, amidst dust and confusion, by the light of a black oil lamp, flaring about without a glass. I have had no time to copy it.

(End of second portion of Journal.)

JOURNAL CONTINUED FROM DECEMBER 12, 1842, to MAY 13, 1843.

Founders' Day, 1842, Charter House.

How strongly are the associations of former times aroused by the recurrence of this day! After a baked sucking pig for dinner we pledged the memory of good old Thomas Sutton in a glass of wine, with a thankful feeling for all the benefits that charitable man, through the providence of God, conferred on me and mine and will continue to confer, I hope, upon all who, in time to come, shall be connected with his noble institution. 'Floreat' is my sincere prayer and may it so flourish as to become more and more a place of sound learning and religious education, which I am constrained to confess it has not always been in my own recollection. Public institutions, as well as private individuals, are almost always needing reformation and the more sensibly this is felt and attended to, the more extensive will be the good conferred, both by precept and example,

on mankind at large. I have no one here beyond the circle of my own family to participate in the feelings of this day. I have not yet been able to discover a single Carthusian besides myself in the whole of Western Australia

I closed my packet on Saturday to be forwarded to the Swan for Lady Spencer to take to England in the *Houghton le Skerne,* which is taking in a cargo of wool. Lady Spencer is the widow of Sir Rd. Spencer, sometime Government Resident at King George's Sound. She has a numerous family. She takes three boys to England for their education, I understand and will return. Two sons are farming at the Sound. One daughter married to Sir George Grey, Governor of South Australia (from whom the so-called Port Grey on our coast took its name); another to a grandson of Mrs. Trimmer and a third recently to Lieutenant Warburton of the 57th. She lost two boys, one drowned, the other killed by the fall of a tree.

I am now preparing a small box for my brother, to which I alluded in the last portion of my Journal. I may not be able to find a conveyance for this to the Swan in time to go by the same ship, but I will if I can. It is a very small collection compared

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with what the country affords, yet it will not be unacceptable to Emily and shall be enlarged at a future time, if it please God to give me leisure and opportunity to go on with it. At present I am really unable to do so.

The large white bivalve shell, I find is not Australian; a native picked it up on the sands of Geographe Bay, where it had been dropped by an American sailor.

We have slaughtered two goats, although hardly forward enough for the purpose. This has cheered us a little. Goat mutton is very good when fat and well fed and has attained the age of two years and upwards. My great anxiety is to hear from England, the *Trusty* having brought us no news whatever. I have had no conversation with any of the new emigrants yet. A Dr Allen and his family, the captain, mate and some sailors from the ship formed part of my congregation at Bunbury yesterday. The former is a M.D. but I fear this country, especially this neighbourhood, does not at all meet their expectations and we were informed by a female settler from Australind (who came with five other family to Church here in the afternoon) that the poor emigrants in general seem miserably disappointed, some of them sitting on their packages shedding tears. With every inclination to be of use to these poor people, I feel distressingly at a loss what to do. Mr. Clifton considers them as his people and will not brook any interference until he has announced that the choice of them as servants is open to the public. I can get no reply to any offer of mine to officiate at Australind occasionally. As to three full services at such a distance in one day, it would be impossible.

The new emigrants, at least the well-disposed among them (the last cargo by the Diadem was very indifferent) would naturally apply to the clergyman for counsel and advice and if any of them should do so my counsel and advice would probably, given conscientiously be very different from the Commissioner's. If they had not been the company's emigrants, I should have been the proper person, in company with the Resident to receive them on the shore, but not a soul was allowed to land at Bunbury; all were taken from the ship's side to Australind.

Our outdoor labours are progressing. John is finishing his boat, which answers very well. Our whale boat is sunk in the river and must be hauled up and repaired. William and George are trussing barley straw to save for the cattle and sifting the little grain we have saved. Teddy is going tonight to sleep in the bush to hunt at day-break tomorrow. My man Moore and his boys are clearing and burning for next year's crops. Mary and the girls are attempting to mend holes in stockings, as big as the fist. Lastly, I have been doing odd jobs and helping here and there, as well as I was able,

for I feel today sadly fatigued and stiff. Thus have I resumed the thread of this humble Journal and I pray God I may be able to continue it, whatever may turn up, with content and thankfulness.

Wednesday, 14th December, 1842.

Dear Henry's birthday. 20 2 D.C.

A young man of the name of Hester is come to reside here as Government Superintendent of the natives. He is the son of an old settler. I am very glad of this for they require to be kept in order as well as to be protected from ill-usage of the lower order of whites. He was advised to come to me and wanted me to take him in; this, however, is out of the question, for I have no accommodation and have a larger family than I know how to feed already. We find it a great expense and annoyance people hanging about in this way and people bred in the colony have no tact to see when it is inconvenient.

After this man's arrival yesterday, far more distressing events occurred. I had received a most kind letter from Captain Molloy announcing Mrs. Molloy's confinement with a (fifth) daughter but giving a poor account of her. Also offering to lend me one or two cows in milk. About an hour afterwards Alfred Bussell came galloping in to fetch a doctor, Mrs. Molloy having been seized with shiverings and other dangerous symptoms, and the doctor at the Vasse being drunk! We gave all the assistance we could and so did Mrs. Ommanney but alas! at Australind (where she was on a visit) it was found that Mrs. Eliot also was dangerously ill, having been prematurely delivered of dead twins! Mr. Harris therefore could not leave her, Mr. Ferguson the newly-arrived surgeon declined going lest he also should be wanted and Dr. Allen was not to be found. Two other doctors, Millard and Sholl (quite a youth) Captain Molloy particularly desired not to have, entertaining no opinion of either.

John was riding about until two o'clock this morning and left Alfred Bussell at Bunbury to await Dr. Allen's return. Thus matters are at present. These are most trying cases for both parties and were Henry here and qualified, he might be of the greatest use. As to poor Captain Molloy, I pray God that he may be spared the loss of his wife and that his five little girls may not be motherless in this moral wilderness. I can add no more until our present painful suspense is removed one way or other.

Thursday, 15th December, 1842.

Our anxiety on account of our worthy friends the Molloys, is relieved. Mrs. Molloy is out of danger. Mr. Ommanney found Dr. Allen, an experienced accoucher and took him down immediately. It seems he was just in time to save her from the wrong treat-

ment she had experienced. Really this drunken doctor at the Vasse ought to be scouted from the colony. Mrs. Eliot too is recovering. So that after all this helter-skelter and excitement we are now restored to our usual quiet. Both ladies have great cause for thankfulness and I hope they feel it, but they seem very suddenly recovered out of danger.

Mary and I by turns and now and then some of the boys and girls drink tea over the river at our neighbour's the Ommanney's; we don't like both to be absent at the same time, unless the poor girls are with us. The ladies having received a box of sundries from their friends in England, Mary has been swapping away the piece of muslin Mrs. King gave our girls for some figured stuff more suitable for them. This sort of barter is very common here. Mary gave Mrs. Little before she went to India, a pair of shoes and Mrs. Little returned the compliment with a turkey. In short clothing of any kind suitable to the climate is just as good as money.

Reaping today; our wheat promises better than was expected. The box for Richard and parcel also for him, favoured by Lady Spencer (before alluded to) I sent off this day to Bunbury having heard there is a boat going up to the Swan. The weather now is very fine. The middle of the day and afternoon very hot, but we have been favoured with pleasant breezes and the nights are very cool, the moonlight splendid. When there is no breeze the heat is quite overpowering. February and March are the most trying months. Snakes of various kinds abound this summer. Some are said to be venomous and we have seen the effect upon natives; great pain and swelling, but I am not aware there are many dangerous, except to the smaller animals. While we were in the field today a black woman killed a large carpet snake, very beautiful, six feet long. The black sort are most dreaded; these have a yellow belly.

We now get better supplied with fish; the large ones at this time ascend the river. Teddy brought in a fine kangaroo yesterday. So, in some way or other, from day to day we get supplied. Our prayer for daily bread is always answered, be it more or less. Our little faith, I fear, has not always allowed us to think so.

Tuesday, 20th December, 1842.

I have been a long time apprehensive that we could not go on with our servants, the Moores. The man does extremely well and is sober and civil, but his wife has gradually become so insolent and overbearing, that I could not put up with her conduct any longer. Besides there has been constant grumbling about food, which is the usual diet of colonial servants and much the same as we have ourselves. Servants here, however, take no account of this and if master has no bread for breakfast, at a chance time, they at least must

have it. So I have given the whole family notice to go. Joe Clinton (who behaves very well) is the only one we shall retain at present, for really I find I cannot pay high wages and support servants too. Perhaps we may be able to put our washing out and then we may do by ourselves, or at least with the assistance of one of Hymus's girls (one of a large family). We cannot be worse off than we have been and if it is our lot to be without servants, we must be content and try to enjoy ourselves without them, if possible. Certainly there is no enjoyment with them. As I cannot spare the labour of the boys I must turn to with a good grace and with the help of Mary and the girls boil the pot myself. In spite of every endeavour and the most rigid self-denial, I cannot keep down my expenses for necessary stores; tea; sugar; flour and now and then a joint of meat. We shall get our own wheat mill as soon as possible. The grinding is the most laborious work of any we have yet experienced and being a hand mill the process is very slow. In fact we are obliged to employ natives to help us in this work, but they have to be paid one pound of flour each per day.

We have had some unexpected wet days, which have retarded our harvest. On Saturday night we witnessed a lunar rainbow, very clear and distinct. It is not, I believe, often seen, since it is rare for the moon to be unobscured during a shower. It exhibited no prismatic colours and was merely a distinct arch of faint light, of no great altitude, terminating in the horizon.

On Sunday afternoon, for the second time, I had no service at Bunbury. One soldier in undress and two boys only assembled. My heart is quite sickened within me at times to see the utter indifference the people of all classes show to the most important of all subjects. Nor can we be much surprised when a person in the station Mrs. Eliot fills expresses her wonder (which she did to Alfred Bussel) that people should think it necessary to go to Mr. Wollaston to get married when George (her husband and the sub-registrar) "could do it as well." Modern Latitudinarianism inevitably leads to infidelity. Not one of Mr. Clifton's family has ever been at Church since the day of opening.

There is a great to do today at the Magistrates' meeting at Bunbury concerning sundry stores said to have been placed under Dr. Allen's charge, for the use of the emigrants, of which no account has been rendered It is very difficult to get a true version of what passes here, there is so much tittle tattle, but we shall hear tomorrow. I wish Mr. Clifton, when he has cause to find fault would do so in a dignified and temperate manner; it would have far better effect. I am quite sure the only way for us to be upon good terms is to keep aloof from all the Australind squabbles. It is pretty considerably asserted now that the company will not go on, but I

know not upon what grounds. I have always thought so, because their expenses are far greater than their profits.

Our mornings are at this season most beautiful. Just before sunrise, it is quite light at four o'clock. I rose this morning before that hour, the placid moon was shining with sufficient brilliance to cast a shadow; at the same time the east was lighted up by the approach of the sun. I had left my bed thus early to look for my turkeys which Agnes had neglected to put up the evening before. They had strolled a little way into the bush and I fortunately found them safe, but thoroughly wetted with heavy dew. I find it very difficult to rear the young ones and have only six left. Chickens require very little care because the hens always come in of their own accord. I have at present 49 chicks. After I had recovered my lost charge I went to my digging and the boys to reaping. George sold his pony, which was missing so long with her foal, yesterday, for £12; she cost £8/5/-. She was terribly wild and troublesome. William has never been able to recover his, but she is frequently seen with other wild ponies and has a fine filly foal. This sale, however, turned out most unfortunately for the purchaser, for his man let the mare go with saddle, bridle and tether rope on and she galloped off immediately and was found dead this morning by a native, having sustained some fatal injury by falling against a tree. The poor foal was uninjured

Notwithstanding the insolence of servants, they will soon find, now they are no longer scarce, they must keep their places or starve. Indeed, if the present system of sending out shiploads of emigrants without capitalists to employ them is continued, great distress will ensue. I could employ half a dozen men most profitably, but I cannot pay them. It has been the boast of this colony that we have no poor, but I think it is a misfortune (I don't mean paupers) for society will never work unless there is a station for each class according to God's ordinance; not to mention the evil arising from the non-exercise of the reciprocal duties of rich and poor, master and servant. The misfortune is, the common people in general sent out, come with their heads filled with the most extravagant and unfounded notions and expectations of worldly aggrandisement (in short, to be made ladies and gentlemen of) and finding themselves grievously disappointed, will not buckle to with a good grace and do the best they can. If they would do so and be civil, industrious and sober, they might still get on and far better than they could in England; but they must be patient and take their share of privation at first, like their betters. There never was anything so absurd and injurious as the present Government regulations respecting these colonies, expecting them to support the surplus population of the Mother Country, yet raising the price of land so high that no one will buy.

The result of E. G. Wakefield's foolish system is now seen in South Australia. It is overrun with impoverished tradesmen and paupers and it has done Western Australia much harm.

We have heard with much concern of the death of our fellow-voyager and friend, Mr. Ash. He was seized with a fit of coughing and broke a blood vessel. I have written to poor Mrs. Ash. She will, I suppose return to England by the earliest convenient opportunity. There seems little doubt here at the loss of the *Henry* on her way home! It turns out the account of our voyage which appeared in the *Colonial Gazette* (I think) was taken from Mr. Child's Journal, though against his wishes and I must beg Henry's pardon for suspecting him of publishing mine. I have not seen the paper yet.

Monday, 26th December, 1842.

I was much vexed yesterday (Christmas Day) at the careless indifference of the people respecting Divine Service, including the Governor himself. The regular Sunday turn in the morning was at Bunbury and I arranged with Mr. Simmons on Friday (who called to announce the Governor's approach and that he would take up his headquarters at Australind and not visit the Vasse this year) that, to prevent confusion and mistakes, it was best not to alter it and he undertook to apprize His Excellency of the hour of service here, viz. 3 p.m. In addition to this, I had written to Mr. Clifton to tell him the Sacrament would not be at this Church in the morning, but on Sunday next, January 1st. Moreover, Mr. Eliot was at Australind and ought to have known, or rather remembered, all about it. Some of the common people too, made no mistake and came to the afternoon service. Notwithstanding all this, the Governor took no pains to make inquiries and no one told him. He came down in a boat in the morning, but did not arrive until nearly half past 12, so that even if service had been in the forenoon, he would have been too late; in fact he arrived here only just before my return from Bunbury. Neither did he stay for evening Service, which he might have done, nor any of his companions, who consisted of Mr. and Mrs R. Clifton, Mr. Eliot and Mr. Landor (the notorious "Colonicus" of the *Perth Gazette*)! Also one of the younger girls. We gave them some cake and wine and after about an hour's visit, they took their leave. The Governor, however inspected my Church, with which he was much pleased and pronounced it a very neat little building; but I fear he is not a true churchman, i.e., he will not accede to the Church the place she is entitled to fill. In the afternoon I had a very fair congregation but for the want of a bell to summon the people it is extremely difficult to get them to assemble simultaneously. I had decorated my Church with our only substitute for holly and laurel, the black wattle and increased the effect by the

addition of palm leaves (the Zamia). We dined at five o'clock, Mr. Nash being with us, upon baked goat, yorkshire pudding and a couple of teal and drank the health and a blessing to all our absent friends. They also, doubtless, thought of us. It was a very hot day and in order to carve, I was obliged to strip both coat and waistcoat. We thanked God heartily for our meal.

The Governor ought to have attended Service at both places, especially since he has all along been such a stickler for Bunbury, the military too are now there in the new barracks and I am appointed as Minister of Bunbury. Under all circumstances and feelings of the district, I am more than ever convinced I did right in erecting the first Church in this central position.

John and Teddy returned last week from the Vasse with our cart wheels in the truck. They also brought up the stray bullock and two cows which Captain Molloy has most kindly lent me. Mrs. Molloy is by no means doing as well as we were led to hope. The truth is, although she was saved from immediate danger, she has continued in a very weak and precarious state. I am deeply concerned for Captain Molloy.

We have finished our little harvest and begin thrashing today. I have made this morning quite a primitive thrashing floor under a great gum tree.

Messrs. Drummond and Gilbert, whom I mentioned as having paid us a visit on their exploring excursion to the Sound, called again on their return on Saturday. They found it impossible to penetrate the country with so small a force and so badly provisioned as they were. It took them four days to traverse a distance of 20 miles and they travelled 40 miles along one continued swamp to the south of Augusta, which seemed interminable and being unable to cross it and steer correctly they very wisely turned back. They seemed jaded and somewhat tattered in their habiliments, but they were loaded with specimens of plants and birds, some of them new and presenting singular features. One was a species of grass tree, the stem about the size of the thigh and it attains the height of fifteen feet. They represent many tracts as being well adapted for grapes and the soil good. These gentlemen are indefatigable naturalists.

We lose our friend Miss Bussell tomorrow; she returns to the Vasse on horseback, but I think a bullock cart would have been better, for she has not mounted a horse these twelve months. A cart, it is true, is horribly rough, but it conveys every necessary for sleeping in the bush. I shall visit the Vasse again soon

Our lad Joe wanting some clothes, I gave him a holiday to go to Australind on Saturday, where he picked up a pair of trousers and a waistcoat for one pound. By his indentures I am bound to

clothe him. I can get no shoes for him, or any one else, although we bespoke some out of the *Trusty*. I sent a Christmas invitation to my own people and Hymus with some of his children and James Everet returned with Joe yesterday and dined here and went to Church. I spared them a bottle of wine to drink the health of friends at Horseheath and Wickham. How the emigrant's heart overflows on such occasions as these! This wine is part of three dozen of inferior sherry, which I obtained cheaper than usual at Bunbury.

I have been obliged to suspend the building of our new hut (for Mary and myself) for some weeks and fear it must go on very slowly. We have so many other things to do and labour is so excessive in the heat of the day.

Thursday, 29th December, 1842.

On Thursday Mr. Clifton sent a verbal message by Mr. Stirling for me to dine at Australind the same day to meet the Governor. He had written the day before but no note came to hand. As I did not get this invitation until one o'clock and it was delivered to me in the field, where I had been working very hard all the morning, I felt little inclined to go. However I thought it best to make an effort so, having no horse at home, I walked to the estuary where, I was told, Mr. Clifton's boat would pick me up. I waited an hour, when I saw the boat passing along on the other side of the island which is in the estuary's mouth and proceed on her voyage without calling at the place where I was. I suppose this was some mistake, but it would have been quite as easy to have come on my side of the island as the other; which boats always do when they call to take in passengers. I of course returned home, glad of this excuse at the time and more so the next morning, for an unusually heavy rain set in and continued until noon which would have hindered my return from Australind or spoilt my best coat. Mr. Clifton might, I think, have invited me sooner, on Sunday for instance when his party came here with the Governor. I have not felt well the last two or three days, therefore perhaps it was much better for me to remain at home. I feel at time my spirits sadly depressed; this I believe, is constitutional, but when added to the stiffness and fatigue arising from hard labour, it is very painful. My own family cares too and the ungodliness and indifference of the people do not lighten the burden at such times. But God in all His chastisements mercifully directs our hopes to that land "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

The poor natives have been rejoicing in the usual donation of 1 lb. of flour each on the occasion of the Governor's visit. I wish others were as considerate towards them as he is. One of them was drunk here today, having had a bottle of brandy given him by some

drunken white men at Australind yesterday. My good boy George took his bottle from him, then half full of brandy and broke it to pieces. I have written to the Superintendent of Natives about it. Such conduct on the part of the whites is, I think most iniquitous.

Friday, 30th December, 1842.

I have been told the bottle of brandy alluded to above was given to the native to take to Koombana Farm, but there is a penalty, I find, for giving natives spirits (an admirable law) and this may be an excuse. I think the conduct of the whites here, considering their advantages, ten times worse than anything the poor savage, under his heathen darkness, can do.

There are various rumours respecting Dr. Allen's business, nor am I able to find where the truth lies. It is now believed there has been a compromise, the Commissioner holding his tongue and Dr. Allen relinquishing the money he was entitled to for landing the *Trusty's* passengers in health, which I believe was £65. Anyhow, it is a most discreditable business. Dr. Allen turns out by no means so respectable as I was at first led to think he would. In short, all persons who come here, since they come to make a new start, ought to be well looked at and inquired about and not too hastily admitted to an intimacy.

The weather having been unsettled we have been afraid to proceed with our thrashing, so have been clearing instead. This clearing must go on for some years yet since we can only accomplish a small space at a time. The trees that were fallen last year were so hard they turned the edge of the axe; we can only subdue them by sawing and burning. Today we have been attacking a huge prostrate gum tree 60 feet in length without the top. It has taken several days to drag away with bullocks all that was moveable and now the stem remains, which we must tackle in some way or other. There are three more trees nearly as large which we must remove before we can begin to plough the piece we have been clearing. The stumps we cannot get up, so they must remain; some branching tough roots however will have to be cut and dug up. The land is valuable when you get it into cultivation, but where it requires such labour and expense to clear, Government ought to thank anyone for taking it for nothing. I cannot but think it a providential mercy, considering what new hands we were, that none of our limbs have been broken, nor any serious accidents befallen us in the use of tools.

A barn would be invaluable to us and a thrashing and grinding machine a blessed boon, for thrashing in the sun and grinding at the hand mill tries our strength most severely.

I am writing this at night and George has called me from my room to prayers, "We are very tired, father; if you have no objection we shall be glad to have prayers and go to bed." So in the name of us all I have confessed our sins and implored absolution and strength for the morrow. Poor Mary has preceded us, having a headache. Teddy has been out since daybreak and brought us home two kangaroos and a picaninny. Having trained up new dogs, we are now very successful.

Saturday, 31st December, 1842.

Winnowing today the wheat already thrashed, nearly seven bushels, and put it away in a cask. From this proportion I think we shall have more than we expected. My contrivance for winnowing I believe I have mentioned before. This year I have improved upon it. I have fixed a sort of funnel at the end of the barrel, instead of the square hole. This allows the corn to descend more gradually and when the wind is brisk it answers extremely well. A sailcloth underneath catches the grain, while the chaff is blown away. It will be better dressed still if I suspend the barrel in an open space upon three stout poles, instead of a branch of a tree. It requires to be passed through twice and then is fit for the mill. Our own bread is always sweetest, though coarse; we have no proper bolting sieves.

John has caught five large kingfish this evening, and we have had one for tea (i.e. supper for we dine at one) with a cake from our own wheat. We all, in general, have very keen appetites for our last meal and it is often a curious one. Anything eatable comes to table, sometimes fish, at others, kangaroo, potatoes, cold pudding. Sometimes the poor lads cannot satisfy their strong and youthful appetites. Rice is a standing dish at every meal and with milk, goes a great way. I can assure anyone who may think us great eaters, that in this climate the waste of body being so great under labour, the strength fails surprisingly without substantial food. The appearance of one who has been long in the bush living upon bush fare only, if he has undergone much fatigue, is marked by great paleness of countenance, general emaciation and feebleness. Nothing can be more healthy than the climate, but the pure air will not satisfy the stomach. But a truce to eating. What a load of trouble would be removed could we live without it! The blessed Angels, do, so shall we, in God's good time, if we join their throng.

I have great fears lest my letters from England should be in the mail of the *Dublin*, from Dublin. This ship was at first put on per Western Australia and took in a mail for this colony. Suddenly, no one knows why, she altered her destination for Port Phillip and has (it is thought) taken our mail with her. If this be unfortunately

the case we shall probably have to wait twelve months before we get it! We all hope the *Elizabeth* (daily expected) will clear up this matter. The *Trusty* brought us the information.

Writing this Journal is a great solace and amusement to me, as I have before declared. I seem to be talking to my absent friends; I hope they will not think I talk too much. At my time of life I cannot but cling to them and my native land. New associates have little interest with me. A sense of duty urges me to persevere in the great change which God has wrought out in my course of life, but byegone times, places and persons will ever be cherished in my memory, or as my dear father would have quoted, *Dum memor ipse mei, dum Spiritus hos regit artus.* This is the last day of the old year. May we be forgiven for all the past and grateful for the continuance of our lives, press towards the mark of our high calling and may tomorrow's sun dawn with beams of comfort and happiness upon all dear to me in either hemisphere. May we all arise and shine, for indeed the true light is come. So shine before men, that they may see our good works and glorify our Father, who is in Heaven.

Sunday, 1st January, 1843.

This morning I used for the first time my dear sister's service of Communion Plate! It is indeed very handsome but nothing can be too much so for God's altar. My congregation was very small. Mr. Onslow, Mr. and Mrs. Ommanney and one other female, besides the school children. I had the comfort and satisfaction of administering the Sacrament to my wife, my four sons, Mr. Onslow and our neighbours, so that in fact though very small mine was quite a primitive congregation, for all stayed for the Eucharist but one. In the afternoon, at Bunbury, Service was not better attended. There I had only the Lieutenant in Command with four soldiers, one man and two women. What would be thought of this neglect in England? I mean the neglect of Englishmen abroad? That there is most shameful neglect of Church ordinances among professed churchmen is most true, but there are also here many Scotch, Irish and American, several Roman Catholics, more Presbyterians, more still no-religionists. Doubtless it is best for the Church to win her way slowly but surely. She will thus gather a greater number of consistent members and be more firmly planted. If Apostles, when they had planted and watered, were content to leave the increase to God, a feeble being like myself must not presume to be impatient but wait His good time to bring people to a better mind.

At Australind there is no external observance of the Sabbath beyond Mr. Clifton's family prayers in his house and Mrs. Clifton's

attendance, often in perfect silence, at her Quaker's meeting house, which at last she has got put up for her. As I have before said, I have offered to officiate there occasionally; for I can do no more. But there is no place for me to officiate in of the most ordinary kind, even were my offer accepted and I do not think it would answer any good purpose to preach under a tree. To the heathen, could they be made to understand me, I would not mind doing so, but they must first be taught the English language. for theirs is quite an unmanageable tongue, consisting briefly of barbarous guttural sounds, incapable of being reduced to any rules of grammar. They now and then come peering into my little Church, with soft steps and grave inquisitive looks. Poor creatures! May God lift the veil from their eyes and when He does so, teach them to avoid their white brother's bad example. Their name for house is "mire" (mia) therefore they call my Church "white man's Sunday mire." They have quite sense enough to perceive there is something serious about it. The Wesleyans at Perth have made great progress in teaching their children. This will be a great help by and by, although I am at a loss to imagine how they can educate them as Christians, when they have never been baptized. It is now bedtime and I must go to my nest and get some sleep.

Wednesday, 4th January, 1843.

I am going to the Vasse again on Saturday and William will accompany me. I have a very attentive congregation there and generally eight or nine communicants and though not within my sphere of duty I am very anxious to do what I can for them. When I read our Societies' reports I most readily admit the superior claims of other places to their support, yet all populous colonies have little beginnings and when the Church does not accompany the first emigrants and continue to take under her fostering care every accession of numbers, as they rapidly multiply, incalculable evil is the result and the difficulties of the clergy when they are sent late in the day, increased a hundred fold. It is not the numbers here at present that make the work but the ignorance of the few, their disuse of ordinances, the spiritual lethargy that oppresses them and the great and inconvenient distances at which the respective little communities are placed from each other, in a country without roads or bridges.

I have alluded to the difficulty of communication with Port Phillip. It is the same respecting New South Wales. I can get no letter from my Bishop. There has been no ship here from the south since John came to us and had he not obtained a passage at the time, he would have been at Port Phillip to this day. It was indeed

providential that he succeeded although he was obliged to leave the greater part of his outfit behind him under the protection of a merchant's store which is there still. Our servants will leave us in 10 days and I have not enquired after others, for I cannot afford to keep them. We must rub on and see what's best to be done. If I had only myself to do for, I would rather be without them, but the cooking and washing are two tremendous necessities for a family like mine. Outdoor work too must go on. There is thrashing, grinding, ploughing, clearing, stubbing and digging besides hunting and fishing for the pot; the two last taking up much time, ex gr. George and Teddy started after dinner and slept on the ground through a wet night (we have most unusual rains this summer) with only one horse rug to cover them and returned this afternoon with three kangaroos (one of which will go to market) but greatly fatigued and having fed upon kangaroo liver, which they broiled. A good fire is of course, always kindled and kept up on these occasions. A day and a half is often consumed to get us a dinner.

It is now confidently asserted that the company will not go on and that its present establishment, with the Chief at its head, must shift for itself after August next, when the agreements expire. I have never been able to see how any other result could have been looked for, under such a system as has been pursued at Australind. When the company's expenditure is stopped the whole thing must be dissolved. As it is, the storekeepers can get in none of their debts, which are very considerable; no one has any money. We cannot get a farthing for what we have sold and our only chance will be to get hold of some commodity or other whilst we can. There is, in fact, no market here for anything, unless that be called a market in which the buyer never pays. This is a great discouragement to us, for there are certain necessaries we must buy and those to whom we sell have not always what we want; thus bartering is rendered difficult.

There is a person at Australind who has received and promised us some shoes; he owes us about £5 for potatoes. Five times have we sent after these shoes (for we are all bare-footed) and yet have not been able to secure them. This will explain the state of things. I know not what the new emigrants are doing. Some, I've heard, have dispersed, but many remain. Mr. Ferguson and family are highly spoken of. He is not come out to practise as a surgeon, but is going into the interior to farm. Poor man! he little knows what he is undertaking. People are apt to form in their imagination very beautiful pictures of retired ease and independence in this country, but the pleasing vision is soon dispelled when they come to the rough and laborious realities of colonial life.

Thursday, 5th January, 1843.

I have been to my Benefit Club meeting this evening, but I fear it will not answer. The numbers fall of at every quarterly meeting and we have no accession of fresh members. This circumstance shows strongly the depressed state of the district. I shall try the club for one quarter more (which will close the twelvemonth) and then if it does not improve advise the members to break it up.

I find dissent has raised its head at Australind in addition to Quakerism. Mr. Millard, the surgeon, it turns out, was a Dissenting Minister in England. He has opened a meeting house. I was told he is one of the Plymouth Brethren! He perhaps would not have done this had a Church, or substitute for a Church, been erected at the beginning of the settlement. This however, if thought of at all, is the very last thing to find advocates even among professed churchmen. Alas! how useless it is people claiming to be her sons and daughters, while they are utterly indifferent to her welfare and support. It is worse than useless; it is criminal.

The late, unusual rains have given a powerful stimulus to vegetation and the weather is most delightfully cool and pleasant in consequence. Our maize has quite recovered the attacks of the caterpillar and is most luxuriant. We took great pains in preparing the ground; some of it is nine feet high and has several cobs on each stalk. Its handsome broad green leaves are most refreshing to the eye. Our melon crop promises well.

We have heard of the safe arrival of our friend, Miss Bussell at the Vasse, in one day, after a very fatiguing journey. She was particularly fortunate in having cool and pleasant weather and considering it was her first bush journey (although she has been so long in the colony) I think she has proved herself quite a heroine. For the benefit of all adventurers, who may feel disposed to emigrate, I will transcribe a few sentences from one of her letters to her sister. The impressions made by the forest scenery are thus described. "There was not very much in the country to interest me. The brilliant blossoms of the cabbage tree called forth an occasional burst of admiration and once we saw two kangaroos, but everything in general was silence and solitude. I was almost afraid to speak, for I knew I had as much to perform as I was capable of. I felt the necessity of reserving all my powers." After describing the difficulties of the way, sundry slippings, joltings and haltings, the fording the river and endeavours to reckon the weary distances from the marks on the trees, she proceeds: "How I counted each mile, you, dear Bessie, can guess. After No. 7 we lost our reckoning and to my great astonishment we suddenly came upon the Wonnerup houses. Oh! the smoke of the first chimney, how graceful it curled! I felt

quite invigorated again and without stopping I begged Vernon to push on." (They had five miles further to go.) "When we saw the first herd of cattle drinking at the river, this looked very like home and we walked on briskly." At last the travellers came in view of "Cattle Chosen." "Vernon then gave one loud 'coo' and you will think how I strained my eyes to see someone moving, as roof after roof rose before me; now the blacksmith's, now the boy's cottages, then Charlotte's (Mrs. John Bussell) house" but now figures were discernable; John, Charlotte, some of the children and further back our dearest mother. I was up at the gate and I don't think I could have gone a step further, so exactly was my strength proportioned to the expedition. Dawson lifted me down and dear John led me to Charlotte's room, laid me flat down on the sofa while others fed me with cake and wine, etc." I am pleased to add to this little episode that the kind and affectionate subject of it was none the worse for her undertaking beyond stiffness and fatigue.

I have received letters from Messrs. King and Mitchell at the Swan. Church matters have anything but an encouraging aspect. They make the same complaint that I do of the neglect and indifference of the people and the straitened means of their own support. Yet no two men can labour more zealously in the vineyard than they do. It is true the local Government had added £100 each for three more Chaplains (of which I am one) but it is only for the current year. The same vote may be carried in the Council next year. It is moreover saddled with a condition which is very unjust: That no Government Chaplain shall be in the list of any Society's missionaries. Surely the Societies at home will take up this, for although they are glad to get their clergy assisted, if not supported, by the Colonial Government and the people; yet, if that allowance which they so liberally grant must be altogether relinquished without the colony supplying even so good a one, they would not wish them to hold appointments under Government at all. The impression has always been that whatever the local Government should grant would be made up to a certain sum from the Society's fund, if such grant fell short of it. Mr. Mitchell at once relinquished £100 of his missionary allowance on receiving the same from the Government, but if the above condition is insisted on, he will be far worse off than before. He will in fact lose £200 a year, his original stipend from the Colonial Church Society being £200. Mr. King, again has been flatly refused any assistance from the Government because he has a stipend from S.P.G., no matter how much. Why Mr. Mitchell was not refused too I know not, it would have been, perhaps, better for him if he had been. In short, I think it would be far better that we should have nothing at all to do with the Government. We should be more at liberty to carry out under sanction

of our Bishop, such plans as we humbly conceive are best for the Church's interest and the people's good.

We want to put forth a Church Periodical of two pages each month, but we have not the means and are reasonably afraid of incurring the risk of the expense, so scantily supported as we are. Yet says Mr. Mitchell most truly, "I am increasingly persuaded something of the kind must be set up and kept agoing and there are topics incessantly presenting themselves which it is our interest and duty to expatiate upon and which, if we will not propose our views to the public, others will set forth theirs. There are a few questions on colonial and home politics which we might most decorously and profitably now and then take up. There are the Church Services, hints about and brief explanations of which are so much needed— two-tenths (two-thirds?) of our people understanding nothing at all about them. There is the position of the Church herself to be explained, her claim advocated, her honour contended for. There are many of our people who cannot or will not attend Church and yet they are to be instructed. There are reasonable grounds for expecting that, if the colony thrive, religious teachers and religious busybodies with different principles from ours will presently be here. Will they slight such an auxiliary as the Press? I think Mr. Smithies (the Wesleyan missionary) has sufficiently warned us that most probably they will not, and if we have not our own religious periodical first established, it is hard to say what vantage ground they may not gain.

I am urged to go again to Perth next month, that we may renew our clerical meeting of last year, but I want the Senior Chaplain, Mr. Wittenoom, to make the movement, feeling reluctant the assembling of the clergy should appear to depend upon my presence. I think, however, I shall hear from Mr. Wittenoom. Mr. Mitchell writes: "I do earnestly hope nothing unpropitious will hinder you coming to us." We want more countenance from home; let the Societies and friends there take up the cause and help us. Little do they know the difficulties the Church here is placed in.

Saturday, 21st January, 1843.

Since my return from the Vasse on Tuesday, the 10th inst., I have had no heart to sit down to this Journal. I had several remarks to make but they must be omitted. My return home was greeted by the distressing news I received by the *Lady Grey* and it comes upon me at a time when an accession of labour and anxiety are placed upon my shoulders. How melancholy! when we must dread, rather than hail the arrival of a ship from our native land, lest it should bring tidings the most afflicting to a father's heart. But here I shall not say more on this most painful subject. The necessity of parting with our servants, their discontent, insolence and extravagance have

determined me to seek no more indoors for the present. All this week until yesterday, when I was obliged to go to bed at four p.m., I and the lads have been endeavouring to purify our original house by daubing, whitewashing and scouring; the filth and vermin collected were insufferable. In addition I have cooked, washed dishes, cleaned knives, etc., and we have, once more, our washing in prospect.

Poor Mary is so weak and worn that, even when we can get something palatable, she can hardly eat and some of us have been unwell with bowel complaints. Agnes does what she can, poor thing and works hard, but such a life as ours is very inimical to education and mental improvement. We are, be it remembered, although consuming our own flour, obliged to thrash, grind and sift it as well as we can ourselves. We have to hunt for fresh meat, with the loss of another of our best dogs killed in the bush. All this has to be done, besides every other work requisite in a family. Thanks to a kind and merciful providence we have hitherto been enabled to bear up under all our labours, but I am at times compelled to give in as Sunday draws near or I could not perform my fatiguing duties on that day. The great and disinterested kindness of Captain Molloy in the loan of two cows in milk has been a very considerable assistance to us. We have also vegetables, but could our friends see (especially poor erring Henry) the shifts we are sometimes put to to obtain a meal for nine hungry stomachs (including Joe who is sheep and goat herd) they would be indeed surprised and doubtless distressed. We killed a goat yesterday, but are at present obliged to do this sparingly. Mary had not tasted animal food until last night since Sunday.

Without sufficient capital to start a family, the expense of living here is ruinous. The shifts people in respectable society are put to to obtain even a few shillings would astonish those in England, who imagine we are living in clover. I have not yet obtained a farthing of the £50 said to have been subscribed towards my support. Most of it is still retained by the Government Resident. I hope the many friends I have written to in England will not forget me, if they have received my letters, but will try and assist a labouring brother clergyman through the Church Societies. There is no reason why, humanly speaking, we should not do well and become ultimately independent, if we are assisted a little, but if I knock up entirely, before the time arrives of more palpable success in our undertakings, I must meekly submit to God's will and commit my wife and children to Him, in confidence and not despair of his loving kindness. I now see even old stagers, ex gr. the Bussells and Molloys are undergoing many privations, although they possessed three times the capital I did. There is no money and there are no markets.

Flocks and herds are numerous, but these constitute mere animal wealth in the present state of the colony. A gentleman may kill a sheep every week and a bullock every fortnight and not be able to pay for, if he can get, a respectable servant, much less to educate his children. And yet we are far better off here than the emigrants in South Australia. Wild schemes and speculations, a host of needy adventurers, puffing land companies and above all misgovernment at home arising from utter ignorance of the true state and capabilities of this country. These are the causes which keep back a colony, which might be made the sure resource of hundreds and thousands of the superabundant population of the Mother Country and tend to pauperise it. But after all, why not go to the root of evil; all over the world? All this is the natural result of a people living without God.

Saturday, 4th February, 1843.

Our days pass on in the same course of labour and carefulness, wearing the body and weighing heavily on the spirits but still we have the many blessings to be thankful for. Especially when we look around and see others struggling like ourselves and hear on all sides of disappointed hopes and expectations. More indeed is to be attributed to want of judgment, moral courage and perseverance, in addition to causes from without. I have much to say, but somehow or other a great disinclination has come over me to sit down and write. I shall however combat this feeling lest it should grow upon me and become a cause of regret hereafter to myself and my friends in England. I feel more inclined to sermonize than to journalize and I am afraid this will be thought to have been too much the case throughout, but 'tis my vocation.

A circumstance has occurred which has distressed me most deeply. Everet, who left me and went to live with Hymus at Australind, encouraged by the latter's wife, who has been guilty of much levity and imprudence if not criminality (she was always a drunkard at Horseheath) a short time since provoked her husband's jealousy to such a degree that under, I am afraid, the influence of liquor also, he shot at him with his gun and wounded him in the knees. He recovered from the effects of the shot, but Hymus, who kindly took him in when he left me and received the heaviest provocation, has been tried and convicted. He may be thankful, however, that he is sentenced only to one year's imprisonment in Fremantle Jail and hard labour. The penalty for shooting with intent to inflict bodily harm is transportation for seven years. This would have sent him to Norfolk Island to work in a chain gang. That such an occurrence should have taken place between two of my quondam

parishioners is most affecting. Hymus, though his worthless wife has ever been a thorn in his side, is a most industrious, painstaking, inoffensive man. Everet, the most dogged, sulky and spiteful aggravating fellow when out of humour, I ever knew. The baneful examples of spirit-drinking so shamelessly prevalent in the colony have had their effect, as I dreaded, on both these men. Hymus has nine children, most of them babies and girls. The trial took place at Bunbury, the Government having commenced circuits at the outposts, sending the posse of Functionaries for holding the Quarter Sessions round in the *Champion*. They have visited King George's Sound and the Vasse. It will have a most beneficial effect that the majesty of the Law is thus established in the different districts, instead of, as hitherto, confining all trials to Perth, and far less expensive.

John was summoned on the Grand Jury and all felt disposed to throw out the Bill if possible. This could not be done, but on Mr. Clifton and myself speaking strongly to character, we succeeded in obtaining a great mitigation of his sentence. The poor fellow, of his own mind, pleaded guilty. His distress was most acute and in an interview with him just before he was put on board the *Champion*, I am unable to describe what I felt for him. However, I obtained his written authority to take care of his little personal property during his imprisonment, lest his wife should dispose of it for drink, and promised to do what I could for his children. This was on Thursday. Yesterday I went to Australind and witnessed a scene of squalid misery that made my heart ache; so different to the appearance of things on his arrival and some time afterwards and all brought about by the conduct of his wife. I could make very little, if any, impression on the mother; she promises, however, to take in washing at home and attend to the young ones and I have engaged to take her eldest girl and one of her boys until the father returns. Another boy has a place as a cowherd. No man could have done better than Hymus if he had been blessed with a suitable helpmate.

I fear much for the whole family now and shall grieve to send home the account of what has happened, for Hymus has many respectable connections. I took an inventory of what few things I could find, packed up and put away under the care of a responsible person all his tools, wearing apparel, etc., and after calling upon several persons to endeavour to interest them on behalf of the poor children and to have an eye to them, I took my melancholy way home again late in the evening and crossed the estuary just about sundown. Nothing short of a miracle can reclaim the habitual drunkard. An all-wise providence will doubtless bring good out of apparent evil, but to witness its devastating effects in the interim is most painful and when we look to the next world, quite appalling.

It is a miracle indeed that God's mercy bears with rebellious man so long.

I have been talking of miracles. I have before observed how strongly scriptural scenes are brought before the inhabitants of Australia. Although having no reference to what has been observed above, I cannot help remarking how much I was reminded, on my ride yesterday, of the cartoon representing the miraculous draught of fishes, in which the perspective is so strangely neglected and several large water birds occupy the foreground, on the water's edge. An irregular row of 23 pelicans, standing with outstretched necks, on the water's edge and moving their huge bills from side to side with a sort of slow solemn action and now and then taking an awkward waddle of a few steps required only, taking into view the scenery around, the presence of a couple of fishing boats to give an exact and real representation of Raphael's picture. There is a print of it in Mant's Bible. His birds, however, seem a sort of nondescript and there are only three of them.

I have received an invitation to the Swan from Messrs. Mitchell and King, and intend, D.V., to go soon, that we may hold the anniversary of our clerical meeting. Until we get a Bishop I think the keeping up these meetings of the highest importance in a public and religious point of view. A Mr. Postlethwaite arrived by the *Lady Grey* and is appointed to serve at the Upper Swan, so now we are six in number. My journey will be arranged so as to admit of my presence at the opening of Fremantle Church and I am to give Mr. King as long notice, on this account, as I can. My absence will be attended with much inconvenience and fatigue for to be at home and help is now required more than ever.

The boys take it by turns with Joe to cook for the family by the week. I must get over a large wash before I go. This is our great dread and aversion but it must be done; I cannot pay for it. Our garden is getting very arid. The grapes generally throughout the colony sustained a blight at the blossoming season, which has drastically reduced and deteriorated the crop. We have plenty of melons, both water-melons and sweet. In this respect we surpass our neighbours.

The fatigue of grinding at our ordinary and damaged hand-mill compels us to send our wheat to be ground at the Vasse, for which we shall have to pay, besides the journey, 2/6 per bushel. Thank God we have the wheat to grind, for without it I know not how we should get flour. It is very good and makes excellent bread. We hope to fatten a pig or two with our maize and if so we are ever able to kill fresh meat when we want it, we shall be spared the loss of time in hunting. A good steady man would help us wonderfully. I mean a regular workman.

The establishment at Donnybrook under Mr. G. Nash has entirely failed and no wonder, for the scheme seems to have been wild and badly organised. There were originally five young men and four menservants; nine able-bodied young men and all they seem to have had to do was look after a few horses and heifers. They had not even a plough with them or working cattle or sheep. I am at a loss to conceive what definite object they could have in view. Thus many hundreds of pounds (from losses and neglect) have been wasted notwithstanding, I am told, the thing is to be taken up again by one of the young Irishmen on his own account, he having borrowed some money here from a friend of his father's. I am very sorry for Mr. Nash but, although an excellent young man, he is not at all cut out for a leader in the bush.

Bush fires now frequently surround us and a rumour is afloat that one of three haystacks has been consumed. These are ours, Mr. Eliot's and Child's. I hope it was not the first. We must soon go and see (about 8 miles) for as feed becomes scarce we shall want fodder for the bullocks.

The weather has been tremendously hot, the nights too for a short time. This is always the most trying season. Bowel complaints, faintings and sickness are common chiefly owing to the excessive heat and diet and over-exertion. The very fowls stagger about, lift up their legs from the burning sand and gasp with outstretched necks and gaping bills, but this is only for a few of the hottest days. Twenty-four hours with thunder and lightning but no rain will change the climate altogether, bringing fine breezy days, with cool refreshing nights. I am certain there are many parts of the interior which in the hot weather are quite uninhabitable, from drought and flies and mosquitoes.

The natives are quiet. There is a very favourable report of the Protector's in the paper (which I will send) and also a sort of recapitulation of colonial events during the past year, which may be interesting. Bunbury is slowly creeping on. Australind dwindling to nothing.

Thus have I conquered my reluctance to write on first taking up the pen today; I must now leave off, first noticing that we have no tidings yet of the *Elizabeth*. Messrs. Nash and Child are come in to stay the night.

Sunday, 5th February, 1843.

I am thankful to see more persons come to Church. Today, both here and at Bunbury, had several present whom I had not seen before. Some strangers by the last ship. I have no doubt if the country should become more settled, our Church will acquire gradually more and more attendants. I have written a long letter

to the Bishop, the second since I came, although none of the Clergy have heard from him for more than 12 months and have sent him my papers and testimonials, which he requested. I am very desirous to hear from His Lordship again. He will never be able to get here, his time is so fully occupied. I wish the Bishop of Van Diemen's Land would take us in his way, which he might easily do for he will probably sail not far past Cape Leeuwin and the Sound. The progress of things here temporal and spiritual, has been very, very slow, but still I think, Australind excepted, there has been a movement forwards. For this we must be thankful and hope that it may at least not become retrograde.

I have, of course, only to do with the professedly Church part of the population and I have had 19 baptisms, nine marriages, 11 churchings and four burials. This is exclusive of the Vasse and other places. The Communicants are very few; I cannot reckon upon more than three or four besides my own family. At the Vasse I have nine or 10. This is not to be wondered at when we consider that Christian ordinances have been utterly neglected in this district and this of the Lord's Supper, entirely out of the reach of anyone in whose mind a desire to participate in it may have arisen.

Mr. Wittenoom kindly sent me 30 Prayer Books from S.P.C.K. by the *Champion* with some Watts Hymns and Catechisms, to be disposed of here, but he says not a word about our meeting. I shall not however regard this, but accept Messrs. Mitchell and King's invitation and take for granted Mr. Wittenoom will join us.

Tuesday, 14th February, 1843.

After more than a week's suspension, I have forced myself to resume my pen and will make my notes as cheerful as I can, but I fear they will not afford much to amuse. I have just made the pen with which I am writing from an eagle's wing. John shot a magnificent bird of this kind on a gum tree, near the house. It was attracted hitherto by Teddy's pigeons. It was strong and large enough to carry off a kid. It is almost necessary to keep a gun constantly loaded for the protection of poultry. The latter, however, we find very troublesome, for if not watched, they destroy a great many melons. Of these we have now abundance, far more than we can consume, but find much difficulty in disposing of them. There being no money, therefore no market. I brought in a little while ago, as many as I could carry in an apron and there are many more to gather. A few we have got rid of at Bunbury and we shall make an effort to send to Australind. If the port dues had not driven away the Americans (who are now arriving again at the Vasse, Augusta and the Sound) we should have obtained a high price in the way of barter and procured flour, pork, slops, tin ware, etc., etc. We have

some thoughts of sending a quantity to the Vasse for this purpose, but having no men servants now and the distance and time required being so great, we hesitate about it. The American whalers after their long voyage will give anything, money excepted, for these things. We remember our enjoyment of the fruits at the Cape. The water-melon when thoroughly ripe, and gathered before sunrise is a most refreshing fruit and quenches thirst better than anything. Last week, for three days in succession we were washing and used an admirable machine Mrs. Ommanney has had made and which I must endeavour to imitate.

The first day the boys and Joe were engaged in the bush and threshing, so I had it all to myself and I got through very creditably; a large bed-tick and four blankets, sundry sheets and tablecloths, seven pairs of trousers and minor articles too numerous to mention. All is not done yet, but we have fortunately got a woman coming to do some of the fine things. As to ironing, we males can only indulge ourselves with a shirt collar or so, for Sunday wear. Our diet, thank God, has been better of late. We have had plenty of kangaroo; the white cockatoos have arrived. The large kingfish in the river seem to have retired. One day a native brought us quite a new dish, three ibises, the colour a delicate light brown, yellow legs and green bills, altogether very beautiful, but they were so mauled I could not skin one. They were prodigiously fat, good eating and tasted something like snipe. The grand supply, however, was last night, we killed a pig of about five stone. Before sunrise this morning to seize the cool of the day, I was up with George to dissect it. As the night was cold, the pig was very firm and all not dressed today was, after our own fashion well salted and put down before breakfast. It will be taken for granted we tea'd upon the fry, and breakfasted and dined today in quite an English style. We did not manage the scalding very well, but George shone as slaughterer and I as butcher. The sight of the fat made the poor natives' lips water.

People who intend to settle in a new country should endeavour to learn something of every trade, for a colonist must, at first, depend almost entirely upon himself. The pleasure I always took in overlooking workmen of all sorts and observing their work has yielded very serviceable fruits here. Had I been a mere bookish man, of sedentary habits, I could never have gone on at all. As things are, indeed, I often sigh and sigh deeply, for a little respite, yet I have good cause to be thankful.

Our neighbours' herds of cattle are very troublesome. They are driven to my swamp every night to drink, for water elsewhere

in the immediate neighbourhood is dried up and the river is brackish. This increases the value of my purchase. The cows and steers have an unaccountable propensity to eat clothes and often die in consequence. A pair of duck trousers has been half destroyed from our clothes line. I caught the cow at it and ran after the beast, but she galloped off into the bush with one leg of the trousers hanging out of her mouth. Worse than this, a steer this morning got into the churchyard and tore down and devoured half of two of the calico windows! This is very provoking, they cost much pains and will not look so well again. I am afraid I must try and get glass.

I receive very bad accounts of Mrs. Molloy. She has entirely lost the use of one leg. I am very anxious to do something towards alleviating the great distress of mind under which she labours, but it is extremely difficult without any knowledge of previous character to suggest suitable reflections. I have written to her and shall write again, but this does not seem to draw her out. The entire suspension or rather deprivation of all public ordinances for many years has wrought incalculable evil on many minds in this country, almost obliterating the knowledge, once possessed and in force, of the common principles of Christianity. If necessary I must go down to the Vasse and see her, but my journey to Perth is drawing near and I cannot be off from it.

One day last week Mary pointed out two children, poorly clad, standing at a little distance from our house and looking timidly about them. The girl, about 12 years old, with a bundle under her arm, and a nice little boy about 8 or 9. These proved to be two of poor Hymus' children I had directed to be sent to me by the first boat. They had been landed and told to walk up from the estuary to me. Poor things. They turn out very good children indeed and I have made them very comfortable and set their little hearts at ease. The girl is very useful to Mary and I am very glad I shall have this comfort at least for the poor father. The wretched mother has still six at home.

We have no tidings of the *Elizabeth*, nor have I received replies to very many letters I wrote to various persons last year. If they have not miscarried, surely I shall hear from these friends. I have this comfort, that many others are in a like suspense, which would seem to indicate that the mails have been retarded. I cannot say when my letters leave the Swan, for the foreign mails are made up at Perth and forwarded just as opportunity offers. Patience is the only remedy but, as I have said before, my last news from England has made me dread the arrival of letters and yet I want to hear. I must not dwell on this theme and to prevent my doing so I will leave off for today.

Thursday, 16th February, 1843.

Yesterday was quite a day of business, but we have to wait the result of our speculation. John took a cartload of melons, some tomatoes and 14½lb. of grapes to Bunbury. Mr. Child acts as our agent there. We are the only persons at present in the district who have grapes, yet we shall not get more than 1/6 per lb. Melons sell for from 1/- to 2/6 each, but even at these prices there is no money forthcoming. I don't mean to say the cart was full but we packed them in layers in straw. If a market be found for these luxuries, we could grow an immense number. Our plan is in gathering, to use a stand I have made with pill bags (such as are used in hop-gathering) borne by two persons like a sedan. This stands in the walk, while one gathers the melons and throws them for the other to catch. Thus much treading about among the vines is prevented. It is a very useful thing also for gathering any sort of fruit; our peaches are very few and very backward. It is extraordinary they do not ripen this weather. The trees are young and I think have too much wood. When in good bearing the boughs are often broken down with the weight of fruit. I have not, however, yet tasted any in the colony equal in flavour or size to good English peaches.

In the evening Teddy returned from hunting with his usual success, three kangaroos, so George went again to Bunbury with two of them, which sold directly. At this time of year it is rare to kill and people seldom go out on account of the heat and drought. It is only by sleeping in the bush and hunting as soon as it is light enough and having a change of dogs and a good horse that we manage to be successful. We have now a show dog, i.e., one that after he has killed, comes back and shows where the game is. Without this, the natives being unable to track in very dry weather, very many kangaroos are lost. George, by the sale of his pony, was able to purchase a brace of dogs very cheap of the party at Donny-brook. Apropos to ponies. William very wisely has sold his with the foal (at large) for £5. A number of horses and ponies had got together near the Collie and the latter were so wild it was impossible to catch any of the lot. Many fruitless attempts have been made to do so, so the owners of the horses have brought up the ponies to destroy them and William's was shot with a rifle last night. Today all the natives in the neighbourhood are gone to the carcass to feast upon it, for the mare was in beautiful condition. They are literally untameable when they have once had a taste of the wild freedom of the bush and I am very glad we have now no stock but such as we can make use of.

I have been brick-laying today. Making a new kitchen fire-place in the old house; also burning, preparatory to ploughing. This is very trying to the poor boys, who have no shoes.

I was busy making a wheelbarrow yesterday, or rather, half a one, for I found the half of an old one here, without a wheel. I have procured a cast-iron wheel. It may seem strange we have never yet had this common vehicle, having carried everything on a stand between two. The fact is, I ordered one of Manning and paid for it, but he omitted to put it up. And here prices are so high I was determined to wait until I could contrive something. There are many simple tools and common agricultural instruments which I would have given anything to have brought out. Nothing but the very best steel and the strongest made will answer here. Our woods are like iron and stubbing blackboys tries our mattocks severely. Much time is taken up in renewing the handles. It is now prayer time and I have a letter to write to Mr. Broun, of Fremantle, about poor Hymus.

Wednesday, 22nd February, 1843.

On Saturday we were tantalised by the sight of a sail working into our bay and we fully expected the *Elizabeth*, but she turned out an American trader, bound for Van Diemen's Land, but putting in here for food and water. The captain, landing towards night, came on shore armed to the teeth, not knowing of any English settlement here and expecting to find savages only. When he discovered his mistake, he returned on board, dressed himself and tried to appear like a gentleman. A little traffic has been opened with his vessel, but the wary Yankee will take nothing but gold and silver, which does not suit us. John, however, got for us some biscuit and a box of pickled herrings or pilchards; very excellent and a great treat. I also procured a pair of shoes for Mary; the men's were rubbish, excessively dear and not suited to our purpose. Wellingtons and pumps. The boys determined to go barefooted a little longer.

We are preparing to plough, but must first get some hay home, for our stack, we have ascertained, is all safe. We shall have to cut a road part of the way. We have fixed the day after tomorrow for our expedition. In the meantime the lads are busy disposing of their fruit which goes off well, but very cheap; 2d. per lb. for melons, 9d. per lb. for grapes. Everything here sells by weight. The weather has been so hot that a kangaroo killed by Teddy changed before he could reach home at night and was all wasted. The dogs are all more or less wounded and done up and our pork tub being empty again, we find the pilchards a timely and exquisite substitute. Mashed up with potatoes and rice they make an excellent, satisfying meal. I have been busy clearing part of the gully in front of our house for melons next year. These natural ditches are very valuable in this climate; the process is tedious. After the trees are cut down

and cleared off a great quantity of tough-rooted aquatic plants have to be dug up and burnt. The sides are then thrown down to get as extensive a bottom level as we can. This is dug over and prepared against the floods which cover the whole and remain for some days. As they retire the water is further absorbed. On the return of summer the soil is in beautiful order, having imbibed rich sediment and retained its moisture when everything is burnt up on higher ground. The crops are off long before the return of flood. The cultivation must be similar to that of the banks of the Nile, *parva magnis componere*. I hope as time goes on and cultivation improves everything, the boys will be able to sell fruit to a great extent. I intend to introduce bananas from the Swan.

Our vines turn out a very choice collection and have wonderfully improved since I took them in hand and having been elected the other day as a Member of the Vineyard Society, at Perth, I shall have the benefit of the Society's Papers, etc. I have ascertained that I have (red and white Muscatel doubtful), Sweet Water, black Hambrough, Wortley Hall, white Cluster, red and white Frontignac. God's Vineyard too, I hope, is "taking root," but as to "tilling the land," it is far, very far, from doing this. Unlike the natural plant, its growth is very slow and its fruit immature and scanty. I had a good congregation at Bunbury on Sunday.

Friday, 24th February, 1843.

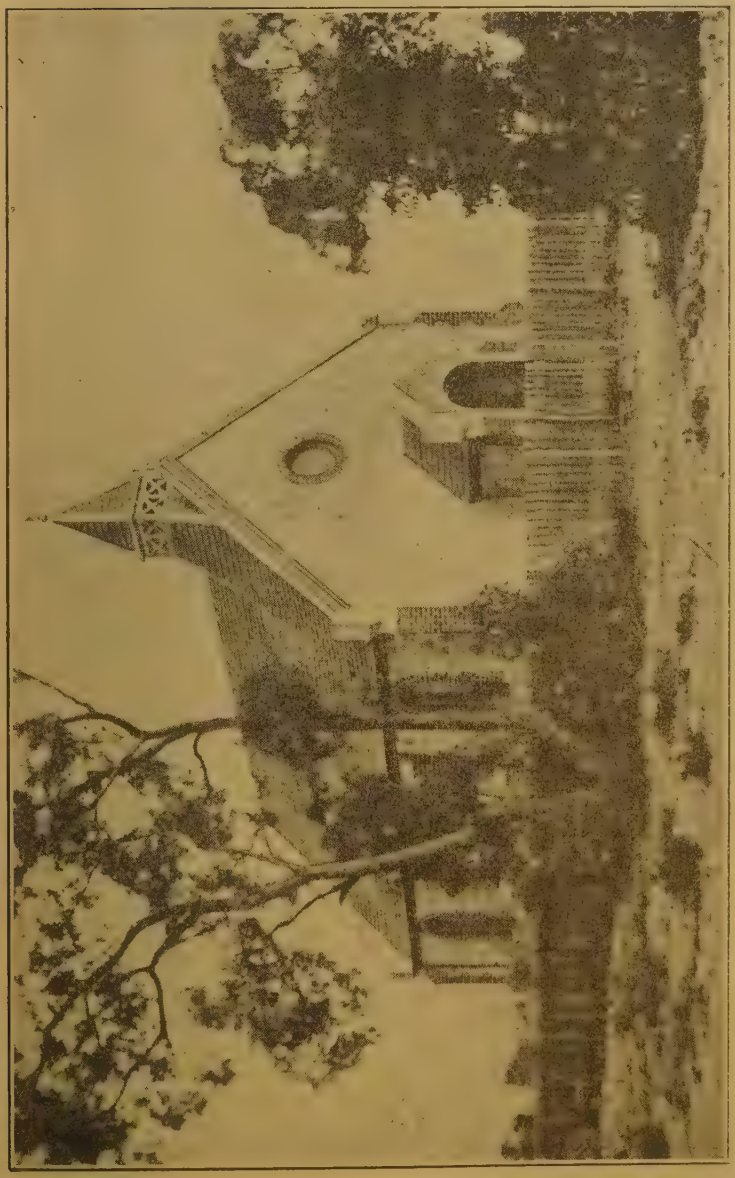
A full-sized merchantman, the *Hooghly,* has arrived at our port from India (Calcutta) bringing back Mr. Little, his family and servants (coolies) with a lot of fine horses. He is agent for Mr. Prinsep, who is a rich Anglo-Indian. The ship does not open any trade here and is going to Port Philip and Van Diemen's Land. We had some faint hopes she would do us some good, as there are several invalid gentlemen on board, but we have hardly houses over our own heads and therefore cannot possibly accommodate these strangers, who, as they are willing and able to pay handsomely, expect such comforts and conveniences as this colony does not yet afford. At least, this part of it. I went to Bunbury yesterday, through a raging fire almost all the way. Nothing could exceed the wretchedness of the appearance of the burnt country, presenting, with the volumes of smoke continually ascending, no very inviting aspect to our visitors. When a bush fire is approaching the premises it is a necessary precaution very frequently to fire the bush near the home to stop the spread of the devouring element. But this only makes more fires in another direction. It travels very rapidly and I passed yesterday trees flaming to their very summit. When it is considered the fires occur every summer and for the time, destroy hundreds of acres of vegetation, it will readily be imagined that a

great extent of country is absolutely required for grazing, poor as it is at best. So much the more absurd are the Government Land Regulations. From the above causes flocks are obliged continually to shift their ground at this season. Nay, even without the aid of fire, the pasturage now is everywhere very scanty, from the drought. The choice spots, even all the year, are to be found only near water; lagoons and deep swamps.

I have finished my wheelbarrow and a very excellent one it is. I am as pleased a a boy with a new plaything. I have made also today a ladder for our cart, to carry our hay, for which we have fixed Monday (instead of this day) to fetch some and must be out all night. The Ommanneys have been unfortunate in their stock. A calf died of the heat and two cows since. While Mr. Ommanney was in the bush all their animals strayed away, and were lost for a week, among them a cow just calved and in full milk. Poor Mrs. Ommanney sent about in all directions, but like Saul's asses, "they found them not." On Mr. Ommanney's return from surveying he employed an experienced hand and they were at last discovered grazing near the Capel about 17 miles off. It is supposed they met with a poisonous plant. As a great treat I bought a cheese yesterday, very common and very dear, 1/9 lb. We were sadly in want of something to eat and I have never ceased regretting the loss of my barrel of cheeses of which I never hear any tidings. A biscuit and a bit of cheese does very well at a pinch, instead of a meal, washed down with tea or coffee. We took to Bunbury another supply of fruit; I hope the boys have established a market.

When shall we see the *Elizabeth*? I have mentioned that I sent letters to India by Mr. Little for the overland mail and now he is returned but I have no reply to any of them. I have received no part of the money collected for me (said to be £50, but only £30 has been paid in) and of this I have received intimation that £25 is forthcoming. Why any of it is retained I can only surmise and I suspect it has been made use of. So much for a young, needy Government Resident. Such treatment would hardly be credited in England. King Waller 1st is playing his hands to seize upon everything.

10 o'clock: I had written thus far when John came to tell me the fire of yesterday was creeping up to our palings, so I have been to help whip it out with boughs. This is easy when there is little else but leaves to feed it; when it gets among high grass, scrub, old decayed wood and grass trees it is impossible to stop it. The forest presented a singular scene at a distance; almost like a Vauxhall. A long line of fires was seen through the trees, lighting up all the branches, here and there a flaming stump, or tree hollowed out and burning like a chimney on fire. The embers of the prostrate trees



ST. ALBAN'S, HIGHGATE HILL, OPENED 13/6/1889

sparkling in the dark; from which also streams of sparks were every now and then carried by the breeze. We must burn about our premises tomorrow. No wonder animals are scanty. Crows are the only creatures that seem to delight in the fires. They are to be seen accompanying the fiercest, flying about in the smoke to catch the small reptiles, grasshoppers, etc., which, of course, are thickly on the move before their more formidable enemy. There is something very gloomy and almost infernal in these black attendants skimming about on occasions. I must now to bed.

Monday, 27th February, 1843.

This Indian ship has made our poor infant settlement quite gay. I had none, however, of the visitors at church yesterday, either at Picton or Bunbury, though a fair congregation at the latter place. John and William have been on board the *Hooghly* and were much amused, she being manned by foreign sailors and having many animals on board; monkeys, gazelles, etc.

On Saturday I was favoured with a long and very agreeable visit from Captain Lawes (or Lowes) some official under the E.I. Co. I was much gratified in finding in him an echo of my own sentiments on some subjects relating to this colony. He appears a warm friend to the Church and entered very cordially into my situation here. He has promised to tell Bishop Broughton what he has seen. I scarcely know a more intellectual treat than he has before him and with money in his pocket and two years' furlough; he tells me that he goes from hence to Van Diemen's Land; next to Port Phillip; thence across the country to Sydney; then to New Zealand. On his return he will next visit most places of sacred story in Palestine and make Jerusalem his headquarters for some time. He will be able to tell Bishop Alexander that he has visited the first church erected in this new district of Western Australia, originally sprung from that which he is now endeavouring to resuscitate.

This morning two more gentlemen paid me a very long visit, Captain Thomson, Bengal Native Infantry, and Captain Baily, of the *Hooghly*. The former is a very agreeable, gentlemanly man. He knows something of young Henry Phillips, says he is well and steady, but was very slightly wounded in the head in traversing a pass with his regiment in Afghanistan. I find there are goods to be bought on board and I am going to visit the ship on Thursday (she sails on Saturday) to see if my pocket can command a few necessaries; there are boots and shoes. At present we are wearing amongst us two pairs which by great good luck we obtained from the corporal at the Barracks who was permitted to sell them (being Government Stores) and find others that fitted him. They cost

however £1 and 18/-. William says they were his own—however we have got them and honestly and loyally. We gave our visitors some fine fruit, which they were pleased to praise very much. I am very glad that strangers, gentlemen and churchmen have been here and more so as they seemed favourably impressed with what they saw.

Tomorrow early we start for our haystack. We could not go today because we had no provisions to take with us. John will now have a good opportunity to send to Port Phillip about his things and my letter to the Bishop will go direct.

Sunday, 5th March, 1843.

Just after the fatigue of duty I have been called to help put out a fire which had caught our fence, at the back of my 15 acres and done some damage. These bush fires are a very great nuisance for the time, though they ultimately do good. The whole country round us has been in a burning state. The air filled with smoke and white dust, adding greatly to the heat and suffocating closeness. The heat indeed has been most oppressive for these ten days past. I was in a perfect bath in church this evening; very few people attended. If they were more in the habit of coming at other times I really could not much wonder at this during the intense heat of the day.

On Tuesday we made our expedition after our hay and succeeded in getting home by 2 o'clock on Thursday, about one quarter of a ton. We had to take a line over sandhills next the sea, where carts had never gone before, sometimes locking both wheels and once in ascending we had to unload part and carry the trusses up the hill on our shoulders, i.e., the boys did. Notwithstanding all this and the great heat of the weather, I was none the worse for my exertions, sleeping soundly under a tree and relishing our bush fare. We had to dig for water and found plenty. Our plan is (this indispensable requisite being secured) to make a fire, burn the bush around to prevent its spreading during the night and to banish mosquitoes, and water and tether the bullocks. Then comes forth the iron pot for our soup, consisting of onions, potatoes, biscuit and anything in the way of meat we happen to have with us, or to kill. A coffee pot also is got ready to boil our tea (certainly the most refreshing beverage in a hot country). After prayers we make our bed on the sand and sleep soundly without any covering at this season except towards morning, when a blanket is just warm enough to be comfortable. On the strength of this load of hay we begin ploughing tomorrow. Our difficulties were rather augmented by our having two young but very powerful bullocks, which we were breaking in. We have the use of them from Captain Molloy

for nine months, for doing so, as I have before mentioned. We have made them quite tame. I think the boys would have given in if I had not been with them. They are now pleased at having accomplished what was feared was all but impracticable.

We were disappointed and misinformed by the natives respecting a swamp across which we intended to pass to cut off the hills, but which has not dried up so as to bear the weight of a bullock. Not having returned home in time to visit the *Hooghly* on Thursday, I went on board on Friday, when I found a handsome ship dinner set out for Mr. Clifton & Co., who accordingly arrived with a boat-load of ladies and gentlemen. We had plenty of champagne and other good things; a contrast indeed to my previous bush fare! I spent a pleasant evening and came ashore in the Commissioner's boat at about 7 o'clock, but it was then very hot even on the water. There were some beautiful horses. I inspected the goods for sale, but many were sad rubbish and would not do. I procured three pairs of shoes, or slippers, and some straw hats for the boys, India mats for the church, goblets or water coolers, some curry powder and 1lb. wax candles for Mary's bedroom, having never yet had a candle of any kind for use before.

Mrs. Thompson, two nice girls and a little boy were with her husband, with plenty of Indian servants of both sexes. Personal attendance is nowhere so amply provided for as in India, while we poor Australians can hardly get our shoes cleaned. The ship sails for the Swan tomorrow, where she remains ten days and then starts for the south. The *Elizabeth* is in at the Swan at last! We have received our letters by her, with a host of newspapers, for which I am truly thankful. Since, however, their date is antecedent to those which arrived by the *Lady Grey* they contain no new information on the topic nearest my heart, I mean respecting dear Henry. All the chief public events recorded in the papers, we were acquainted with through other previous arrivals. It was most delightful, however, to read the family details of my dear relatives and we are very grateful for the kindly supply of clothing, which the *Elizabeth* will, in about 10 days, bring down for us.

Our import duties will be 2½ per cent, but I shall be puzzled what value to put on these things. This new duty is very hard and very unpopular, for ours is a new district struggling into existence and should not be *at first,* subjected to the same taxes as that of the Swan which is so much better able to pay. Our letters are six in number, two from dear Agnes, one each from Richard, Emily, Miss Percival and her brother and Agnes, Jr. My kind friend, Ann Telford, also wrote in one of my sister's letters. All these shall be answered and therefore I need not dwell here on their contents. Thank God all my friends were well at the time of their writing,

but what an interval it is since June last! The *Elizabeth* put in at Rio, and made the Australian coast somewhere near Shark's Bay (north of Fremantle) and was six weeks beating down to the Swan. Provisions had run short and the crew began to feel distressed. Indeed, they have had a long passage (upwards of six months) even for the *Elizabeth* which is known to be a slow sailing vessel.

My second visit to the Swan in order to be present at the opening of Fremantle Church will probably take place in a fortnight and it will enable me to put in force a long cherished plan, that of escorting down on horseback, Mrs. Ash, our much prized friend and fellow-voyager. She, poor woman, has now no tie here and is just the sort of person to be a comfort to Mary, whose strength fails her sadly. She is desirous to join us, is clever at many things, fond of children and fond of teaching and delights, upon principle, in being of use to others. The terms on which she comes are perfectly friendly and I anticipate great assistance from her in many things, with a saving of expense. Coming from Bristol, she has told us all about Vincent Stanton, his ordination, curacy and appointment to the China Mission. She dreaded the sea and could only come down by my riding with her. In the short space of less than two years the greatest difficulties of the road to Fremantle have been removed, by new-discovered and much shorter lines, the establishment of a ferry and erection of houses for travellers, so that we shall accomplish the journey, I have no doubt, in three days easily. But a full account shall be given.

The would-be astronomers here are all puzzled at a very singular meteoric appearance in the west, which has shown itself several nights soon after sundown, or rather just after dark. It is shining very vividly tonight. Part of it is invisible below the horizon, but a long stream of light is thrown up in a slanting direction like the tail of a comet. Some wise ones say it is a comet; if so, I never saw so large a one. Mrs. Clifton has pronounced it the Australis Aurora, but it is utterly unlike what has been described of the Borealis. From its always appearing in the same place and position, in the precise direction in which the sun has set and disappearing, or seeming dispersed, after a time, perhaps it is the effect of the extreme rarified state of the air in the direction of the setting sun. If it appears larger every night, which is said to be the case and gets higher in the heavens so as to exhibit plainly a termination of its lower extremity, or head, perhaps it may prove a comet. I am quite ignorant on these matters. If it be such, I hope it will not prove *belli fera signa* either at home or abroad. I will attempt to give an idea of this phenomenon on paper, what I would thus describe very feebly in a pictorial way

is its appearance from the top of our hill behind our house, on the horizon formed by the summits of the forest trees. We have a new moon but she can have nothing to do with it. The lunar rainbow I mentioned having been some time ago was a complete arch, colourless and pale, whereas this light is more fiery, brighter and much stronger at its lower visible part and we have not had a drop of rain for many weeks. These unskilled speculations will doubtless create a smile.

I must now quickly descend from my exalted contemplations of the heavens, for I have clumsily soiled several sheets in advance with oil from my nasty flaring lamp. I must cut them out and back on others. We are wretchedly-off for lights. Our whale oil, being the black sort, will not burn in any but common burners and sperm is not to be had; it is generally all sent home. Besides, it is far more expensive. This is hard, surrounded with whale as we are. It is a great treat to sit by the light of a candle, although common tallow are to be had they waste away very fast; wax is best, or composition.

Tuesday, 7th March, 1843.

Ophthalmia is now very prevalent. Mary, myself and the two girls are troubled with it, especially poor little Sophy, who can hardly see. The eyes become violently inflamed and swelled and discharge copiously. We have an ointment which is efficacious and I hope with care and attention we shall conquer this troublesome and somewhat painful complaint. I have observed its prevalence to be at the hottest season. I have at last received from Mr. Eliot a cheque for £30 as part of, or in lieu of (I know not which) the £50 ostentatiously published six months ago as about to be presented to me in consideration of my having for a year and a half performed the duties of the district without any emolument. If this was intended as a compliment, the unfair delay and manner of its presentation have completely neutralized the intention. I am very thankful to get the money, but of course it will not be repeated. I wanted it sadly to pay for stores.

Mr. Ferguson is appointed, *pro tem.,* Surgeon to the W.A. Co. in room of Mr. Harris, so he has resumed practice. I am glad of this, for we like him much, although thank God, we have as yet had no occasion to employ him professionally. He called yesterday on his return from the Vasse and gave us a very hopeless account of poor Mrs. Molloy. The truth is, her life, humanly speaking, has been sacrificed for want of attention on the part of her medical attendant. I have written two or three times to her and sent her medicine today, forwarded from Australind.

Wednesday, 8th March, 1843.

The appearance of the supposed comet is most extraordinary. It is now an immense size, I mean its tail, and we see it every night. It is seen higher in the heavens and appears very near, the whole of it being at last visible for a short time, the lower termination or head having the semblance of a star. (Very small twinklings). I have seen a comet in England but this is enough to startle anyone by its great size and length. Such a sight sets one musing deeply. I wish we had some good astronomer here to tell us something about it. The poor natives are frightened; they attribute all these things to an evil agency, foreboding no good to blackfellow and can hardly be made to look at it. Our native, Donald, tonight after beholding it a few seconds in mute astonishment, fell to coughing and spitting which we understood to be for the purpose of getting rid of the evil spirit. We cannot make them comprehend our views, nor will they pay attention to any assurances from us that all things are in the hands and under the superior control of a good Almighty and Beneficent Being. So much is the appearance altered since Sunday night that I must endeavour once more, on the other side, to give my friends in the opposite hemisphere a representation, in my rude and clumsy way, of so rare and striking a phenomenon.

We now see clearly it is a comet, and a very magnificent one. The above is not at all one of proportion, as seen from the end of our old house, due west. It is travelling eastward, and therefore we see more of it every night and I suppose it will be visible to us for some time to come. We shall, doubtless, hear all about it by and by.

Saturday, 11th March, 1843.

Our ploughing goes on well. It has been very dusty, hot work. The dust is so fine it is taken in with the breath and is very choky for the husbandman. As for the skin, rubbing the face to drive off the flies while streams of perspiration are falling down, smears it, as may be easily imagined, in a most effectual and disguising manner. We might have truly said, *fervet opus*. We had one shower on Wednesday night which laid the dust a little for an hour or two, but today we have had a heavy fall of rain, of some continuance, accompanied with lightning and the heaviest thunder I ever heard. We have never experienced such here before. One peal which burst directly over our house was awful, and rolled away over the forest like the sound of distant artillery, in the grandest manner. Each flash was followed by a peal. We hope these rains are the precursors of winter, although it is very early for the rainy

season to begin. The weather has been too cloudy to observe the comet for several nights. We must now be on the watch to get in our early garden seeds, especially cabbage and onions. Mary and Mrs. Ommanney are kindly making for me a light dress to ride to Perth with, of what is termed Quaker's check, not, however, recommended by Mrs. Clifton. Black cloth is dreadfully oppressive, besides I want to save my best coat. With clothing for ordinary wear, adapted to the climate (shoes and hats excepted) very little expense is necessary here. Straw hats are generally worn (Indian made) but on professional occasions a clergyman must wear beaver and mine had become so rusty from the sun that I have inked it over to make it look better. A hat is an awkward thing to carry at all times, except on the head, and bush riding and sleeping wears them away very fast.

I have today despatched two joint letters to my sister and brother, with a packet of Colonial newspapers. They will go to Van Diemen's Land by the mail of the *Hooghly* and be forwarded to England probably from Hobart Town. Therein I have mentioned my plan for Teddy, upon which he will enter next week. I have consented to place him with Mr. Child, whose conduct and character have been most exemplary, in his store at Bunbury. He is to board with him and have his washing done and receive a small salary, the amount of which cannot be settled yet and to participate in any future advantages of the concern. When we have secured the cultivation of a sufficient quantity of land for our maintenance in the case of disappointment in any other undertaking John seems inclined to turn his attention to surveying for which there appears an opening under Government. I think this will be a good safe undertaking if he perseveres. The work in summer is, however, the most trying of all descriptions of employment and I do not, on that account, wonder at the Government finding difficulty in getting young men to undertake it. I am thankful that John's health appears now established.

It is not improbable that some account will one day appear in print of the *Hooghly's* visit to Leschenault. Captain Lawes, before mentioned, is evidently a journalising tourist, ambitious to appear a man of letters. He was incessantly writing whilst here and his manner of asking questions indicated his desire to remember the answers. So, if an advertisement should by and by appear in England of some such book as "Australasian Sketches" by Captain Lawes, so and so and so and so, of the Hon. E.I. Co.'s service, a description of this district may be looked for, but as to scenery, I suspect rather overdrawn. Mere travellers of pleasure who see everything *coleur de Rose,* especially after a residence in India, in parts of which not a twig is to be seen and at the end of a

dull, tedious voyage, are not the persons to give correct general idea of the country.

There are many beautiful limited prospects in which the grouping of the trees and the variation and brilliance of their tints are striking and peculiar, but the general prospect of the country is by no means inviting. There is no such thing, hereabouts, approaching the grand or magnificent in scenery, and water, except near lakes and estuaries, can rarely be brought into view. It was interesting to discuss, by means of our late visitors from India, the comparative merit of the two countries. This has in many respects, I think, greatly the advantage, except in two important particulars—viz., abundance of servants and cheapness of living. A fat sheep in India may be purchased for two shillings. I am afraid there is no probability of a commercial intercourse between this country and India at present. If steam navigation were adopted, then indeed it might answer and be mutually beneficial. It is asserted the winds are by no means so constant and favourable as I was led to suppose. A shipment of mutton and potatoes is gone to the Mauritius, as a speculation; the first of the kind from the Swan. Without an export trade of some sort, I am not political economist enough to see how the colony can materially improve. I leave these things to more able heads. I must now turn my thoughts to what I understand better; preparation for the service of tomorrow.

Monday, 13th March, 1843.

I am waiting for a wedding at my church before I go to work. A slight attempt has been made to continue Church marriages at a private house, chiefly for the convenience of the Sub-Registrar, who by the new Local Act is obliged to be present, but I took care to let my sentiments and intentions be known on such irregularities, where a necessity for them no longer existed and the people now come quietly to the Church to be married. St. Paul's decency and order have, hitherto, been utterly lost sight of here and it is only by being seriously and steadily particular in these matters that people can be brought to observe and appreciate them.

Poor William is very ill with a violent bilious attack. He has been in great pain and now lies exhausted on his bed. We have done all we could for him and hope when his medicine has had proper effect and the retching subsides he will be better. These attacks are not uncommon in the hot weather, nor indeed, bowel complaints generally. Exposure to the sun, hard work, above all improper diet in quantity and quality, are obvious causes of these effects. Until last night, at Mrs. Ommanney's we had not tasted bread for ten days. I went there for tea. Rice and potatoes, although most

valuable, do not afford the support that good wholesome bread does. For my part I feel it may well be called the "staff of life." We have killed a kid today. Beef, mutton and butter we never see now, being unable to afford to buy and not yet having any of our own. Our chief dependence at present is on kangaroo, which is occasionally varied by cockatoos, wallabys, bandicoots, fish, etc. Our cooking too, is very ordinary, chiefly now done by Joe, and with very spare and worn culinary apparatus. However we shall do better as we get on. We must thank God and take courage.

The wedding party has just gone. Drawn by four bullocks a cart filled with smart females, the other sex, jackets and red shirts, with straw hats. I must now go to a little job of thatching I have in hand.

At night I am sitting up with George nursing William, John having gone to bed unwell. I have made Mary also go to bed. It is a close, hot night. I have nothing on but my shirt. William is now quiet; we have used warm baths and other safe remedies. We fancy his complaint is bilious colic. If he is not better in the morning we shall send for medical advice, but I trust this will not be necessary. These are very trying occasions in the wilderness.

I have today received the bill of lading and invoice of the goods coming down by the *Elizabeth,* forwarded by Manning. The latter will remove all difficulty in passing them through the customs here. I could not otherwise have guessed at the value of the things.

I have above alluded to our being without bread. This requires a little explanation, for we have still left the best part of our wheat, but this has to be thrashed and ground. We dare not open the stack in unsettled weather (the case just now) and are in the midst of ploughing. We are not now strong enough in hands to do two things at once. I bespoke a man to come and thrash at 1/- a bushel, but he has disappointed us. Shakespeare somewhere says (or something like it) "when a hungry man has wheat, he must tarry the thrashing, when it is thrashed he must tarry the grinding, when it is ground he must tarry the bolting, when it is bolted he must tarry the kneading, when it is kneaded he must tarry the baking, when it is baked he must tarry the cooling, else he may chance to burn his mouth!" All this tarrying we are pretty well used to and without barn or mill with horse power, or windmill, we must always tarry the two first.

Manning tells me that at the time of his writing (August 1st) England was in a wretched state with its population. If so, common people here ought to be more thankful and better behaved. He also confirms what we had heard respecting the supposed awful loss of our ship the *Henry.* The supposition is she foundered at sea and

all on board perished! She has never been heard of since she left Moulmain (India) on her return. She was so nearly wrecked at the Swan and her timbers sustained such a shaking when she repeatedly stuck on the sand bank (as I have described in a former part of this Journal) that she could hardly have been seaworthy for a prolonged voyage. How mercifully were we preserved! How dreadful the fate of her wrong-headed captain, her dishonest and crafty steward and drunken mate! I feel so tired and my eyes are so weak I must suspend my writing, although the stillness around me is very favourable to such an occupation. I am, too, a little anxious about our invalid.

Tuesday, 14th March, 1853.

William, thank God, is much better and now suffers only from weakness. I have therefore given him quinine. I wish we had brought more common drugs. They are most useful here. We have supplied many in cases of emergency; I have continual applications.

A new colonial-built cutter, the *Water-witch,* is arrived from the Swan, bound for Adelaide. The *Champion* also has been in the Port and landed more soldiers. We shall now have 24 here. I believe the Military Force throughout the colony is to be increased. I more particularly mention these circumstances because they are indications, though trifling, of the gradual progress of things.

Letters from Messrs. Broun and King, Fremantle, telling me the new church will not be ready for six weeks and that it is contemplated the meeting of the clergy should then take place. I must therefore arrange our friend Mrs. Ash's journey in some way or other. Two journeys to Perth will be too much for me. Poor Hymus has been very ill in prison, from mental distress. He has behaved well, Mr. Broun says, and was relieved by my letter. His abandoned wife goes on as bad as ever and what to do for the younger children I know not. I have, however, drawn up a memorial to the Governor for the exercise of the prerogative vested in him in a mitigation of the sentence and for a Government allowance of bread for the poor children. This will be numerously signed and I shall accompany it by a private letter to His Excellency. We reckoned too soon on the return of cooler weather. Since the rain it has been very close and the sun most powerful. The month of March, as we were told, is the worst in the year. We have been obliged to suspend our more severe labours, to say nothing of some of us being unwell. I can hardly see out of one eye, which is inflamed and swelled. I have nearly cured Sophy's; the complaint is very general. I finished my thatching today notwithstanding.

A venomous black snake haunts a certain Temple of the Muses in our garden, has been seen two or three times, but eludes us. We

must kill him if we can; serious effects often follow the bite of this reptile. I daresay we shall catch him basking in the sun, for all are personally interested in his destruction.

Wednesday, 15th March, 1843.

Dear John's 23rd birthday.

Our dear Teddy is gone today to commence his mercantile occupation at Bunbury. I have stipulated that he shall always have his Sunday and not be employed, on that day, in bookkeeping and writing mere letters of business. William is now convalescent and for once and away I have proved myself a tolerable doctor.

We have been disturbed by thieves in the grapery. The lads and dogs chased some persons (boys, I suspect) a good way into the bush between 7 and 8 this evening, but could not catch them. We have long suspected our fruit has been taken; we must therefore enclose more effectually. This, I suppose, is the march of civilization in Australia. Hitherto, we have never thought of fastening a door at night. There are some good-for-nothing boys (sons of a sawyer) a little way off, who are always in mischief. I have little doubt they are the culprits. Property is more secure 20 miles in the bush than near settlements.

Thursday, 16th March, 1843.

The most convenient time for writing I find to be after tea, a little before bed-time. It is only little by little that I can write at all. Sometimes I have more leisure and am less fatigued; then I can spin on to a greater extent. Mary is gone this afternoon to see Mrs. Ommanney. Mr. Ommanney is not sufficiently considerate of his wife when he goes into the bush surveying.

It is common here for neighbours to borrow food of one another, to be repaid in kind. Mrs. Ommanney sent today for two pieces of pork and a bottle of port wine, not having a morsel of meat of any kind for all her household, nor any strengthening beverage for herself, although she is a nurse. We have had no pork for weeks, but Mary took her part of a bottle of port wine; the only one we had. This will show how we colonists are obliged to live until we can, by farming, command the necessaries of life. We have ploughed about two acres since we began this year (this is exclusive of what we call the garden) and cleared altogether about six. We shall miss Teddy sadly as our huntsman, for we shall have one hand less in the field. His present new employment, however, is much better for him and more likely, under providence, to lead to a provision for life. We shall probably have to continue our ploughing at intervals until July or August, for most of the

garden must be ploughed, after manuring, for maize and potatoes. I shall have to be at some expense for seed this year, but hope I shall be able to meet it. The land here has never been cultivated as it ought to be. Our predecessors have fancied anything would produce abundantly if merely scratched into the earth. But this is a mistake; at any rate, manure and cultivation will repay the trouble. Great ignorance too of common agriculture and horticulture has prevailed. A little anecdote will illustrate this. Captain Coffin (of whom I bought this place) one day desired his man to dig a piece of ground, and signified his intention of sowing it himself; the man, curious to know what his master could thus reserve for his own skill, on inspection found it was pearl barley, which the Yankee actually sowed accordingly. I suppose he anticipated some extraordinary return in the sale of an article never before grown in Western Australia. This was pretty well for one who, Jonathan-like, was always boasting of what his garden would produce. The mountain did not bring forth even a mouse.

Farming has hitherto been carried on here after a very slovenly, rambling manner; here a piece and there a piece, according as the soil promised best, and there were fewest trees, but a small quantity of ordinary land near home, well and annually cultivated, will yield great and better crops than this lazy method. Virgil's advice is sound and sensible, he must have been a good farmer:—*Laudato ingentia rura; Exiguum colito . . .*

If I could lay out a couple of hundred pounds now, they would bring me 100 per cent this time next year. Flour, people must have; this therefore and fresh meat are the two articles which my boys could always get a good market for, if they had any to dispose of. Wages, horses, etc., can be paid for in these. As yet we have not enough wheat for our own consumption and it has been seen how badly off we have been for meat. The colonial farmer should always have a small flock of sheep, and a few head of cattle, to start with. For the rest he must depend upon the sweat of his brow. From 100 to 200 ewes and 10 to 20 cows is by no means a large allowance. Our whale boat has been hauled up and repaired; she was found not so much damaged as expected. This was a nice job and beyond our skill, so I had to pay a man 30/- for doing it, but I have painted her myself and she will be launched again on Saturday. We lost by not having her ready to take fruit to the *Hooghly* in the Bay.

Saturday, 18th March, 1843.

A letter from Captain Molloy informs me his poor wife is worse and a great sufferer and requests I will write again. I have done so and now my journey to the Swan is postponed, shall go to

see her next week. I have written to Mr. Ferguson to ask him to accompany me. She wants a hydrostatic bed, but how we are to contrive such a thing here I know not. Every modern contrivance for the relief of the sick and bedridden is required here, as elsewhere, but no one ever thinks of bringing out these things. Mrs. Molloy will lose her life for want of nursing. It was nearly the same with poor Dr. Carpenter. Because God overrules all things we are to neglect to take the proper measures for recovery from sickness but if we do this in a right spirit it must be pleasing in His sight. The fact is, no emigrant anticipates the probability of sickness; so far from it that in many cases invalids come hither in the certainty of recovery. But no country in the world is exempt from the ills which flesh is heir to.

Teddy is to come up to pass Sunday with us and says he likes business very well. The *Elizabeth* is expected tomorrow. This will be a relief to many, for provisions, especially flour and pork, are very scarce. Mrs. Ommanney, expecting her husband home today, killed a fowl for him and she and Agnes (who often spends a few useful hours with her) dined yesterday on the inside of the said fowl made into a sort of stew. The worst of living here at present is we get all one thing or all another. Meat without bread, bread without meat, and most frequently rice without either, and nothing to drink but water and that not of the best. I have tasted nothing like a good draught from an English pump; clear, bright and cold. The water here is strongly impregnated with iron.

The comet is seen every night when there are no clouds, but much fainter from the superior brilliancy of the moon. I have seen no public notice taken of it as yet. I must now look over my sermon. I have another wedding tomorrow.

How the fresh accession of soldiers are to be accommodated in the small room in which I officiate at Bunbury I am at a loss to think. A church will soon be necessary there; much sooner than I at first imagined. But having built one, how am I to enter upon a second?

Sunday, 19th March, 1843.

I had quite a military congregation at Bunbury this morning from the recent addition to our complement of soldiers. They always behave well and especially in the presence of their officer. I wish I could say as much of the common people; they too are in the presence of their Commander-in-chief, but because they do not see Him, they forget Him. It is only worldly discipline indeed which compels the soldier to be regular in his attendance at church and well behaved whilst there, but he does not feel the compulsion;

it is part of his business and he is in the way of instruction for his soul's good; it ought to be the first business of every man to put himself in the way of like instruction.

The bride's name at the wedding today was Comfort Stanton.

Monday, 20th March, 1843.

We obtained a man at last to thrash our wheat, i.e., the remainder of it, while we pursued our clearing and ploughing. Today we have put it away in casks. We must be satisfied and thankful for the return we have obtained, but it is by no means great, at the rate of only about 12 bushels per acre. Our land is not so well calculated for wheat as for barley and potatoes, it being too light. On the best land 20, 25, 30 and even 38 bushels per acre have been obtained. Ours was the first crop, after once ploughing only, so that we may expect better things another harvest. The caterpillars destroyed a good deal and much is unavoidably wasted by thrashing and dressing abroad, which we are obliged to do. It is calculated 8 bushels per head per annum are required for a family. If this be correct, we cannot support ourselves until we raise from 90 to 100 bushels a year. Our quantity by this year has been only 35 bushels.

We have killed poultry of late and it is well we have it. We wish them to grow as large as possible before we venture upon them. Necessity, however, has compelled us to eat them half grown. Today not a morsel of anything remained for the whole family, so three chickens were sacrificed and I dressed them myself, the rest being engaged with the wheat and stubbing. Tomorrow early we must grind, to get something to eat for breakfast. We have given up the idea of sending to Mr. Bussell's mill at the Vasse, on account of the distance and expense. I go there tomorrow to visit poor Mrs. Molloy and shall probably return the next day. I can't describe how much I long for a bit of damper for breakfast tomorrow. A good thick slice of bread and butter we should every one of us jump at.

It may not be agreeable to the reader my saying so much about eating in this Journal, but unless I give an account of our occasional privations, no correct conclusions can be drawn of our colonial life and this subject is continually forced upon us by necessity. Things, please God, will not always be so. How I long to dismiss these cares from my mind cannot be truly imagined by anyone who has not experienced what it is to supply food for a large family where there are no victuallers. Until I came hither, I never gave a thought to my meals except when I sat down to them. Nothing will keep this weather; yesterday was tremendously hot. Even when food is to be bought, the prices demanded are such

as few incomes can stand for daily consumption. But enough of this for the reader, though not enough for the hungry colonist.

Tuesday, 21st March, 1843.

I am going to the Vasse after breakfast. Joe was saucy last night about his supper and I had to set him right this morning and have had him grinding some wheat and sifting the flour with the assistance of John and William (George is out hunting) to stop the sulks arising from empty stomachs, for chicken broth and potatoes are too small a diet for two meals running. They must have dumplings for dinner if George does not come in until night. Added to all this bother is a heavy wash on hand.

I found it impossible to leave home this morning with so much to do and many to think for, tired beforehand as I was; although my pony was saddled, I gave it up. I had the less hesitation in doing this, because Mr. Hester called on his way to the Vasse and took my letters to Mrs. Molloy which should have gone on Saturday. Mr. Ferguson has gone down by water. On second thought, too, it may be better if I wait a reply to these. Our wants have been as usual providentially supplied by George's return with four kangaroos. The *Elizabeth* has been trying to come in since 4 o'clock yesterday and is now in Geographe Bay, having passed ours. So her arrival is still uncertain. She must work back again. It will be more than seven months* from the time of her leaving London until we get our things from her. The uncertain intervals between the beginning and end of voyage should always be taken into consideration by those in England who are sending so far to their friends, and as to letters, the best way is not to be setting on foot enquiries about ships, the replies of which are often calculated to mislead, but to post the letter at once, pay 8d. and put in corner "per first ship."

My poor wife is gone to bed the very picture of fatigue, having been washing with the two girls, i.e., Agnes and Hymus. I must have prayers and follow.

Friday, 24th March, 1843.

Wearied with a heavy wash. I must do this work myself or hire labourers out of doors to supply the boys' place. They have been hard at work getting in a field of early potatoes against the rains. These are to be taken up as new; another and the main crop will be put in in September. Nothing goes against the grain so much as washing. I cannot imagine any work more disagreeable and awkward to a gentleman. They who have it done for them and

*Elizabeth dropped anchor at Leschenault, March 23, 1843—7 months and 23 days from Manning's date.

need only go to their wardrobe for a clean shirt ought to be thankful. Among sundry other pieces I have washed today 7½ pairs sheets. My helpers were the two girls, Agnes and Ann Hymus, as usual, but poor little things, they are not strong enough to do much and cannot lift a large wet sheet, much less wring it. Tomorrow we think of going to Bunbury to fetch our packages by the *Elizabeth*. They are now landed. I say we think of going, for circumstanced as we are, with foods to provide and no servants, we can rarely make arrangements for the morrow to go from home even for half a day. It has been said the first year of an emigrant's life is the worst; I do not think so. After 12 months or two years the various stores brought are exhausted, money is scarce and although progress is made in establishing his family, little or no return is yet experienced and the very circumstances of his progress brings more work to be done.

I have heard again yesterday from Captain Molloy and hope to go down on Monday. Mr. Ferguson has no hope of Mrs. Molloy. 30 miles is a good way and must take 3 days, to be of any service to the poor suffering invalid, who wishes to receive the Lord's Supper, returning on the third. She is not in any immediate danger. Her back is one mass of sores. The attempt at a water bed totally failed. I mean to try again, when there, what I can do with a new mackintosh cloak I have. Mr. Ferguson and Captain Molloy could contrive only a trough to hold the water. Over this they spread an old mackintosh, but it let the water through directly, all which was worse than if it had not been tried, because the disturbance and disappointment to the poor sufferer, Mr. Ferguson told me, was great. Poor Dr. Carpenter suffered in a similar manner. In either of these cases of desperate weakness a water bed would, humanly speaking, have greatly contributed to the restoration of two valuable persons, whose deaths have been and will be most deeply felt. In both cases I hope and trust all the loss is or will be on the side of the survivors.

My journal, I see, gets very dull, but I cannot help it. It is a hard matter and would be deceptive to write cheerfully when the mind is absorbed with oppressive thoughts. I mean, the pen, to be a pen of truth, must follow the spring of the mind, whether it is contracted or expanded according to circumstances at the time of its use. I know that I am not alone for God is with me and He is all in all to those who trust in Him. Yet I hope I may be pardoned some anxiety and longing to hear what friends in England will be able to do to relieve my present heavy burdens in bodily labour and enable me, by timely assistance, to secure most speedily and with less exhaustion of physical strength at my time of life, that provision which I doubt not is in the future for us all. My health

is still good, thank God; the only thing I am inconvenienced by is dimness of sight.

Sunday, 26th March, 1843.

Having had more duty than common today, I find undressing and reclining in a bed a great relief. The attendance at church is evidently increasing, for which I am very thankful. The weeks slip away very fast and Sunday comes round almost before I am aware of it. Dear William was 22 years old yesterday! This remark is very commmonplace, but we certainly become more sensible of it as we advance in life. The boys (although men grown, I must call them so) fetched home yesterday the packages from the *Elizabeth*. We unpacked them last night. Considering the length of the voyage and the careless packing, we are fortunate that nothing sustained any damage except the sieves. The heavy ironshod shoes were placed in these, without anything to protect the brass wires. They were consequently rusted in places and one broken. These things cannot be replaced here and Manning should have taken care to protect the wires. Two sieves were bought for me at Fremantle which are nearly useless from the same cause. No article of leather should ever be suffered to come in contact with anything which is to be kept dry, not even when packed in tin, for it invariably communicates damp. With careful oiling and a gentle usage, I hope the sieves will, notwithstanding, be very serviceable. All the goods are excellent of their kind and most acceptable. The Bibles were a little mouldy but not as to damage them. I longed to find some trifling personal remembrance from somebody when rummaging the many crevices between the goods, but dear Tullie's package of books was the only one there.

Welcome letters indeed we found put in by Henry, from Miss Percival, Miss Webb, Miss Parlley and Tom Ramsden, full of (to us) interesting details of our old parishioners and neighbours. There were half a dozen words outside from Henry and that was all from our son, separated fourteen thousand miles from us. We are very thankful for the timely supply of shoes, for the boys have been obliged to work without any. I shall not be able to resume my pen until my return from the Vasse, whither I have finally arranged to go tomorrow. I shall start as early as I can wake up. God bless all my friends this night and evermore.

Saturday, 1st April 1843.

I am able only to record at present that I returned from the Vasse yesterday and found the mail arrived with our numerous letters and papers from Perth, brought by the *Success*. The *Janet* is behind calling at the Cape and so poor dear erring Henry is nearing us! God grant him repentance not to be repented of, and

vouchsafe to make me an instrument for his good! My heart is full. I go to Mandurah on Monday to meet Mrs. Ash, and do not expect to be at home again before Thursday or Friday. Mrs. Molloy still lingers on. But full particulars shall be resumed in order, when, D.V., I can command the opportunity.

Tuesday, 11th April, 1843.

Returned from Mandurah with Mrs. Ash on Saturday, but I will resume the thread of my Journal in order, although my mind is in a confused and anxious state, from the multiplicity of thoughts which press upon it. I will do the best I can to recall events, and having had a nap on my bed, will sit up tonight for my friends' sake. I cannot but feel stimulated and gratified by their approval of and interest they take in the portions I have already sent them.

My visit to the Vasse was prolonged by the exhausted and melancholy state of poor Mrs. Molloy. The sufferer being under the influence of repeated opiates, I had to watch my opportunity for conversation and prayer and happily succeeded in drawing her mind to the consideration of the great change which to all appearance awaited her and the all-important duty of "setting her house in order." I need not dwell upon particulars. The day before I left she received the sacrament and her husband for the first time, with her. Her bodily sufferings were greatly relieved by our success in contriving a water bed. Capt. Molloy got a second and proper trough made by the ship's carpenter of a whaler in the bay, of sufficient length to admit the whole body, which he went on board on purpose to obtain. Over this when three-quarters filled with water was loosely spread my new mackintosh (for which I at last find from Tullie's letter I am indebted to the friendly remembrance of Thomas Percival, for it must have have been part of the £5 left with Manning) after the gathering at the collar had been let out. Blankets and sheets completed the bed without any mattress. The relief was immediate and the patient herself assured me the next day she was perfectly free from pain. Captain Molloy found a description of this contrivance of Dr. Arnold's in the Penny Magazine, which shows how useful is the diffusion of these publications.

Dr. Henry Landor came down from Perth and brought more mackintosh cloth which Captain Molloy had written for, but none so large as mine. All however would not do, no means within reach would avail to supply sufficient nourishment to the system. She gradually sunk and it pleased God to remove her from this world of trial on Friday last; she was buried on Sunday. It was a disappointment to me that I could not possibly perform the ceremony. I believe the Service was read by John Bussell. She survived just a week after I left her.

On my return home on the 31st ult. I was, the second time, greeted by the arrival of letters from England, but alas in one respect they confirmed all I dreaded! We may expect Henry's arrival every day. His coming to us now and under such circumstances, will be an additional burden to me, but I return my most grateful thanks to all my friends for their undeserved kindness to my sinful, but I earnestly pray, not lost son. The step that has been taken is the best and only one they could have taken. I have written to the Swan to be informed the moment the *Janet* comes in that I may send to meet him. I wish she had not put in at the Cape, for Henry's sake! Oh! how wilily the Devil leads us on by the sin which most easily besets us! Henry's besetting sin, from an infant, was duplicity. It is remarkable, his mother, in reference to him as a mere baby, used to quote the Psalm: "As soon as they are born they go astray and speak lies." I feel however still a strong hope that he will be brought to see his sin and by God's grace to lament and forsake it. His brothers are all shocked at his conduct and have promised to assist me in bringing him to a better mind, but he must join us immediately. This is a most dangerous country for young men to be left alone in. But now let me try and change the subject. It is a difficult thing for me to do, but will, as I proceed, bring perhaps some relief to the heavy load I feel.

On Monday, after my return from the Vasse, I started for Mandurah by the new road marked and cleared by the company. It is a great saving of time and distance and is free from swamps, but is not well watered for travellers. It runs along the strip of land between Peel's Inlet and the sea to a ferry at the mouth of the inlet. At this time the wells are for the most part dry, so that I had to diverge from the road, often a good way, to ascertain where water was most conveniently to be found for my stages back with Mrs. Ash. The paths leading to water are indicated by a "W" cut in the bark of a tree. I found only two places where there was water at suitable distances for our nightly bivouac. Thus I had to pass two solitary nights in the bush and reached Mandurah at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, the distance from thence being 64 miles. I found Mrs. Ash arrived the night before, having ridden her pony 40 miles. Mr. King had been ill and could not accompany her from Fremantle, so she availed herself of another escort proceeding to the Murray. She beat Miss Bussell out and out as will be seen.

I went to Mr. Peel's (Mrs. Ash was at another house) and on Thursday performed Divine Service at the little church (a hut converted into one) for Mr. King. After getting some dinner, we had our steeds conveyed over the estuary by swimming (there is as yet no horse ferry) and started homewards at about 2.30. We had to

push on sharply to reach our first bivouac before sundown and succeeded. Tea and bread were soon swallowed and I never slept so soundly in my life for I was completely exhausted. Poor Mrs. Ash said she could not sleep at all and no wonder for females must rough it in the bush as well as men; there is no help for it. She surprised me, however, and her pony also, a mere shrimp of an animal, by bravely accomplishing 30 miles the next day, thus bringing our second bivouac within 18 miles of Australind. Here she got a good night's rest in spite of a little rain and the mosquitoes.

The next morning (Saturday) we again set forward in good spirits and got over 10 miles well, when it began to rain and rather heavily. I gave her my boat cloak, but its weight on the tired rider and pony was too great and as we dragged along through the heaviest part of the deep, sandy road, I every now and then turned my head expecting both horse and rider would break down together. However, it cleared up, the cloak was removed and we reached Australind safely, but very wayworn. Having watered our weary beasts, we had next the Collie fords to pass. On arriving at the first I found the waters of the estuary so high I was obliged to mount the lady on my high horse (Hotspur) and lead her pony through on foot, while she followed close behind. This was the most awkward part of the journey from the circuit necessary to be taken into the estuary and round the mouths of the rivers to avoid the deep water. We got through well and without a scream and finally reached home at about 4 o'clock. We are neither of us the worse for our exertions. Mrs. Ash is the most patient creature in the endurance of fatigue and although she is now quite recovered, she must have borne a great deal, for she had no appetite on the road and may be almost said to have ridden 64 weary miles fasting. She will be an inestimable comfort to Mary and a great acquisition to us all, especially to the girls. I had previously done up one of the old cottages for her and she is already installed therein with Agnes and Sophy. We knew her great value on the voyage. If ever people show what they really are it is on board ship in a long voyage. This is a most infallible test.

I now found my dear sister's box arrived by the cutter from Fremantle. Tired as I was that weary night I could not resist unpacking it and such a treat I have not experienced since I left England. God bless her! If her eyes filled about me, I am sure mine did at her kindness and considerate love, as I uncovered each separate article, all most useful and in the best possible order. Dear Tullie's papers and books and the letters about my church too; in short, it was a cordial such as none but those who are exiled and feel as I do can appreciate to the full. As I shall forward letters soon, I shall say nothing more here about this most welcome remembrance of our dear friends in our fatherland.

On Sunday I felt my duty a good deal, but I had a better congregation than usual in the morning. Tullie judged rightly about the bell, the money will be more useful. Yes, I shall endeavour to purchase a ship's bell, for at present I use a common horn to announce the hour of service. For this indeed I have scriptural precedent; but both its sound and its effect are very different from those concerning which "God commanded Moses saying, when they shall blow with them all the assembly shall assemble themselves to thee at the door of the Tabernacle of the Congregation."

A week's absence has entailed upon me a great accumulation of work, which is rather dispiriting. It is most bewildering to see so many things requiring attention and labour and no one but yourself to do them. These things too, most of them, of the most uninviting nature, but Mrs. Ash will be a help to us. Our troubles are so much enhanced by the want of implements and utensils such as, in England, would be thought absolutely necessary. Hence our performances are often very incomplete. We are compelled to do many things in an inferior, and therefore less profitable manner. I may say, *video meliora proboque,* but from necessity *deteriora sequor* and this is vexatious for there is waste in it and "waste makes want." Necessity is indeed the mother of invention, but I question whether any useful invention was ever made without money. And invention attains its height when it most contributes to the relief of bodily labour.

There is an American whaler in the bay but we have nothing to sell him. A schooner also from Java laden with rice. We have eaten all the potatoes we had not previously disposed of. We must grow more. We were forced to have them for breakfast, dinner and supper. We have brought some seed for which the boys went to Vasse last week. For fear these should be devoured also, by general consent they are kept strictly under lock and key. Onions are now our resource. We shall have plenty of vegetables as the soil becomes moistened by the returning rains. We must "tarry the Lord's leisure" in this and everything.

We are now diligently preparing for our seedtime. The rains are commencing. Our winter is by far the pleasantest time of year. As far as our experience goes (now nearly two years) the English seasons may be thus reversed with us—

Western Australian		English
Sep.	Spring	March
Oct.		April
Nov.		May

The gradual manner in which the rains come on with intervals of fine weather and often great heat, will last through the month of May.

Dec.		June
Jan.	Summer	July
Feb.		August

We look for floods and frosts in July and August. For two or three days the sky has been overcast and the sun obscured. From contrast with the generally prevailing sunshine, when the weather is dull here, it is most strikingly so.

March		Sep.
April	Autumn	Oct.
May		Nov.

June		Dec.
July	Winter	Jan.
August		Feb.

Thursday, 13th April, 1843.

While I was sitting up on Tuesday night writing the above a violent gale came on from the north and blew with great force till the next morning. We heard the branches falling around us and our house was shaken more than we ever before experienced. The two vessels in our bay dragged, or broke their anchors and are both ashore, the schooner inside the bar and it is feared both will become wrecks. No lives have been lost, thank God! My mind is very full of Henry and the *Janet*, of which we have as yet heard no tidings. May a long-suffering providence watch over my boy!

Friday, 14th April (Good Friday), 1843.

My visit to Bunbury on duty this morning gave me an opportunity of witnessing the havoc the late gale has made. Trees and branches are blown in all directions. We have discovered a Gum-tree a few hundred yards from the house which was struck by the lightning and splinters rent out from top to bottom in a remarkable way.

The two vessels are, I fear, irreparably wrecked. This, however, was greatly the fault of the larger one by not lowering her topmasts and taking precautions, for which there was ample time. A half-finished store was unroofed and the waves driven inland among the trees. The master of the schooner, having previously chalked down the bearings of the entrance to the estuary, boldly made for the bar in the dark when his vessel began to drag and after hanging on it for some minutes and many severe shocks, she was sent furiously into the inlet. Our boat (newly repaired and painted) happened to be at Bunbury and by Teddy's exertions was the only one not driven from her moorings. But she has been seized and used, in the emergency, yet illegally, so as to damage her, I fear, the third time. There is little redress to be obtained. All law about boats in this new district seems to be set at defiance. In this case there was no peril of life. She was taken to drag for lost anchors. What a terrible and dispiriting interruption has this catastrophe been to the quiet solemnity of this day, not that the awful events which the Christian this day commemorates would have been more thought of had it not happened but from the consequent unusual bustle, excitement and lawless conduct of a parcel of strangers.

Another vessel was coming in as I left Bunbury. Teddy had sent word she is the *Phantom* from Launceston, laden with flour. It is remarkable that the larger vessel wrecked is named the *North America*. Shortly before I arrived in the colony a whaler of the same name was also wrecked within a few yards of the same spot and came ashore in a gale in a similar manner and her remains at this moment lie scattered on the beach. This vessel, likewise, brought us word of the wreck of Captain Butler's ship which was here so long during our first winter, bay whaling. She struck on a rock on the American coast, near home, in a fog. She had a full cargo of oil; three lives were lost. I think I mentioned the *Plato* in the early part of my Journal and our acquaintance with Captain Butler, whom we much liked.

A message just arrived to say poor Captain Molloy will be here on Monday, on his way to Perth.

Wednesday, 19th April, 1843.

I have been too busy this day or two to write; washing, etc. I am happy to say the schooner has been got afloat again into the bay and will reload and proceed on her voyage. The American, however cannot be saved. Easter Day did not pass over in a satisfactory manner; fewer attended church than usual. I do not believe that people were generally aware that it was Easter Day; or if they did, were ignorant of what it meant. Those only who were present when

I gave notice of the Sacrament the week before thought at all about it and of these only one attended our Communion. I used for the first time a handsome new mahogany altar table, which I have paid for out of savings of sacrament monies here and at the Vasse.

Captain Molloy came on Monday, accompanied by Dr. Landor and left here on his way to Perth. He looks ill, poor man, but was tolerably cheerful. We did all we could to make him comfortable. His manners are a striking contrast to those of colonial-bred people; gentle and gentlemanly. He wore his military jacket with his Waterloo medal at the shoulders.

The *Phantom* has brought a mail from Launceston and Port Phillip, but no letter from the Bishop. One to John from John Phillips, Jr., who has set up as a sheep farmer on his own account, having had £300 sent out to him. He seems well and happy, which I rejoice at and had received good accounts from his brother, Henry, in India. John's things are safe at Melbourne. The vessel brought also the worst possible accounts of the state of things in the Australian colonies. Bankruptcies to immense amount, no trade, no money. Mr. Little says it was the same at Calcutta. I am quite unable to trace the causes of all this, but that it exists is asserted in all quarters.

By the by, the letters I sent to Calcutta by Mr. Little to go by the overland mail must have been delayed, for he had a very long voyage and was obliged to shift into two vessels and go round by Madras. He saw Dr. Chapman (Ben Chapman's brother) at Calcutta, who enquired after us.

I have sent Tullie's Herne's Psalm Books as a present to the new Church, Fremantle, as they have some good singers there and it will be long before I can get up any decent singing here. I felt sure Tullie would prefer his kind donation being brought into the immediate service of the Church, rather than remain many months for the opportunity of being used in mine. I have received an excellent letter from poor Hymus in prison. He is very kindly treated and I hope to do something for him.

I must now go to bed. I feel very weary in mind and body. I could not write by the *Success* which is, I believe, already off on her return, except a few words in a P.S. to Mary's letter to his sister, to Thomas Percival. I have desired him to say the box and letter have arrived. Until the *Janet* comes in and Henry is with me I cannot write to my friends with any comfort. God grant a happy issue to this, my greatest trial. I shall be at the Vasse, D.V., next Sunday. This day two years we cast anchor at Fremantle and landed there on the 21st.

Sunday, 30th April, 1843.

Having just concluded the services of the day I am glad to retire for a little quiet and proceed to give some account of the chief events of the last ten days. On Saturday the 22nd I went to the Vasse and reached "Cattle Chosen" at about 7 o'clock in the dark and found the family at tea. There I found Mr. Simmonds, the Protector of Natives, who was going his rounds and had ridden that day from Augusta, about 55 miles, without drawing bit. It is surprising what horses will do here if suffered to go their own pace, considering how badly, in general, they are fed on green food. On Sunday morning I had a very good congregation, which gave me great spirits and made me very thankful, and eight communicants. After service I baptized all Mr. Taylor's children, four in number.

I know not whether I have mentioned Mr. Taylor. He married one of Jno. Bussell's sisters, a very sweet woman and is a most respectable and serious-minded man. I found out he had some scruples respecting suretiship and the sense of our Liturgy, which was the reason of his children not having been baptized before. The old story of regeneration misunderstood and misapplied. I was happy in being able, if not to remove his objections altogether, at least to satisfy him that the rite should not be deferred, for the sake of the children. Between services I visited Captain Molloy's children, who are left entirely with servants (fortunately respectable ones) but the case of these little girls is very pitiable; surely their father will take them to England to be educated and taken care of. They are very good, docile children. I was much pleased at Sabina (the eldest) asking me to read the prayers, which she herself was about to do to the servants and her sisters. This was in the morning when I had first seen them for a few minutes. They all came to church. Having registered Mr. Taylor's children and taken a copy for him, I returned to Mr. Bussell's to dinner. In the evening I had prayers only as I was much exhausted and the settlers at a distance can attend but once a day. On Monday, agreeably to arrangements at my last visit, I collected my Catechumens, seven in number and catechised them, explaining some of "those things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health." They acquitted themselves pretty well and we are to contine this practice. I gave each a Bible and Prayer Book (Tullie's), Watt's Hymns, and catechisms for learning, to save their Prayer Books.

On Tuesday I proceeded homewards as far as Wonnerup (6 miles, not 5) and took up my quarters at a Mr. Chapman's, a good sort of man and one of the old settlers who had migrated from Augusta. He has a very nice wife but no family. They have things about them very clean and tolerably comfortable. My object in staying a day here was to make arrangements for an evening service

at his house, instead of at "Cattle Chosen" for the benefit of the many settlers sprinkled over the immediate vicinity who find it very inconvenient and almost impossible in winter to attend at Mr. Bussell's. Several live on an island in the estuary. A good many from Australind have moved to this district and several new houses have been erected. In fact, the Vasse will soon be sufficiently populated to require a Resident Clergyman; yet I am unable to visit them more than four or five times a year.

Next time I go down, it is my intention, D.V., to return homewards as far as Mr. Chapman's after Sunday morning service, and to hold evening service there. I ought not to complain, but I wish the settlers could make up a little more comfortable resting place for a weary traveller. The beds are harder than the sands abroad. When on a stretcher, half the night is taken up with lucifers and flea-hunting and on the floor the spiders and beetles are continually biting and tickling one into wakefulness. It would be a calumny to say that this is always the case but, generally speaking, from home I can get little of "tired nature's sweet restorer; balmy sleep."

I reached home about 5 p.m. on Wednesday. Nothing can exceed the present desolate appearance of the bush almost all the way. The fires have extended in all directions, burnt up the scrub and charred the trees. In jogging along my weary way, silent and solitary, I have often been struck with the strange fantastic shapes presented by the burnt trees and stumps. By the aid of a little imagination the most grotesque and outlandish figures may be made out and there would be a fine field for a sprite-loving traveller, but he would see only one kind of Hecate's spirits, viz., black. A few weeks' rain will bring up the scrub and grass again in greater verdure than before, but the black stumps and less completely charred are indestructible, except from fresh fires and many must have remained standing, perhaps for a century. Upon the whole I was more gratified by this visit than any former one. The people are getting more awake and their attention is aroused. It seems as when a man has something important brought to his recollection which he has forgotten.

There is a young woman staying with Mrs. J. Bussell, whose father is a respectable settler at Augusta, with whom I was much pleased; a plain, quiet, humble-mannered person. On Monday night, as I was walking to my sleeping hut, she intercepted me and begged in a tremulous manner to have some conversation with me. She then described herself as very ignorant and desirous of Christian instruction. She had not stayed the Sacrament on Sunday morning and unburdened her difficulties on this and other subjects. I referred to our 29th Article. I hope I succeeded in satisfying her mind. I lent her some books which I fortunately had at hand (having lent them to poor Mrs. Molloy) and promised to talk further with her the

next time I came. Anxious to be well informed in this case, I conferred in the morning before I started with Miss Bussell, upon whose judgment and long acquaintance with the person alluded to, I could rely. Her account was very satisfactory and I have every reason to believe this young woman is a humble and sincere inquirer after truth. I believe also many might be found dispersed over the colony, among the young, upon whom the instructions of the clergy would make an impression for their eternal good, if by any means they could be brought within their influence.

On my return I found the boys had been very diligent in the field, being anxious to get in as much wheat as possible. But one of our sows had died and poor Mary and the girls were taken aback by a great unfinished wash (which a woman, hired for the purpose, had left, taking French leave) consisting of two tubs and a copper full of wet things, which effectually finished them, poor things. There had been a Sydney vessel in at Leschenault and out again in two days, but I can hear of no letters. If she has a mail, it will be opened at the Swan, whither she is gone to gather particulars of the loss of the *Devonshire* (G.V.) which belonged to the same owner. I want sadly to hear from the Bishop.

The heavy gale (alluded to previously) I find drove the *Success* upon the same bank on which the *Henry* struck, opposite Fremantle. This is (strangely in this case) called "The Success Bank." She was making ready to sail the next morning, but has lost her rudder and false keel and leaks very much, I am told. The newspaper said the contrary, but little reliance is to be placed on this, because all these disasters give the colony a bad name in the eyes of merchant traders.

The truth is, they may all be traced to the obstinacy and penny-wise and pound-foolishness of the skippers, who will not follow our pilots' directions and in the case above, although a boat went out at great risk, the captain refused to take one on board. The *North America* is condemned and is to be sold immediately. I hope to get some of her bread (alias biscuit). I bought 11 bags of damaged rice out of the schooner very cheap, from which we have gathered and sifted about two bags for our own consumption. With the remainder we feed pigs and poultry. It is sadly stinking stuff when it heats and gets mouldy. The bags themselves make good hassocks for the church when filled with wool or seaweed.

The opening of Fremantle Church, and consequently my journey, is still delayed. Flagstones for the pavement are coming out in the *Janet*. I get very anxious to hear of her arrival. I feel at times almost afraid to think of her. I pray God to grant a favourable issue to my present painful uncertainty.

Teddy goes on very steadily at Bunbury. Child has started a brewery for colonial (sugar) beer and makes it very well. I will give

it every encouragement I can, not only because he is my friend and Teddy is with him, but because it has already diminished the consumption of spirits. Private brewing without adequate conveniences is more waste than profit.

So fully has my time been occupied I have never been able to go on with the hut for Mary and myself and I know not if it will ever be completed. We daily feel the want of it, yet each day brings something else which imperatively requires to be done and so we are obliged to go on, finishing nothing and yet having 100 things before us to be begun. This has prevented William taking a drawing of our house; perhaps he may still make a hasty outline on a sheet of this paper to be put up with this, but more drawing paper must be sent him if anything larger is required, i.e., if he can find time to do it. I have no copy or memoranda of this Journal, nor could I possibly find time to take one. Every separate portion was penned as opportunity offered. I have endeavoured simply and honestly to record my sentiments and impressions as they arose. I fear they make a great jumble but I feel assured what I have written will be received kindly and indulgently "with all its imperfections on its head."

Tuesday, 2nd May, 1843.

Continued wet weather, which rather hinders our out-door occupations and yet is very pleasant. George was very successful hunting yesterday and came in after dark (having started before it was light) with Hotspur loaded with as much game as he could carry; four kangaroos and one emu; the latter the first we have killed. He fortunately got a sight of two about 12 miles from here and the dogs ran one down. It was a hen bird and measured seven feet when erect, weighing before it was drawn about 100 lbs. It is an extraordinary bird and evidently approaches the kangaroo in its conformation. Their speed of foot is great and they often wound the dogs most severely by kicking and butting with the breast, upon which is a hard naked lump. The feathers always grow in pairs. The wings are useless except for stretching and are tipped with a single small claw. The meat is very like beef and very good. It also has kidneys like a quadruped. This one had eggs in it, which are considered, I believe, a delicacy. It was very fat, especially the rump, from which we intend to have some steaks for dinner. I remember seeing larger ones in the zoological gardens, but little thought that we should ever kill, and thankfully eat them. We have had the liver for breakfast and of course shall not want for fresh meat for some days. George was very tired, having to walk all the way home.

Had a long talk today at Ommanney's about the Oxford Tracts.

As may be supposed people here give their opinions at random and know nothing of the matter. I am convinced good will arise from this movement, which is running over the world, for it sets men upon inquiry where before they were asleep. I saw there Messrs. Bedingfeld and Bunbury, young men who are located upon the Preston above us. This reminds me of a serio-comic anecdote. Ommanney was surveying some time ago in the bush and passed the Sunday only at home. Young Bedingfeld in riding backward and forwards to Australind and Bunbury from his location, crossed Ommanney's ground and saw him at work. One day, having called on Mrs. Ommanney, on approaching he cried out, "Ommanney!" "Yes." "I've news for you," "Well?" "Your best cow's dead!" Soon after, he saw him again. "Ommanney!" "What now?" "I've more news for you!" "Well, what's the matter?" "Another cow's dead!" "Dear me, which cow?" "Your next best!" A third time they met—"Ommanney! More news still!" "What! another cow?" "No, not a cow, but two pigs!" This was so provoking, that although he is a nice young man, Ommanney almost wished he might never see his face again. He has certainly been very unfortunate in his stock, especially for a beginner.

Captain Molloy is arrived on his return and stays the night with us.

Wednesday, 3rd May, 1843.

Tremendous weather; heavy gales and wind. The *Venus* cutter is in our bay from the Swan. No communication can be held with her today until the wind moderates, but she has brought word of the arrival of several vessels at Fremantle from various quarters; among them, the *Janet*, but not "our" *Janet*. She is a brig of the same name. All this uncertainty and delay, especially during such trying weather as the present, is most painful and it has quite unhinged me for writing.

Thursday, 4th May, 1843.

A boisterous night succeeded by a fine, warm day. I never felt here a night so cold. I could not sleep and was glad to put on my worsted stockings and Mary put all the clothes she could find over the coverlid. I have before compared the cold to that at the bottom of a deep well and it is a just comparison. The boys are busy ploughing. Captain Molloy has gone, with two new horses bought at the Swan. Prices are just half what they were two years ago. I feel deep depression of spirits today and know not how to shake it off. At such times I find exertion very painful. I have to attend a benefit submeeting tonight.

Friday, 5th May, 1843.

This day at half past four, to our great surprise, dear Henry rode up to the house! My heart overflows with gratitude to merciful providence, for thus once more, after so long and trying an interval, bringing us all together in safety! It is indeed a striking instance of His long-suffering goodness. Our meeting with our repentant prodigal was all I could wish for and now it is over I feel wonderfully relieved. I am sure he feels deeply. He hastened to us on a pony my kind friend, Mr. Brown, procured for him, accompanying Mr. King to Mandurah and getting a guide from Australind. He has a testimonial from all the passengers for his good conduct and attention during the voyage, on which no death occurred and Mr. Brown writes to me thus. "My nephew came out in the *Janet*, with a particular friend also, Mr. Carey, an old colonist, and they speak (indeed one and all) in the kindest manner of your son and of his kind attention to them all."

We were misinformed about the arrival of the *Janet*. She anchored in Gage Roads, Fremantle, on Sunday night last. I know not yet if there are any letters for me in the *Janet's* mail, nor can Henry tell me. He is much struck at the alteration in our looks and well he may; also with our homely way of living. God grant that we may never forget the mercies of this day and by bearing henceforth one another's burdens fulfil the law of our Master and become more and more fitted to be made members of His blessed family above!

Tuesday, 9th May, 1843.

The mail has been delayed by some unaccountable accident and we have as yet received no letters. Henry is working with his brothers with hearty good will and without entering into any particulars I will say here that I have the strongest hopes from his conduct.

On Sunday I had good congregations and another wedding in the morning. Visited our friend Mr. Denzil Onslow in the evening, who is suffering from a gunshot wound in the thigh, received in the Portuguese Civil Wars. Henry has been opening the abscess and he is better. Yesterday I went to Australind to bury Mr. Gaudin, one of the young surveyors. He had been long afflicted with disease of the brain and had been in consequence very eccentric, if not deranged. His wife has been for some time governess to Mrs. Clifton's little girls. It was her wish that I should perform the rite. We deposited his remains beside those of poor Dr. Carpenter. I well remember this poor man at the Doctor's funeral was the only one who seemed to feel deeply, for Carpenter had been very kind to him (as indeed, he was to everybody); and I observed him as he sat upon

a limestone, while the attendants were filling up the grave, shedding tears.

We are now constantly employed in the field and garden; please God the result of our exertions next harvest will be satisfactory. We have long lived entirely upon kangaroo; we never think of beef or mutton, but another accident has befallen one of our best hunting dogs, he having broken his leg very badly and a puppy from the Vasse was killed the night before by a kick from Hotspur. We could not get fresh meat, i.e., we could not afford it unless we hunted for it. It will therefore be understood how important it is for us, at present, to have good dogs. Our friend Mrs. Ash seems very contented and happy and is a great acquisition to Mary. Washing every week now, to keep things under; but it is dreadfully trying employment for her and all ladies. Beautiful weather again now; warm and bright, without heat. Vegetation is springing rapidly the flies nearly gone and there are few mosquitoes. We have never been able to go again for a second load of hay and now must try and sell the remainder of the stack in the bush. Our work of all sorts is so overwhelming.

The flagstones for paving and the Communion rails for Fremantle church having come out in the *Janet*, Mr. King has written to say he will expect me in six weeks more. We have much clerical business on hand; branches of S.P.C.K. and S.P.G. I hope I am to preach in the evening and on the Sunday following. Tullie's Horne's Psalms are most highly prized and already in use. I am anxious to know if any advice has been received at the bank at Perth respecting the money collected for my Church because although there are no outstanding accounts, everything, as far as the work has gone being paid for, I myself guaranteed £79/13/4 besides giving the site. This, or part of it, I should be very thankful for. The remainder will be in reserve until I can prudently lay it out on behalf of the Church here. A faithful account shall be rendered. I should not have said guaranteed exactly. What I mean is the above sum is, upon the most moderate calculation, what my church has cost me up to this time, to avoid incurring debts. I do not for a moment grudge any necessary sacrifice in this cause. Had I waited for others, the building would not even now have been covered in, perhaps not commenced, whereas seven months' regular service has evidently been of the utmost importance here. To this time my Register gives 20 Baptisms, 11 Marriages, five Funerals, 12 Churchings. My Sunday School has dwindled to nothing; the people will not send their children.

Thursday, 11th May, 1843.

The delay of the post was owing to an alteration in the day, made by Government for the greater convenience of the public. It

came in today and brought me newspapers and two letters out of the *Janet*. One of the latter was an envelope directed by Tullie, containing a bill of lading for the box received by the *Success* and two notes from Mrs. Chapman, Balcham. Very stupid ones, I think. The other letter was a long and most friendly one from Thomas Percival and his sister. I am reminded that the *Janet* left only three days after the *Success*; of course, therefore, I could not expect to hear by her of anything respecting my Church subscription. The next ship from England expected here will not arrive until September and if I do not hear by that, it is not improbable many months may elapse before I do so. More ships than usual having arrived of late, there is the less call for another soon. The mail for England, which was on board the *Success* before her accident, has been transferred to H.M.S. *Beagle* which has been completing the survey of our coasts and she is on her way home. Henry saw the *Houghton le Skerne* at the Cape and spoke to Lady Spencer, who acknowledged having the care of my last package for my brother; so I hope it is, or will be very soon, safely delivered. Teddy has come home with one of his sick headaches and we have physicked him and put him to bed. He has had a wet ride to Australind on business. I have wounded my eye with a stick and therefore must desist. On Saturday I shall close.

Saturday, 13th May, 1843.

This day two years we landed and pitched our tent on Point Casuarina.

I have little to add before I close this. I hope, please God, to continue it through another year. That year will be by far the most eventful as to our worldly circumstances for the future. May it prove a year of spiritual mercies also. Beyond that time, I fear, Mary's strength will not last. We have both had much both in mind and body, to try us and have still, but this is for our good. There can be nothing wrong in wishing to retire as soon as the boys can go alone and this another year will decide. I mean, to a house by ourselves at Bunbury, for instance. As to leaving the country, we have not and cannot have a thought.

I have happily heard of a private conveyance for this, by Mr. Northey, who has leave of absence and is going home as soon as possible. God bless all my friends, prays J.R.W.

SUMMARY OF TWO YEARS' EXPERIENCE

E.E. (*Errors excepted, as the Merchants say.*)

Having by God's blessing been preserved to the end of the second year of my residence in this new country, the results of my further experience shall be briefly given in a few observations on each of the

following heads: the Church and her schools; the colony at large; the aborigines and our own concerns.

I. The Church has made very slow, yet decided progress. Her ordinances are very imperfectly understood, little respected and less attended to, yet a light from the Altar has been kindled and although it at present flickers faintly, will, it is hoped, through Jehovah's presence, increase more and more if gently fanned by encouragement and support from home.

Several circumstances of local politics operate injuriously to the Church and tend to depreciate her. I would instance the Registration Act and the Resolution of the Local Government not to grant stipends to clergymen whose names are on the list of Church Societies' Missions. There does not appear to be any disposition in the highest quarters to accede to the Church the position she is entitled to hold. A good grammar school under the Church's auspices, of the better sort, would be a great blessing to this colony. Among the mass are a few good, consistent and influential Church people; these, although living far apart are known to each other and would act in concert; but for them the clergy would be wholly unsupported. It is only by steady and uncompromising perseverance and patient forbearance, under Divine direction, that we can hope prejudice will become less prevalent, ignorance be removed and truth more sought after, but at present there is no prospect whatever of the clergy obtaining an adequate maintenance either from the Local Government or the colonists themselves.

In a new country where there are few bona fide settlers compared with the numbers who are mere adventurers and much eager struggling among all classes, for the "meat that perisheth," so faint an establishment of the Church as exists at present can exercise but a feeble influence upon society. All that can be truly said is true religion is kept alive; God has a witness in the land.

Nothing would apparently forward the Church's cause more than Episcopal supervision. These petty Colonial Governments imagine they see something of temporal consequence in a mitre, which may be worth attending to and will listen to the representations of the Lord Bishop, while the inferior clergy may petition and remonstrate in vain. Under all these circumstances it will readily be supposed that personal religion is, generally speaking, the mere shadow of a shade. The means of grace, if formerly had recourse to, have been so long neglected or out of reach that our people require to be schooled into the very first elementary principles of Christianity. The Sabbath is utterly disregarded except by the few and is the day of all the seven selected for the indulgence of the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life." This is not a bright picture, but, to the best of my feeble judgment, is an

honest one, and not more clouded, I suspect, than that presented in other Australian colonies.

The primary moving cause of all this spiritual desolation is, of course, human depravity, yet it could not have attained its present height if the Parent country had made it her first care, which, as a professed Christian country, it was her duty to have done, to send out an efficient Church establishment with her sons and daughters. The best work which God has for ages past put into the hands of men is the formation of colonial Bishopricks. May He enable them to persevere and carry out this noble plan! One remark, however, I would here make; little dependence is to be placed on the land subscription here by way of endowment. Many names have been given in and several thousand acres promised, but the value of these, depending upon their locality, may be very trifling. One promised donation of land to this fund, I am assured, has since been actually sold.

II. In worldly matters the colony at large is in some measure recovering from the depression so much felt last year. Prices are more moderate and speculation less rife. There is, however, still great stagnation of business and no markets for colonial produce. The W.A. Company, like every scheme based upon Gibbon Wakefield principles, will come to nothing. Every person of observation and common sense must admit that a new country must be located in the way in which it is naturally adapted to the wants of man. And in all cases, centralisation, to be kept up, must be supported by previous dispersion. The colony's worldly prospects are certainly brighter; but her actual progress would be great and decided if the nature of the country were better understood by our rulers; greater and more decided still if they had the fear of God before their eyes.

III. Among the aborigines there have been no disturbances or outbreaks for a long time. They are far better treated here than in most colonies and the Legislature is very considerate and humane towards them, affording them every protection against aggression and ill usage of the whites. But here wrong views are taken and it is quite impossible to treat the savage in respects as if he were an educated and civilized being. Neither is the view taken by the Government. The capabilities of instruction of the natives have been greatly underrated. Others take the extreme view and educate him first and then put him upon a par as to civil privileges with the white population. If I mistake not he would far outshine in capability and moral conduct the generality of his white brethren. An attempt has been lately made to argue from the physiology of the native against his admission into the common class of savages and that he is incapable of instruction. I wrote a letter some time ago on this subject, but made no use of it. It will save me some trouble

if I transcribe it, since it contains all I can say as far as past experience goes:

Much has been lately written on physiology of the native of Western Australia. A disposition seems lurking in the minds of some to make him out a more degraded being than he really is, if not to consider him so far below the generality of the human race in mental capacity as to be more nearly allied to the brutes than to mankind. In forming conclusions on this subject, are the circumstances under which the savages are born and bred sufficiently taken into consideration? The writer has no knowledge of anatomy, nor does he understand anything of phrenology; he is not therefore qualified to enter upon the subject of either; but a few remarks on civilization, religion and morals may come within the sphere of the profession of every Christian man.

Whatever, then, may be the anatomical and phrenological formation of the Australian native, it cannot be shown, when all the circumstances in which he is placed are considered, that he deserves to be ranked so low in mental capacity as some persons would place him. The fairest way to judge of the capacity of his mind is to compare him with the white man, giving due consideration to all the circumstances of his birth, education, habits and external disadvantages. The mental faculties, we all know, improve by exercise and on the contrary, become dormant if not extinct, from the want of it. Let it be shown that the Australian native, with the same opportunities and advantages the white man possesses, is incapable of maintaining a corresponding place in the scale of civilization. So far as past experience enables us to form a judgment, he would rise higher in that scale than is generally supposed. He would certainly prove quite as intellectual, intelligent and skilful in any common trade or occupation as the average race of Europeans are found to be in this climate.

In religion and morals the comparison extends much further. What if our savage has no religion? Not even an idolatrous one? Has he been taught one? What if he knows nothing of Revelation? How could he? Has he like the white man for ages past, possessed the means of obtaining any knowledge of the truth? Have the word and Ordinances of God, as means of grace, been within his reach? We know he has had none of these advantages. What is criminal therefore in a professing man, cannot be so, morally speaking, in the native. Let us instance the prostitution of females. In our sense of the word this is not prostitution among them; for they know no better; they know of no law, human or divine, which forbids it and the law of nature in them is darkened and obscured. But when the white man prostitutes himself to become a party in such deeds, then indeed it is most highly criminal. He takes advantages of the

heathen's ignorance. A white child in the arms of a black woman speaks volumes against the father and to a serious reflecting mind is a melancholy and revolting sight. As to polygamy, we must remember God Himself in the time of man's ignorance, bore with the failings of His own people in this respect. Therefore we are bound to look charitably upon a like custom of a heathen people, as a custom and not to imagine we discover in it any proof of their moral inferiority. But suppose it granted that the savage is indolent and dishonest, deceitful, crafty, passionate, filthy and abominable in his habits, revengeful, entirely self-willed, or even a cannibal; yet see what the white man also, with all his vaunted advantages of civilization and Christianity is capable of. Look at the Sabbath-breaking, the drunkenness, obscenity, swearing, covetousness and debauchery, the cunning, lying, deceit, pride, selfishness, and evil tempers of every kind, of which he is guilty in the face of his heathen fellow creature and then say which stands highest in the scale of religious and moral rectitude.

Our native has quite sense enough to see the force of example. One was asked some particulars respecting a great drunkard, now dead. "All same Croker" (naming a certain notorious living drunkard) was his expressive answer.

In short, the heart of man is the same whether enclosed in a white skin or a black one, the root and fountain of all evil and in this respect the white man possesses not one jot whereof to boast over his sable brother. Unless this heart be changed by the spirit of Living God, in the exercise of faith in the Redeemer, answerable to our earnest prayers, supplications and persevering well-doing, into something more nearly resembling the Divine Image; unless our daily walk and conversation, not only among ourselves, but before the heathen also, approaches to a conformity at least with the principles we profess, it is vain and idle to imagine we can justly boast of any personal superiority over them either in religion or morality.

It has been observed by an eloquent Divine "principles must be ever held above rules." A good rule, if it be not called into action by a good principle is in itself worthless. The Bible is for the most part a book of principles and we are purposely left in many cases to apply those principles for ourselves, because it would be manifestly impossible at the moment to frame rules ready fitted for every circumstance of life. every age and every individual.

Of good principles the savage knows nothing, and has never had an opportunity of knowing anything. The white man, on the other hand, has always had the knowledge of them within his reach and if he is ignorant of them, it is his own fault. With rule we govern children because they are incapable of understanding the principles;

but when they become men they are to put away childish things, and act upon higher motives. Such children in knowledge are our Australian natives. They must first be trained by Christian rules and then it will be seen how far they can act upon Christian principles and maintain a respectable place in civilized society. Notwithstanding the natives are often troublesome, the only feeling in the breast of a really humane and religious settler on viewing their condition is one of pity; a feeling painfully increased when he reflects that God has given their lands to Christian Englishmen in possession with the imperative duty annexed to the gift that they should, both by precept and example, teach them "the good and the right way."

To the above I had intended to add my Rottnest plan of education, which I have detailed in a former part of this Journal, now on its way to England and therefore say nothing about it here. There is no prospect of anyone taking such a thing up, or entertaining the subject.

IV. And now for our own private concerns: these will be soon dismissed for the details are in the Journal itself.

Our prospects are better, although in some respects we are living harder. Our great aim, to which all our most strenuous efforts are directed, is to secure wheat enough for consumption and to spare; that we may pay labour therewith, for we cannot pay money. Until this is done the boys cannot turn their attention to stock-keeping without incurring heavy debts, because they will require provisions in the bush and I have no means at present of buying stock for them. We have not been more unfortunate than our neighbours, but we have sustained a few heavy losses; especially our two cows, by which we have, of course, lost time in the increase. We cannot hope to be able to relax the least in our labours for a long time to come, for all work out of doors is now and has for some time, been done entirely by ourselves. From the first, I allowed myself three years to get settled. I shall be thankful if we can by that time secure the means of subsistence without debt; the settling must come afterwards in God's good time, for it is quite a misnomer to call the colonist a settler for the first few years. About £30 for fruit, kangaroo and garden produce is all the return we have received the last year and most of this paid us in provisions. If health and strength be continued to us we may fairly hope to feel our position more secure every year. Henry's coming to us so unexpectedly will make a difference in our consumption, but all will depend upon his conduct. If he is brought to a better mind and will work in earnest,* he may help us, but here I am all anxiety and uncertainty. We find we are too much cooped up here to keep any quantity of stock, if we had it.We have too many jealous neighbours, who have got the start

*Written before Henry's arrival; hope better things.

of us. Nothing but an out-station will do. Then the boys might always have this farm to fall back upon, instead of sending to the stores, which are ruinous. In short, it is capital that is wanted to hasten returns and this want is universally felt. Yet I think, where speculation is avoided and industry prevails, there is no better prospect of securing the common comforts of life than by sinking money in this colony. All idea of realizing money must be abandoned by the farmer; but he may, and his children after him, have in time all that a reasonable man can wish for in the way of bodily comforts at least, if he has the means to start fair, and is content to live and labour hard at first. I wish to look at the bright side of things, am most thankful for the past and pray God to bless and prosper us in all our future undertakings and whether we eat or drink or whatever we do, may we do all to His glory.

Up to our Wedding Day, 13th May, 1843.

J.R.W.

I wish to make a memorandum here, which however will be repeated in my letters, that, for obvious reasons, I beg that no part of this Journal may be published. As to privately printing it, or portions of it, for the sole perusal of such intimate friends and relations as may feel a desire to have it, I give Tullie full permission to exercise his own judgment and discretion. One favour I do request; that he would kindly have William's drawings of the interior and exterior of my church lithographed and one of each sent to every principal subscriber to my church fund. Pehaps Tullie could copy William's drawings first, more perfectly.

ACCOUNT OF LIVESTOCK—May, 1843

The following is an account of our livestock as at May, 1843:—

Horses, 1; ponies, 1; foals, 1; heifers, 2; calves, 2; bullocks, 4 (2 being Captain Molloy's, on shares); cows, 2 (Captain Molloy's, on shares, i.e., one-third of produce and for breaking; for nine months' use); sheep, 26 (12 ewes, 3 rams, 7 fegs, 4 wethers, 18 on shares. All of these from the South Downs given to me by Webb; we have no others); goats, 48; sows, 2; pigs, 7; rabbits, 2; pigeons, 3; turkeys, 7; fowls (about 20, besides chickens); dogs, 4 (kangaroo); cats, 3; 1g. bulls, 2; sheep dogs, 2; puppies, 3; kids, 46 (26 on shares); wether goats, 4 and 1 kitten.

Here are all the living domestic creatures at "Charterhouse," W.A., except the *genus homo.*

(Blots, blunders and corrections must be excused for there was no time to copy.)

If my church can be lithographed I shall be most particularly gratified if copies are sent with my kindest regards to Mr. Jonas Webb, Church Farm, Babarham, Cambridgeshire, and to Miss Webb,

Shetley Hall, Wickham; the first having given me £10, the latter £1 towards it, unsolicited; and their names stand at the head of my list.

When I have closed this ready for conveyance I shall write by post to my brother immediately and also as many other letters as I can against I go up to Fremantle. In all probability I shall not find a private conveyance for this packet until then, for I must make personal enquiries and beg the assistance of Mr. Broun. It will contain some additional specimens of plants for Emily; a few trifles from the girls to their cousins Haitons; a letter for my god-daughter; some Perth newspapers; a sketch of my church for William Js. Tullie and a sample of wheat for old Webb.—J.R.W.

Charterhouse, Friday, 19th May, 1843.

Agreeably to the plan laid down for myself, I shall, please God, carry this Journal through another year. If I am not spared to do so, at all events my friends will be able to follow me in my exertions to the last. The winter season has commenced in earnest with much rain, cold, hail and hoar frost for a night or two. Yet, to my feelings, it is very pleasant, for we can always get about and work, between the showers, generally in a bright sunshine. It assimilates to fine English weather early in October after rain has fallen. The insects are no longer troublesome and altogether, as I have before said, I much prefer this time of year to any other. This is not the case generally among the older colonists, who assert that the longer you stay in this country the more you feel the cold of winter.

The sale of the wreck of the *North America* and of her provisions has made a little bustle at Bunbury. I could only afford to purchase a small quantity of flour and pork, much cheaper than of the merchant. Some persons who came down from the Swan, I believe, made a very good thing of it. I also obtained the ship's bell for my church, a very good one, for £1/15/-. The want of one I have felt more and more every Sunday. This must, of necessity, be my last venture of this sort until I can command more means. I have the inexpressible satisfaction of stating that Church principles are evidently spreading, although slowly. To act effectively we ought to have soon a church at Bunbury, one at Wonnerup or near it and another at the River Vasse. I am quite of Bishop Broughton's opinion (according to Pearson) that small churches at intervals, to be visited by itinerating Clergy, will be the only effectual means of reaching the spiritual wants of the population of a country like this. Such churches to hold 150 each, might be erected to last many years, for about £150 or £200 each building, according as materials are handy. In some situations there are found stone and lime in abundance and everywhere else plenty of timber.

The Vasse people will, I think, have theirs first, since the money has long been collected and in the Bishop's hands, as trustee under S.P.C.K., but I do not hear from his Lordship. On Sunday last the room I officiated in would not hold the people; I mean, at Bunbury.

To my regret, an action has been brought by one of the passengers (Mr. Walters) against the captain of Henry's ship, the *Janet*, upon some quarrel between them, and he (Henry) has been subpoena'd as a witness. He is gone to the Swan today on our pony and I hope and trust will acquit himself properly. His expenses will be paid. But, I repeat, I regret this for Henry's sake and because I must soon go up myself and would rather have had him for a companion.

Our labours proceed as usual, hunting for the pot, digging stubbing, burling and ploughing and (*horresco referens!*) washing and grinding. The boys have killed another emu, on which we are now feasting and George, one night, brought in six kangaroos, but the latter are shifting their ground and getting scarce. The utmost extent of gaiety to which we seniors have been invited will be gathered from the following specimens of Australian, or rather Pictonian, intercourse.

"My dear Mr. Wollaston,

I expect Mr. Ferguson to dine with me today and I want you (if not very inconvenient) to meet him. I word this so as not to ask you formally to dinner, which perhaps leads you to expect a spread, but if with good appetite and moderate expectations you will come over at 4 o'clock this afternoon we will find you something to eat.

Yours very truly,

H. M. OMMANNEY"

"Mr. and Mrs. Ommanney present their compliments to Mrs. Wollaston and Mrs. Ash, and request the honour of their company to a conversazione this evening.

N.B.—Will Mrs. Wollaston be so kind as to lend Mrs. Ommanney three tumblers and three wine glasses."

I sent an answer for the poor ladies who were busy at work (not needlework, or embroidery, but ironing and bedmaking).

"Mrs. Wollaston and Mrs. Ash will be happy to accept Mrs. and Mr. Ommanney's obliging invitation to the conversazione this evening, not only from the pleasure they always take in their society, but also the natural eager desire with which anything like talk is caught at to relieve the monotony of female colonial life."

Joking apart, I am always rejoiced at any little relaxation of this sort for poor Mary, but it occurs very rarely—and literally comes upon her; an oasis in the wilderness.

I must now go to my sermons in preparation for Fremantle. I have lain down to cure the backache from working at a dung heap, on purpose to sit up to this occupation.

Saturday, 20th May, 1843.

Today working in my churchyard. I am desirous to make the sacred precincts as attractive as I can and am therefore digging and planting geraniums and other shrubs. The former grow here most luxuriantly in the sand and plenty of cuttings of the common sorts are to be had. I have seen a hedge round a grave five feet high. I am at a loss what to do for windows. If the cattle of my neighbours had not spoilt those I made of calico, I must have removed part of them. For not being made to open, notwithstanding numerous ventilators, we found the church in summer much too close. At present I have only curtains.

Teddy is arrived, as usual, to spend the Sunday. He seems going on very steadily. Child has entered into a scheme for bay whaling. I hope he will not have too many irons in the fire. Mr. Northey has returned from the Swan and I must see him tomorrow about conveying my last packet. He slept at Myalup last night and met Henry there. This reminds me of schoolboy days, when we used to drive our hoops around Charterhouse Green and mark the walls and trees with the signs of Inns and give them the names of places. For Myalup is nothing more than the native name for a swamp (at a convenient distance from Australind) generally used as a stopping place in the bush. Instead of mine host there is the croaking frog, who seems to resent the abstraction of his element and the invasion of his swampy solitude. Not that he is alone, indeed, for the chorus of his own kind is greater than any that ever issued from the lungs of the most senseless devotees of Bacchus. In place of the loquacious landlady in her best cap, the weary traveller is greeted on his arrival by the chattering, white-crested cockatoo; and poor "boots," in the shape of a solitary crow, makes no movement to produce the bootjack and slippers. At this time of year the wet sand and a blanket are all the combinations in contrast with the comforts of a bed at a good English inn. The horse, however, will thrive better than his rider, for now there is plenty of natural food for him in the young springing grass and milky sow thistles.

This afternoon I have been very unusually employed in fetching some port wine (which Mrs. Ommanney has been bottling off) from over the river. Mr. Child had some quarter casks consigned to him and with Mrs. Ash's assistance I have managed to go shares in one with Ommanney, taking half, which cost £7/10/-. Consequently I had to scrape up £3/15/- for my share. I bought it solely for the ladies and thus Mrs. Ommanney also comes in for a good thing which she much wants and in this fortunate way we have obtained it very good at about 25/- per dozen.

Mr. Ferguson called to look at our sheep yesterday and

admired them. He is commencing as a farmer himself and has offered to send the boys about 120 or 130 Merinos on shares for a time, which I believe will be arranged. I wish them to act for themselves as much as they can.

At this moment the scene around me is very like an English common labourer's cottage, for I am writing in the old hut, mud walls and the thatch above, a large log on the hearth of the mud chimney, a common black oil lamp and table of plank (with holes inserted for legs), a broken window patched with paper, a dog before the fire and cat at my elbow; but what is not English, kangaroo skins drying on a board over the beams and four emu legs in the chimney corner draining off the oil they contain in order to preserve them for the legs of a work-table. I sit here for the sake of the fire, there not being room for us all in one house to get at one. We all, except Mrs. Ash and the girls, sleep in the wooden building I brought out and this is sometimes very cold at night. The greatest discomfort here is the want of servants to clear up. How often have I longed for a rummaging charwoman from Wickham and how horrified poor old Ann Morden would be to witness our present way of life. Poor creature, she has her trials; would that she had grace to bear them in the only way to produce religious comfort of which I fear she is destitute.

Saturday, 27th May, 1843.

Having this week written five long letters to friends at home to go by the next post, I have been able to go on with my Journal. Little, however, has transpired worth recording. We are all working hard. The boys ploughing; myself digging. I have also busied myself in making a pair of saddle bags for my journey to the Vasse next week and afterwards to Fremantle to protect my gown. I brought leather saddle bags with me, but they are poor flimsy things for our work. I have used strong canvas and painted it to make it waterproof, which leather is not; besides it soon gives way. In crossing rivers our bags sometimes swim and thus without they are waterproof, all one's things get wetted. Our hunting has been very successful; we have killed five emus, three old and two young ones and thus have been well supplied with meat. Necessary stores I am puzzled about, for the expense of them is more than I can provide for; I mean tea, sugar and rice. Our consumption is great and we have to feed two native lads. We struggle on incessantly, hoping in faith and indeed, we have the prospect of better things.

I can now look forward to retiring to Bunbury, and Mr. Northey has offered me his house, which I have at once consented to take. But more of this when matters are more advanced. My success will depend upon God's turning up a little timely assistance. I will work

with and for my boys as long as I can. The idea of managing for themselves has excited them to great exertions and I doubt not they will do all they can for us. I hope Henry will soon be back.

The seasons appear to us more strongly marked this year than last. This has been like a fine English October day and the fall of leaves in the grapery a little like the approach of an English winter. I have been clearing away maize stalks; our crop was pretty good, but not so heavy as I expected; very useful however for horses, pigs and poultry. It is troublesome to gather and the stalks laborious to remove. I am digging the ground to sow Swedish turnips; our wurzel seed is not good; we must get better. I bought a set of iron harrows at the Vasse which I was very fortunate to meet with but I am obliged to send for them, and I have mentioned the distance. We have nothing of the kind and cannot prepare the wheat field without them. Hitherto we have borrowed an old, crazy set, or used bushes or trodden in the seed with sheep and goats—but it is a decided loss not to do the thing properly, for unless the seed is well buried, it is washed up to the surface by the heavy rains and crows, break-o'-days, etc., devour it. Had I but brought a few strong implements with me it would have been a great saving of time, labour and money. It would be necessary also to have implements of proportionate strength for heavy soils, which of course when obtainable, will always be preferred for wheat.

I can now tell what is necessary here and I would advise everyone who intends to farm on light soils among his outfit not to forget two ploughs, one strong iron, for breaking up, the other light for after ploughing; strong iron harrows and scarifier, the latter instrument in our soils in which there are no stones would often save ploughing, and indeed, be more effectual to kill the weeds, which are exceedingly tenacious of life. Every seed of every kind that drops vegetates; it never rots and is destroyed as during an English winter. So in the garden a thing is never lost which has once seeded. Hay is made at the Swan from fields where nothing has been sown except the corn crop of the preceding years. Yet abundance of all sorts come up, mixed with grass, sow thistles, etc., which is cut green and very good hay it is, but not equal to that from the Balsham Church meadows. That sweet thing, a meadow, I shall probably never see again.

It was understood that I should replace Mrs. Little's Turkeys when she returned from India, if I could, so I have sent her three young ones and have four left. She gave us hers. They eat a great deal and destroy our cabbages, yet I am loth to part with all; their eggs are so useful; none to kill yet. As I have no clerk or sexton, I generally sweep out my little church myself. The earth floor

makes much dust and is very troublesome. I must endeavour to have something more solid, lime or bricks, but both are expensive. Brickmaking has commenced here, but the article is not so good as in England and the price £3 for 1,000. I shall ring the bell myself tomorrow for the second time. The sound, though not very sweet, is well heard and English. I ring twice, first at half past ten and again at 11; also at half past two and at 3 p.m., according to the turn of service. At Bunbury I have no means of summoning, although I have spoken about it, I cannot get even a small signal flag hoisted. No one comes forward to give me any essential assistance, but I don't mind so long as the people come.

Sunday, 28th May, 1843.

A heavy fall of rain and few people at church. My own family only in the afternoon. I must expect these fluctuations however I may grieve at them. It is not the rain that need keep people back. Preached on the exaltation of our Lord, a most elevating subject and listened to with great apparent attention and interest at Bunbury, where I also churched a woman and baptised her infant. I have mentioned about ringing the bell here myself. I prefer doing this; I can keep better time. I have contrived it easily. As I sit in church, conning over my sermon, I toll the bell by means of a string fastened to the clapper and passed through the window. People here have the greatest difficulty in procuring sponsors and it is sometimes quite impossible. This may be readily imagined. Today the mother, a right-thinking woman, said that there was no one who would come that she could ask, from her knowledge of their utter unfitness and I believe her. So I consented privately to baptize her child and postpone its public reception. I am obliged to act according to the new and peculiar circumstances in which I am placed. There are three more children (lately born at Bunbury) to be baptized, as well as others elsewhere. I think it will become a larger town than I expected. There are now about 16 houses—when I landed there was only part of one and a tent. Several rural sections are located on the company's land and Mr. Little is making great improvements at Belvedere, on the estuary. I am so sorry he is a Romanist. He and his wife are such nice people and kind neighbours. It seems he had conferences with a priest at Calcutta who has imbued his mind with a strong belief that the Oxford movement is in favour of Popery, but I shall endeavour, if opportunity offers, to undeceive him. He seems to have returned a stricter Romanist than before. As to the Royal household at Australind, I now never hear of, or see them, on a Sunday and know not what they are. It is melancholy to see indifference and Quakerism meet in the same family circle. They are sure to foster each other.

Wednesday, 31st May, 1843.

John started for Wonnerup with the bullock cart to fetch our harrows before daylight on Monday and returned by 1 o'clock p.m. today; a very good journey considering the roads are now heavy. He slept on the Ludlow the first night, reached Wonnerup to breakfast on Tuesday and returned to within 12 miles of home the same day. The weather all the time exceedingly wet and cold. We shall begin, D.V., wheat sowing next week. Today we were throwing up dung and sowing swedes. I dismissed six letters this day by post for England, to my dear sister, Tullie, T. Ramsden, Mr. Hall and Percival. I hope I am just in time to catch the *Cheerful*, advertised to sail almost immediately for Batavia. This vessel comes from Sydney. Why do I not hear from the Bishop? Perhaps my brother clergy have.

Tomorrow I go by invitation (through Mrs. Clifton) to Australind to preach to a new Benefit Club established there. This was the request of the members; a good sign, I hope. Also to baptize Mr. and Mrs. R. Clifton's infant; they have now two. It will be the 1st of June, the Anniversary of the foundation of the colony and of Mr. Eliot's marrriage, so the Commissioner gives a dinner party, to which I am also invited, but I have excused myself for this, because I must be home before dark, in order to start early on Friday for the Vasse. I am glad, too, of this excuse, for I had rather too much of it on a former occasion. Mary is gone to spend the evening with Mrs. Ommanney.

An expedition is talked of to explore the interior by a chain of lakes lately discovered. It is impossible to guess what may be disclosed. The Government, however, will not help and I do not hear that it is decided upon. The suggestion of those interested is that it should consist of six men, six horses, two carts and two native guides. If I were a young man I should like to be one of the party. They would take provisions for three months.

I am pleased to see by the paper that Mr. King had a sermon at Perth last Sunday for the benefit of the native school at Fremantle. I have not heard the result, but there is so much self-indulgence and extravagance at the Swan that I fear his collection will not be much. I earnestly hope I may some day be able to do something here of the same kind.

The days are now comparatively short. It is not light before six, and nightfall comes on very suddenly about half past five; but we are very inaccurate in our time, having no clock to regulate by. I have been so cold as to have recourse to digging to promote circulation; this is an advantage and far better than the overpowering heat. I mostly strip to my work; this makes it easier, gives the limbs free play (short and duck trousers), though work, with me,

is the backache. I sometimes, on Monday morning, put on my Saturday's shirt for dirty jobs, to save washing. A poor native woman, who sometimes helps to keep our cattle, took shelter from the cold rain last night in our kitchen. As there was but little fuel on the fire, she rolled herself in the warm ashes, and thus passed the night. In the morning I was up very early and I never beheld a more miserable-looking object; thin, emaciated and with no other covering than an old scanty kangaroo cloak, she was powdered to the very eyes with the white dust of the wood ashes, through which her swarthy skin appeared of a sort of livid hue. I have, I think, before mentioned the native women have short hair, often curly like a mop and not distinguishable from that of the other sex. They all suffer much during the cold rainy season. They can, but will not, protect themselves. Such is habit. What a blessing it would be to see these poor wretches clean, washed and clothed. When they are so, they are far from unpleasing in appearance (as I have seen in Perth) so long as youth lasts. From the attainment of man and womanhood it is but a step or two to apparent old age, and often great deformity. Their mode of life must keep down their numbers; indeed, as I have said, it is an ascertained fact that great numbers of them are carried off by epidemics.

Thursday, 1st June, 1843

Tired with my ride to Australind. The worst day I have experienced here; cold and constant rain all day. The gloom is very striking in such weather, especially after sunset, when there is no moon and no stars visible. I found no preparations at Australind for any festivities; Mr. Clifton had only his numerous family party with him. The club met in a vacant store, which belonged to a young man who had become bankrupt. But no one was there besides members, ten in number. For these I read prayers and preached on our entire dependence upon God for everything; for the means and power of carrying out our schemes and of securing their beneficial operation for the future. My text was "give us day by day our daily bread." I thought Mr. Clifton and some of his family would have been present as well as others, seeing a placard stuck up: "Notice: A sermon will be preached on the 1st of June by J.R.W. and all persons are requested to attend, etc." I know not who did this; I suppose the secretary of the club. However, it had no effect whatever and I scarcely saw anyone in the settlement except the part assembled.

The store I officiated in would do well for a temporary church and I told the men so and promised to visit them occasionally if it could be obtained for that purpose. I afterwards found it belongs now, by some arrangement or transfer, to Mr. Pearce Clifton (the eldest) and is wanted for merchandise. The company have sent out

positive orders that Mr. Clifton is to enter upon no public buildings whatever. Therefore, unless some individual gives a site, there can be no church, even if means could be raised to build one. All the spare ground belongs to the company. In short, both the company and their commissioner evidently wish to throw cold water upon every attempt to establish the Church in the settlement. Yet there are many Church people there; some respectable and well-inclined. I afterwards baptized Mrs. R. Clifton's child and then turned home again.

The men thanked me for coming and asked what was to pay? I replied that as I wish well to their club and it was now just set on foot, I would not take anything from their funds, but if I lived to another year and they were prosperous and the club properly conducted, I would visit them again on their anniversary and then I would take the usual fee. How sad it is that no influential person at Australind can be found who will take the lead among these people and be the means of providing for their eternal benefits! Such are some of the many obstacles and discouragements the clergy here have to struggle against. The influence of good example. in Messrs. Clifton & Company would be incalculable, even in the small community around them and would extend far beyond to other parts of the Colony. They have much to answer for who put their light under a bushel and therefore cause darkness to spread more thickly over their own spiritual vision, as well as to osbcure the right path to others.

Having worn wet clothes all day I think it prudent to put off my journey to the Vasse until Saturday, for I feel a little hoarse tonight; a very rare occurrence. It still rains hard and the water on the bushes makes it very wet riding in some parts. If I knock up I am fit for no place but home.

Tuesday, 6th June, 1843

Had a fine day for my journey to the Vasse on Saturday and found the road much better than I expected from the late, heavy rains. The rivers are rising and the brooks filling. The Ludlow, in which was not a drop of water last journey, I found breast high, but on my return yesterday, notwithstanding it rained very hard on Sunday morning, I found it had considerably subsided. Starting very early I reached Wonnerup by 10 o'clock and having arranged for the next day's service there (agreeably to a previous suggestion) I went on to Captain Molloy's residence. It is always best to start very early. Last time I was late and dawdled too much on the road and consequently got benighted at the fag-end of my ride.

There is a road through the bush from the mouth of the Sabina River to Bussell's farm. He has cut off part of this road by a new enclosure. Though perfectly dark I knew Hotspur would take me

direct and so he did, but I was not aware that I had reached the fence until he suddenly stopped with his neck over the upper rail. I then had a clue and by following up the fence until I turned the corner I easily reached the farm. On Saturday evening I had my class of catechumens, with additional children, at Captain Molloy's. On Sunday morning I breakfasted with old Mrs. Bussell (for they are making some different arrangements in their community), had service, preached on the Influences of the Spirit, then the Lord's Supper, with eight communicants, among whom I admitted a young woman who had sought conversation with me on a former visit. I then returned to Captain Molloy's, got some dinner and started for Wonnerup, or rather, Mr. Chapman's, which is nearer the Vasse on the bank of the Sabina, where I had engaged to be at 4 o'clock.

I was in good time and passed the soldiers on their way from the barracks. There are small detachments stationed at intervals all over the colony. The commandant, Major Irwin, is a religious, good man and I have great pleasure in seeing the men and their sergeant always attend service. There is something affecting in the respectful salute of British soldiers in their clean and bright regimentals when I pass them in the solitary bush; especially if they are marching to church; that militant Church too, yet deserted by so many of her sons.

My new congregation, including children, amounted to 22 persons and they were very attentive. Here, too, I find I shall be able to get together another class of young scholars. I want school books sadly. The waters were high in the estuary and some people who got ready to come, having no cart, could not cross over from the Island. It is too much to expect women and children to walk through the water knee deep, over limestone rocks and black, muddy holes. The husband of one of these was very ambitious to act as clerk, but he was not present. After tea my bed was spread upon the floor exactly where I had stood when I officiated and I was glad to lie down upon it. Next morning, after breakfast, having previously had family prayers, I started homewards, very leisurely to save my poor horse, who had been hardworked and badly fed of late and reached "Charterhouse" at 5 o'clock, having been eight hours on horseback.

Today I have spared myself and hope to get to work again tomorrow. I see I must give more time to the Vasse and intend, D.V., next visit to stay a few days and see what I can do with the children. I find the legal proceedings at Perth have been delayed and Henry in consequence, which is very annoying to me, but Mr. Child is gone up and will see him. I omitted to mention that one of my congregation at Mr. Chapman's told me after service he had not until that day heard a sermon for eight years.

Friday, 9th June, 1843

All working, since my return unusually hard in getting in our wheat. We have now sowed and harrowed about seven acres; I say about because the land being in irregular pieces according to soil, trees, etc., I have not yet accurately measured it, but I intend to do so when at leisure. We are preparing another acre, also for wheat. All this is a great comfort, notwithstanding the labour; for if it please God to bless the increase, we shall have enough to supply us throughout next year. The seed has greatly diminished our present store, for I could not afford to buy any. It takes two bushels to the acre. William was obliged to go hunting yesterday and has brought home tonight an emu, an enormous cock bird and a kangaroo. I am really so tired I cannot write more at present. We've had most splendid weather.

Sunday, 11th June (Trinity Sunday), 1843

Exhausted with duty I came to bed immediately after church. Having had a nap and feeling wakeful, I have asked for the ink-stand dish that I may write a few words. Nothing unusual has occurred today. I had my ordinary congregation at Bunbury; two strangers indeed attended here in the evening, so far there was a little increase to the usual number. Nothing impresses me so forcibly in this country as the necessity of the Church to keep alive anything like true religion. I chanced to take up a volume of Bingham and lit upon this passage: "It will be impossible to maintain faith generally among men, without the constant declarations of the Gospel to support it and that if anything may convince me of the necessity, of use of the true Gospel Ministry, or such an order of men as have authority and commission to declare the will of God, to keep the very faith itself from dwindling into nothing." (2nd sermon: on Absolution.) This remark is most strikingly felt in a new country.

I was delighted with Teddy today. As he was returning with me after church, to partake of an emu steak at home, a man came up to him and asked for rum out of the store. Ted gave him a short answer and told him he must go without for it was Sunday. And he added to me, "If the store is entrusted to me, I never will let anything go out on a Sunday." This, I grieve to say, is contrary to the usual practice of storekeepers. May God's blessing rest upon my boy, who has thus remembered his Creator in the days of his youth!

I had given notice for the Eucharist here next Sunday. Sent down to the Vasse yesterday a packet of Bibles, Prayers, Catechisms and Hymns, for the use of my new congregations at and about Wonnerup.

Tuesday, 13th June, 1843

Rain has come again. This is the usual course, several days wet, then as many bright and cloudless. We have had of late some of the most delightful weather that can be imagined and the nights most brilliant, the moon shining so brightly as to make every object distinctly visible. We got our wheat in in good time; also finished hoeing potatoes (1st crop) and turnips. I am now making a nursery for vines; double trenching and manuring. George is gone to the Vasse for another cow (on shares) and two fresh bullocks to break in from Captain Molloy's. The two we had before being now broken and must be returned, by agreement, on 1st August. Without adopting this plan (being unable to purchase) I know not how we should have got on with our ploughing. Sometimes it is an easy task, often very troublesome, the nose ring is the only thing which will ultimately subdue a refractory beast. Henry returned yesterday. His delay was occasioned by two causes: the postponement of the cause, Walters v. Dring, and an accident to our pony, which slipped her foal from so long a journey. This latter circumstance is a loss to us, for we not only expected an improved breed from her, but the poor animal is so weak and jaded she must not be used for some time. Henry was a week on the road back, stopping at Pinjarra. The quarrel between the above parties, after all, has come to nothing, for the jury were divided and no decision come to.

One thing I have heard which gratified me exceedingly. A letter has been received from our Bishop by Mr. Wittenoom, in reply to the joint one, or memorial, which I drew up and all of us agreed to sign, in February last year. I expect it (for a copy will be sent to me) next post. I long to see it, for his Lordship, I am told, therein holds out a hope of his visiting us.

The opening of Fremantle Church is still postponed, such is the extreme difficulty of getting any work in this colony completed. A month or six weeks is now talked of! My own little church would not have been roofed to this day if we had not worked at it ourselves.

I have been dipping into "Seaward's Narrative" lent us by Chas. Bussell, but his work on "Seaward's Islands" was mere child's play to mine here. Such treasure too as he found! and the number of obedient blacks he got about him and access to a whale ship's cargo! The story loses much interest on a second perusal.

Mr. Child came down yesterday also and slept here. He seems completely knocked up, poor man, and I fear is over-exerting himself, getting into a very poor state of health. I hope George will return tomorrow, for we want the horse to get us some fresh meat from the bush. Our consumption is very great, indeed it has for

the most part been so. We have not tasted butcher's meat for many months. Our common drink is water, for we find a cask of colonial beer too soon emptied, nor is this to be wondered at when the effect of hard labour is considered. Poor Mary has her share and well she wants it, for on washing days she can hardly, when her jobs are over, leave her bed. We must persevere in hope of better things, which by the good providence of God, appear to be gleaming in the distance.

Wednesday, 14th June, 1843

George returned from the Vasse yesterday with two fresh young bullocks and one heifer. He brings word the native dogs have been very troublesome there to the flocks; that Captain Molloy had thirteen lambs destroyed by them in one night. As a precaution therefore we have been working hard today in constructing a secure pen for our own, which we expect will be dropped in about a fortnight. This will be our third lambing down since we left England, including that on the voyage. Our Downs are in excellent condition, much admired and far surpass the general run of Merinos here as to carcass. The fleece we can say nothing about till more time has elapsed. The careless manner in which some flocks are kept in this colony is very surprising, being only hurdled at night. Consequently the poor lambs I have mentioned were dragged by the voracious dogs through the bars. Whereas there ought to be a high and close enclosure, with a secure gate or door which is easily made with split slabs. It is literally here as described in Scripture, substituting dogs for wolves and the sheepfold and its entrance should be the same. "Let us build sheepfolds" must have meant something more than a mere hurdle fence.

The person who bought the wreck of the *North America* (Mr. Scott, of Fremantle) has succeeded in getting her off the sands by hauling upon anchors he brought down with him and she is now riding at anchor in our bay, not much the worse, I am told, for the accident. The Americans might themselves have done this, had they been properly found and all this loss to them saved. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good and the purchaser will make sufficient profit by the late gale. This is all in favour of our port.

As we have more opportunity of noticing things, many curious and beautiful plants and insects attract our attention; also the very remarkable way in which seeds come forth and their singular shapes. William has discovered in a swamp and transported into our garden, some delicate and elegant species of wattle not often met with hereabouts, but common in South Australia. Indeed, all the acacia tribe, I think, are very beautiful. If I mistake not I saw this shrub in the Duke of Bedford's conservatory

at Woburn. I have before alluded to our spiders; I met with one yesterday (not uncommon) very small and round, but of a most brilliant scarlet, like the finest velvet. The God of Nature would be more thought of if His wondrous works were more noticed. I do not envy the man who can look even at a spider, without interest, not merely of a scientific, but devotional kind. The girls' favourite pet now is a kangaroo rat, which they have so effectually tamed that it stands on its long hind legs upon the table and eats from the hand and hops after Sophy wherever she goes, following her with surprising agility. These hopping creatures are really not so inelegant in their wild freedom as might be supposed; they are strangely formed but perfect of their kind.

I have been scribbling this while waiting for Mary and Mrs. Ash's return from Mrs. Ommanney's where they have been drinking tea; but my arm aches so much from a jar it has sustained in cutting through some roots with an axe that I must leave off.

Saturday, 17th June, 1843

Henry and I have been sweeping and dusting our church for tomorrow's service. Teddy has arrived to pass his Sunday with us, so I shall have, I hope, our five sons to receive the Sacrament. A blessing indeed, in this wild country too, in which before I came it had never been thought of; of course, I mean in this district. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be vouchsafed to my children in the participation of this, His sacred ordinance; may their repentance be heartfelt and sincere and the many sins of their youth washed away by a lively faith in His all-sufficient atonement.

We have had much rain; the potatoes are slightly touched by frost and the nights often very cold. We are busy in various ways abroad; planting a large breadth of Battersey cabbages, pruning vines, carting manure, etc. George is just returned from hunting, with an emu and a kangaroo. The wheat is springing nicely, but crows are very troublesome. A vessel in from Adelaide trading; the *Chance,* schooner, driven into our estuary (from which I bought the damaged rice) has since been wrecked at King George's Sound and gone to pieces.

Sunday, 18th June, 1843

I have cause to be thankful for a somewhat improved state of things regarding the services of today. In the morning the number of Communicants was ten; half of them, it is true, were my own five sons, but this was not the less gratifying to me. They, as well as others, would have been destitute of the means of grace had there been no clergyman here.

At Bunbury our small room was so full, several could only stand at the door. I churched two women and baptized their

infants. I preached on "Worldly-mindedness"—a theme very necessary to be brought forward frequently in this dominion of Mammon, for everyone comes here under the idea of making his fortune and all are striving, more or less, to the exclusion of the "one thing needful," after the "meat that perisheth."

I have lodged in Mr. Ommanney's hand a memorandum of my intention to convey to "The Trustees of Church Property" the church ground here, as soon as Sir James Stirling furnishes me with a Title to the 15 acres of which it was a part. This will be done when his own fee simple is made out.

I have thought a good deal of this and wished to convey the ground to S.P.G., but afterwards reflected that if I did so it might be taken as a slight or distrust of those whom the Local Government has appointed Trustees. I have given it in these words—"for the use of the Church of England in Western Australia for ever."

Tuesday, 20th June, 1843

Felt the fatigue of duty yesterday more than usual, which had a corresponding effect upon the nerves. Mr. Taylor (who is on a visit to his brother-in-law) called with Mr. Little. Both, I believe, good gardeners and we had a good deal of talk about vines, by which I shall endeavour to profit.

Weekly wash day, which always knocks up my poor wife, and there is nothing distresses me so much as to see her sinking under such an employment, to which she is not adapted either by education or physical strength. It is the will of God that she should, after the prime of life is gone by, first enter upon these servile employments, not that we mind them because they are servile, but because we have been totally unused to anything of the kind. It is therefore twofold labour to us.

These things and our inability to purchase stores for our numerous family without hampering ourselves in a very disquieting way, press hard upon us at times, but we endeavour to struggle against the depression and care they occasion and God always comes to us to help us out.

Here is an instance: Poor John slept in the bush last night, without shelter or fire, amidst wind and rain and lightning but is just come in unharmed, with three kangaroos to supply our wants. With the help of a native he has found out a new hunting ground, about 10 miles off, where the kangaroos are plentiful.

It has been blowing hard and raining heavily all day and during a job we have been about at our cattle pound we have been obliged repeatedly to run for shelter.

Thursday, 22nd June, 1843

An interval of fine weather; very busy abroad, clearing more land. Returned Mr. Taylor's visit; he is a great favourite with me. I wish there were more in the colony of similar conscientious principles. We may differ slightly on one or two points respecting Church doctrines, but I really believe many mistakes and apprehensions arise from the Church having been so long out of sight. Young men leave England, perhaps very little enlightened on these subjects; they come to a new country where for 8 or 10 years they never see a church, or hear the Church's doctrines explained; they almost forget how to use a Prayer Book, and in fact at 25 or 30 are mere children in Christian knowledge. I do not say this is the case with Mr. Taylor, far from it; he is far more enlightened and candid than the generality of colonists, but I do know many instances of the truth of these remarks. My visit did me good and aroused me for I felt so overcome yesterday in body and mind that I could not sit up with my family to tea, but went to bed. There are times when my spirits sink almost beyond my power to rally them. Indeed, I have no power to do so, but like David, I can call upon God "out of the depths" and for the time I am succoured and supported. The best way is to pray and then go immediately to some charge and active employment. I wish I could cultivate more of John's spirit when I am perplexed and embarrassed in worldly matters; it would be far better for me. The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak.

Monday, 26th June, 1843

We have had some sickness again. William's disorder has returned and warm baths, with mustard poultices, have been necessary. It is clear his complaint arises from indigestion. It is attended with great pain. Henry has been very useful on this occasion and the patient is getting better. As a child William used to have violent attacks in the stomach and I think has always been naturally subject to dyspepsia. George, too, is laid up, with boils which are strangely common here and most inconvenient, as well as painful visitors.

Teddy came as usual yesterday, to spend his Sunday with us. I got through my duty very well indeed, with average congregations and went to Mr. Ommanney's to tea in the evening to meet Mr. Taylor. During evening service a most violent gale came on and shook the trees near the church so much that for safety's sake I am determined to remove two of the tallest, which might fall on the roof. I regret this, but it is quite necessary. Trees are perpetually falling here, or large arms. I have mentioned that one of the young Spencers was killed by the falling of a tree at the Sound. Mr. Taylor yesterday described to me the accident.

A large tree stood at one end of the hut in which were several children. One Sunday morning, about ten o'clock, a sudden squall brought it down directly upon the roof; which it completely crushed. Young Spencer and another boy were killed; a third escaped by an arm of the tree being bent and not touching the ground. The gusts of wind are very partial and sudden. So much so, that I have seen branches falling and wondered for an instant what could be the cause, feeling little or no wind where I was standing.

We could not plough today owing to our having two invalids, but have been drawing trees out of the way. I proceeded at odd times with my vines and peach trees, which require much pruning. I learnt yesterday that in New South Wales they have extensive peach orchards and make peach cider. Mr. Turner has kindly sent us three nectarine trees from Augusta and I have returned him some vine cuttings, which he requested to have. We are now digging new potatoes; very excellent. From this crop we may date the commencement of a full supply of vegetables all the year round, i.e., please God and we are industrious. Hitherto we have been unable to plant a sufficient breadth of crops, from not having enough seed, or manure, or time to bestow upon their cultivation. This then may be considered as a somewhat important point attained in our struggles.

At our present rate of consumption the potatoes we are taking up will last three or four months. Long before that time has elapsed various other crops will come in, to be followed by the main crop of potatoes. It takes some time and experience to get into the proper course here. We are still unable to do justice by our poultry and pigs not having sufficient food for them. In fact, these things are far too expensive until corn is growing for their supply; then they become most valuable helps. The first thing a colonist must attend to is the plough and nothing but the plough. I might almost say he has especial cause to pray, "God, speed the plough."

Our clothing has run very short, working gear especially. We patch and mend and cobble in all sorts of ways. I made a hat for George out of an old remnant, put on a canvas crown and painted the whole white. I have also transformed a pair of shoes into boots for Sophy. The sizes sent out are unfortunately either too large or too small. It is a little puzzling too to find covering for the two poor children here (the Hymuses) and to find time to make them. Almost anything, however, answers the purpose. Mr. Clifton & Co. are quite cooled in their zeal for the injured father of these poor children and I am afraid, after all, I shall have to petition the Governor, on his behalf, alone.

Our dogs have been so severely wounded in their battles with the kangaroos and emus that our hunting is suspended for a time· one has a rib broken, another a broken leg, a third three deep gashes in the neck. A large kangaroo will sometimes pierce a dog to the heart by a kick from his hind leg, which is armed with a sharply-pointed, single claw. I must therefore leave off and visit the hen-roost to see if I can find some fowls for dinner tomorrow.

Wednesday, 28th June, 1843

Received by post today from Mr. Wittenoom the long-wished-for letter from the Bishop. It is dated Sydney, 7th February, 1843, and is in reply to ours dated 1st February last year, but through neglect at the Swan this was not forwarded for some time after. The Bishop's is full of kind encouragement and warm interest in our behalf and he has given us much excellent pastoral advice and counsel, but, unless he can procure a passage to and fro, in a ship of war, there appears little hope of his being able to visit us. One thing surprises me; His Lordship asks statistics respecting our several spheres of labour and geographical information respecting them. At our meeting in February, 1842, I proposed each of us affixing to the joint letter a minute and separate account of all clerical particulars of each of our respective districts and I left at Perth my own, but, as I fancied, the proposition was not very readily entered into. I am almost afraid this was not sent with the letter, or that others were not sufficiently full and explicit, but I shall hear all about it when I go up. I ought to have received the Bishop's letter from the Swan long since.

I will put up a duplicate of this excellent letter, with some others, illustrating parts of this Journal, when I have opportunity of forwarding a packet, which will, I hope, be soon. One has been long since closed up for Mr. Northey and this portion will be added to it. I wish to send home, whenever I can, the latest particulars respecting us. I think it will be a good plan to send the Bishop a map (outline) of W.A., with the stations of our Churches and the population marked upon it. Will see the Governor about it. In short, there seems to have been no pains whatever taken to put his Lordship in possession of any correct and useful information respecting any part of the colony; information which might have been furnished long ago and without which it is impossible for him (as he also says) to take active measures on behalf of the Church. My last private letter to him, I hope, has been received by this time, in which I endeavoured to describe everything I could think of, within my certain knowledge. It is a great evil that more frequent personal communications among the colonial clergy cannot be effected; we are so few in number and

live so far apart. The three, however, on the Swan might often meet if they would. I fear there is not the unanimity which I pray for, and is so essential for the effective working of the Church, but I wish to reserve all further remarks on this subject until my visit to Perth is over.

We have been land-measuring—and find we have cleared in the first enclosure 8 acres, 1 rood, 34 perches; of this 6 acres, 3 roods, 34 perches is wheat, already up and looking well. In the second enclosure 2 acres, 0 roods, 8 perches is also cleared, of which 0 acres, 1 rood, 26 perches is wheat, up likewise, and 1 acre, 2 roods, 22 perches in course of ploughing, to be sown with bearded wheat (the produce of a few heads from Wickham) saved by chance and which had long previously been stuck behind our glass in the drawing room, after one of my pastoral walks to Stretley End. We find it is remarkably luxuriant here and prolific, so that we shall have, this harvest, nine acres of wheat. When I speak of clearing it must be understood that all the great trees are not removed; more will be by degrees but some must always remain. To give as good a notion as I can upon paper of the trees and stumps in our cornfield, the following is the shape of our first enclosure, containing with the gully or watercourse, which runs semi-circular through it, about 10 acres; the bottom of the gully, when cleared, can be cultivated in summer and the banks would do for a vineyard. When it is considered that this has been the result of our own labour (the labour too of young and inexperienced hands with scanty means and appliances in the way of tools and implements) we have great reason to be thankful. In the place of a thick and gloomy wilderness, in which when I first came, I remember wandering about without knowing where I was and almost shedding tears at the apparent hopeless task of subduing such labyrinth, there is now to be seen a beautiful green level of springing corn, an inexpressible relief to the eye and no less so to the mind. This in the course of two years.

The lines below are nothing; I had no room. I have walked over the field to mark the trees, the position of them I could not make accurately, the number however is under the mark. Trees still standing I have marked with a cross (x) the stumps of those removed thus (o) a few have been stubbed up altogether, besides the blackboys (underground grass trees) and underwood. The wood of all the trees except the banksia, excessively hard and the roots sometimes run a long way. The fencing with 3 rails is 16/- a chain and this item has cost me already more than £60. We cart the stuff ourselves besides. There is not a fourth of the fencing, necessary to make our land available, yet completed.

Thursday, 29th June, 1843

A visit from Lieutenant Northey, who brought me a kind note from the Commandant, Major Irwin, which was enclosed in a letter to himself. It is an invitation to Henley Park, Upper Swan, but I don't know how I shall find time to accept it. We are digging and ploughing and are anxious to get as much of the latter done as we can, before Capt. Molloy's bullocks are returned. Mary and Mrs. Ash have gone to tea at Mrs. Ommanney's, Mr. Ommanney and Mr. Taylor being out visiting at Australind and Belvidere.

The session of Council has commenced and if I may judge from the Governor's opening speach, there seems to be a prospect of better things in store for the colony, but the progress is very slow and much has yet to be done to get the exports up to anything like the imports. Unless this is done the colony can never be placed upon a solvent and durable footing. This is not a trading country, but pastoral and agricultural.

Our first lamb this season dropped today but not an ewe. Our black shepherdess brought it in her arms from the bush. Now we must keep a sharp look out after the native dogs, which are always very troublesome at the lambing season. There is at the Vasse a strong wish to obtain a cross from our breed of sheep and if the boys mind what they are about they may find them very profitable. The original stock cost a great deal of money to import and since they are from so celebrated a breed as that of the Webbs', I tell my boys they are perfectly justified in requiring high payment for the cross and should on no account part with any ewes. This desire to obtain our young rams will be a great advantage in case they should predominate in our down-lambing and make the disappointment less.

Sunday, 2nd July, 1843

The attendance on Divine Service today was much as usual As I walked up and down in my church this morning between the first and second bell my thoughts wandered homewards to Churches and congregations in England, and a feeling of sorrowful wonder came over me that people on leaving their native land should be such renegades to the Church of their fathers and I was driven to my knees before God's Altar and prayed for the "good estate of the Catholic Church, that it might be so guided and governed by the Good Spirit that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace and the righteousness of Life." Yes, Catholic truth has been so long lost sight of that indifference, disunion, a loose and meagre religion, private

judgment disseminating doctrinal errors and the grossest practical infidelity, have spread themselves from the parent country even over her most distant colonies; *"Coelum, non animan mutant qui trans mare currunt"* is indeed true in this respect, as well as others. I only hope and pray that among future emigrants there will be some who have imbibed better principles and will, when they come hither, boldly and fearlessly avow them. Nothing can meet the present wild, intangible confusion of religious opinions, but the inculcation and maintenance of the Church's principles as enunciated in her Book of Common Prayer.

Two young surveyors came yesterday from Australind and put up their cart which they had ferried over the river in a boat, in our shed. They were on their way towards the Vasse to survey some land belonging to the Governor's brother, the M.P. They went somewhere else to sleep and took their men with them. Instead of coming to the church this morning they came for their cart as I was beginning the service and quite unnecessarily proceeded on their route, not seeming to give a thought that it was worth their while to pause half an hour to worship their Creator in His earthly temple. These young men were present at the opening of the church and have never attended since. This recklessness is remarkable among the general mass of people. It is not that they profess to be deserters and go somewhere else to worship. No, they are Christians, of course, but think it quite superfluous to go to church. In truth, they live without God in the world and this they had learnt to do in England.

I have been much gratified, however, this evening by a long and serious conversation on various topics relating to Church doctrines and discipline with my four eldest sons; in which they joined with more good sense, sound views and pious opinions than I was prepared to expect. For this I am very thankful.

Monday, 3rd July, 1843

Proceeding with our work in field and garden. Henry and Teddy took our boat to Bunbury to try if the latter can let it out to hire, as we have not time to use it and she is only spoiling in the wet. This morning was fine, clear and frosty and the first thing I saw on getting out of bed was a race along the middle walk between Ted, Agnes, Sophy and the kangaroo rat, which last kept a very respectful place, although the little animal may be said to be also a biped. Its agility and tameness are quite surprising. It has often a cat in its cage to play with.

I have met with a number of the *Australian Record,* and have been amused at a letter therin from Mr. Clifton to the Board in London. It is as follows—addressed to their Secretary.

Australind,
28th April, 1842

Sir,

It will be satisfactory to the Board to hear additional testimony of the favourable position of our settlement and of the fine country these grants contain.

On Thursday the 21st instant the following gentlemen arrived here from Perth and I had the honour to entertain them until yesterday morning: The Honourable the Colonial Secretary; Mr. R. Broun, Government Resident at Fremantle; Mr. Cowan, Clerk of the Council, and Mr. Drake, Commissary General.

None of these gentlemen had been before in this district, excepting Mr. Cowan. They expressed themselves as being wonderfully struck with the beauty and advantages of our position on the estuary and the two rivers and astonished at the rapid progress we had made, and having accompanied me to the principal parts of the town site, and up the surveyors' lines along the flats of the Brunswick, to the mountain gorge, ascended Mount Clifton and returned across the plain to the great pools of the Wellesley, they declared that they had never in any part of the colony, seen anything equal to the country they passed. The Honourable the Colonial Secretary, who is a man of great experience, stated that he had never before seen such land as that which extends to the top of Mount Clifton on any hill in the colonies. The decomposition of the granite or species of whinstone, producing to the summit rich black mould, which if found in low situations could only be denominated alluvial or dark brown friable loam, is the colour of coffee when ground.

The party left me impressed with the strongest opinior of the advantages and resources of our localities.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

M. WALLER CLIFTON,
Chief Commissioner in Australia

Now let me paraphrase this, as consistently with truth as I can, filling up omissions and leaving out all necessary epithets of men and things:

"Australind,
28th April, 1842

"Sir,

It will be satisfactory to the Board to hear some additional account of the position of our settlement and of the portions of good, arable land, which their purchase of Colonel Latour possesses.

"On Thursday the 21st instant the following gentlemen arrived from Perth and I did my best to entertain them at the company's charge till yesterday morning: Mr. Peter Broun, Colonial Secretary; his brother, Mr. Richard Broun, Resident of Fremantle; Mr. Cowan, Clerk of the Council, and Mr. Drake, Commissary General. They expressed themselves pleased with our position on the estuary and the two rivers and thought we had made good progress, which indeed was

no more than we ought to have done, considering the powerful means we had to work with in the outfits and funds of the company. Having accompanied me to the principal parts of the site of the town, as drawn on the plan of our surveyors and up their lines along the flats of the Brunswick, to the high land through an opening of which the river flows, ascended a hill which I have called after my own name and returned across a plain to the pools formed by the drying up of the waters of the Wellesley. They declared the country they had passed through was, taking good and bad together, equal to the average quality of land in several other districts in the colony, so far as it has hitherto been explored. Mr. Peter Broun*, who is an old colonist but perhaps does not know much of agricultural matters, having had more experience in signing official papers than anything else, stated he had never before seen such land as that which extends to the top of the hill before mentioned, on any rising grounds in the colony, a circumstance not improbable, since he has not travelled about much and as I have hinted, is not one likely to make observations bearing upon agriculture. The decomposition of the rock produced a sort of black mould, but by no means so rich as that found in lower situations, the result of alluvial and vegetable deposits. This is sometimes perfectly black, some times dark brown, like ground coffee and indeed of all shades, like anything the board may please to fancy.

"The party left me impressed with rather doubtful opinions as to the success of our undertaking upon our present system, but with the candid acknowledgment that the locality has advantages and resources which if called forth and made use of by patient perseverance, great labour and much self-denial, may place the industrious farmer who possesses a small capital, in the course of time, in a comfortable, though not opulent, position.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

M. W. CLIFTON,

Chief Agent for the W.A. Company at Australind"

Such are the tricks of puffing. More injury is done to the colony in this way than in any other. People sometimes get into a habit of writing and talking hyperbolically, until at last they are almost led to believe their own lies. The country here has many advantages, sufficient to satisfy a man whose eyes are open to the absolute necessity of undergoing great labour, patience and privation in a new country in order to better his condition and that of his children. But more than this is untrue, until our population is considerably increased.

* Note: This gentleman has not himself made a good thing of emigration, being deeply involved in difficulties. To the same gentleman the Commissioner has been heard to apply the name of a certain animal with long ears!

Wednesday, 5th July, 1843

Last night Mary and I were over the river and met there, accidentally, Messrs. Ferguson and Smith, who are seeing about some land up the Preston. We passed a very pleasant evening and read aloud the Bishop's letter. Mr. Smith is a young settler who came out with Mr. Clifton in the *Parkfield* and a sensible, quiet young man, although I fear not energetic enough for a colonist. It is a great nuisance having to halloo for the boat, for the people Mr. Ommanney has got either can't or won't hear and our own is hauled up, i.e., John's flat which he made. I shall blow the horn next time and have agreed that this, and this only, is to be our signal in future.

Mr. Ferguson* told me he had seen Mr. Peter Broun, since the letter on the other side, from Mr. Clifton, had been read by him, and that he is much annoyed and disclaims having used any such exaggerated language as the Commissioner has put in his mouth.

A most melancholy accident has occurred at Fremantle. In going off to the *Success* at night, the captain, a midshipman and two boys were drowned, by the upsetting of the boat. Captain Keen's son was one of the party; he seized an oar and was drifted to the stern of a vessel at anchor, to which the poor fellow clung until he was picked up in the morning, for there was no one on board! The rest have not yet been heard of, but the boat has been found bottom upwards. The poor midshipman was the son of a clergyman. What news for his poor parents! How thankful ought we to be that all our children are safe with us, after all our wanderings. The *Success* has been fortunate in nothing but her name. She went on shore in a gale as has been related and had to undergo extensive repairs. Now her captain and his companions are lost from her crew and she was to have sailed the next morning! I cannot but attribute this accident to carelessness, if I am to judge from the survivor's account, the only one that can be had. The poor boy states that, by some means or other, the main sheet was twice let go and the second time, flapping round against the jib, upset the boat. The captain should not have rowed out at night for many obvious reasons. At such times men are apt to leave the shore, if not excited by drink, at least in a full and lazy state. There is then no one to witness an accident and therefore no help from shore can be depended upon. It is, too, a very squally time of year and there should have been no fixed foresail. I am no sailor, but these are my ideas on the subject. I have seen

* Mr. Ferguson also told me that at the W.A. Company's office in London, he asked whether there was a clergyman in their settlement and was told there was and that my name was mentioned to him, as resident at Australind. I cannot call this by any other name than a deliberate lie.

so much of the want of care and caution in these things since I have been here. I say this to show that these accidents are not always to be attributed to our coast.

I am glad to mention after this melancholy account that our channels, anchorages, etc., are becoming better known. The colony itself is progressing in several ways and I am pleased to find many of my own impressions now advocated by some active correspondents of *The Inquirer*; and that a crusade is begun and vigorously carried on, against the swarms of extorting shopkeepers who have hitherto preyed upon the vitals of the farmer and kept up the high wages.

Thursday, 6th July, 1843

We begin to plough the last half acre for wheat tomorrow. Since the four boys have had so much hard work in the bush, I have for some weeks almost solely attended to the garden and have done as much as I was able. A great deal has to be done in so large a piece of ground, but one man can get through more than he thinks for, if he will work daily and regularly at it. Joe has no time for any work out of doors, having to do for us all in the way of cooking, etc., washing excepted. Indeed we are all obliged occasionally to help one another. For this reason I choose to clean my own shoes on Saturday night, and often sweep out the room.

Mr. Ommanney is gone to Perth and I believe Mr. Taylor returns to the Vasse tomorrow, taking advantage of the company of the postman. These postmen have some of the most trying work to perform in winter and I almost wonder the Government can get any trustworthy person, on some of the worst routes, to undertake the office. The pay is very moderate. The conveyance of mails is annually contracted for by tender.

It is very inconvenient being kept in such a state of uncertainty respecting my journey to the Swan, for I should otherwise, perhaps, have availed myself of the present moon and interval of fine weather to pay another visit to the Vasse. We have now fine, bracing, frosty mornings, succeeded by sunshine and cold breezes. The sky often looks as if it were going to snow, but no snow falls here, although to the feelings, it is at times cold enough. I delight in such weather, especially for work and exercise but it is generally met here with a shrug and a shiver. Mrs. Ommanney has kindly sent us a beautiful piece of pork, from a pig they have been fattening with flour (6lb. a day), surely a very expensive plan, unless it be damaged flour. We cannot get flour enough to feed ourselves. My neighbour has odd freaks sometimes. I have never seen such meat since I left England. I have no doubt that in the course of time we shall have as good ourselves, but not

fattened with flour; bruised wheat perhaps and potatoes. As my poor father used to say, "We shall see."

Friday, 7th July, 1843

Teddy has sent me a note saying the *Water Witch* is arriving from the Swan and that she brings word the *Champion* is in from Van Diemen's Land. This latter has brought me a printed letter from the Bishop; one for John also telling him his goods will be forwarded from Melbourne the first opportunity. The Bishop's is a circular to his clergy containing his protest against the encroachment of the Roman Catholic Bishop upon his Diocese of Australia and requesting the support and co-operation of all his clergy and desiring them to read this Protest in Church, i.e., during Divine Service, after the Nicene Creed.

I shall, of course, most heartily comply with my Diocesan's wishes, but things must be getting serious at Sydney to require this. I admire Bishop Broughton's spirit, emanating as it does from so much purity of motive and love of truth. "It is my desire," he says, "that nothing be done by us of strife and vain glory: nothing with the design of wantonly provoking controversy, or for the mere purpose of magnifying our own pretentions." . . . . "While we express without disguise our views of Christian Truth." As His Lordship has not answered my last private letter, I conclude he had not yet received it. The circular is dated "Sydney, The Festival of the Annunciation, 25th March, 1843." There are several Roman Catholics here and a Popish Priest has been long talked of as likely to arrive at the Swan. So that this Protest will be very seasonable. I get rather impatient to meet my brother clergy for one or two of them are sadly behindhand in watching the signs of the times.

All this comes of our having lost sight of the Church's primitive model and in proportion as we get back to it, or the contrary, so will be the stability and efficiency of our reformed branch in whatever part of the world she is planted. The whole system of the Evangelical party has a tendency to break up that model, to depreciate Episcopacy and the Sacraments. The Papists see this and are taking advantage of it. It is they and not the Puseyites who are helping the cause of Rome. Before the Evangelicals arose, the Church indeed, both outwardly and inwardly, was miserably denuded, but they have in one respect, run into the opposite extreme and in the contemplation of the invisible lost sight of the visible Church! I do not mean to say that the Party in question are aware of the tendency of their proceedings and of the weakening effect of the division they cause among those who ought to strive for the Church's integrity as one man. I give them credit for the purest motives, but they entertain mistaken views of a

militant Church. I foresee I shall have to encounter some contradiction, but I shall, God helping me, persevere quietly and steadily in that path which I believe to be right; as being the nearest to that pursued in the primitive Church and which the clerical experience of my whole life, cast as it has been during eventful and troublous times, in which "agitation" has been rife in our Zion, confirms.

The envelope of the Bishop's letter is an abstract and acquittance (blank) of the allowances to Government Chaplains in N.S.W. in lieu of house rent and forage for a horse. We have no such allowance here, except solely in Mr. Wittenoom's case (he is allowed lodging money, although he lives in his own house).

Saturday, 8th July, 1843

The weeks slip away very fast. The events of the day are commonplace. Mr. Northey's substitute is arrived and I must soon enter into some arrangements to secure his (Mr. Northey's) house. About this I must write home, in the confidence that I shall be helped.

A whale has been caught and all the blacks are flocking down to feast on the blubber. As to our daily occupations, this day's will serve as a specimen. They are as thus:

Before breakfast:
Father—digging.
William, Henry and George—jobbing about premises, milking, yoking bullocks, etc.

Breakfast to dinner:
Prayers.
Father—digging.
William, Henry and George—clearing and ploughing.

Dinner to tea:
Father—gardening and making a rake.
William—clearing.
Henry and George—to Bunbury with bullock cart for stores and Henry's trunks.
John—hunting since last night; brought in two small kangaroos.
Teddy arrived with cart from Bunbury to spend his Sunday.
Mother, three girls and Mrs. Ash (taking the whole day) directing Joe and his fag, Roy Hymus, seeing after meals for the ravenous ones, working, darning stockings, patching, etc.

Tea to bedtime:
Father—writing Journal and sermonizing.
Boys—resting before log fires in the hut, some smoking, hearing about the whale and Bunbury gossip.
Prayers (and may God forgive us this day all we have done amiss!).

We have had several days in succession of most delightful weather, clear, bracing, frosty sunshine with brilliant sunshine the rest of the day and this is winter.

Sunday, 9th July, 1843

Read the Bishop's protest at Bunbury this morning and having entered a memorandum in my Register Book of my having done so, procured the signature of some of the congregation as witnesses. I shall do the same at all the places where I officiate. I am too tired tonight to write much. The worst of the duty here is there are no resting pauses, the continued stretch of the voice where there is no singing is greatly fatiguing. Today I had the Bishop's letter to explain and his protest to read in addition. Immediately after the Service I had more talking about the Benefit Club, which after all, I see, will be dissolved. I no sooner got home than people arrived from Australind to have their child baptized and as they had mistaken the turn of service and the boat that brought them was waiting, I was obliged to perform the rite forthwith, which brought me nearly to the commencement of Evening Service. Many men would not mind all this, or even much more than this, but it knocks me up and makes me feel far more weary than a hard day's digging. This has always been my infirmity but, thank God, I do not feel it so much as I did in England. I must now to bed, first taking a look at a halo around the moon, which Mary has been to tell me of.

Wednesday, 12th July, 1843

Sent a long letter by post today to my old friend John Phillips in reply to a most kind one received by Henry. The weather changed on Sunday night and a vast deal of rain has suddenly fallen. These halos round the moon are not infrequent and seem to indicate a change, but as there has been time for much water to run off during the late fine interval, I hope we shall not have a flood, as last year.

Finished wheat sowing on Monday. We reserved the Wickham wheat (bearded) to the last. I brought five ears with me (the produce of these I saved last year) and this year there was seed enough to sow rather more than half an acre. Captain Molloy's bullocks are going back tomorrow, if they can be driven through the waters. They have done us good service and we shall now take in hand the other pair he sent us.

Mr. Northey called and I have agreed to take his house when he leaves it (in about 3 months) and am allowed to move anything to it at my leisure, while he stays. This step I found to be indispensable on our own account as well as our boys'. The pros-

pect of some quiet and relaxation to me and my poor wife is cheering beyond measure.

Mrs. Ash has been spending a couple of days with Mrs. Ommanney, Mr. Ommanney being absent. I am afraid she (Mrs. Ash) finds our life very dull, for she does not enter into things as I thought she would. In her husband she seems to have lost all motive to active exertion like what we witnessed on board ship and I think a little change of quiet society would be good for her.

The boys (to whom I left it) were tempted yesterday to let our cart for hire; the body, however, being in a very crazy state I feared it would be broken and so it proved. So today John has tried his hand to mend it and will finish it tomorrow sufficiently to hold together until I can get a new body made. Without a cart we are completely stopped in our operations and we have a deal of work before us in carting manure. Ours has withstood much knocking about against trees, etc., but not being made of the right stuff has yielded the sooner. The wheels, as elsewhere stated, have been renewed. A good roomy bullock cart costs from £25 to £30 complete.

George and a black have brought in two kangaroos on their shoulders, Hotspur being wanted for the Vasse to take home the bullocks. When a whale is caught the natives are very truant and our little cowherd went off with his father to cram the blubber and left all our cattle to themselves, so we lost them for a night. The greedy little rogue brought them in next morning at daylight. This, however, was a great temptation to him. Yet are the natives generally faithful in what they undertake, so strictly fulfilling injunctions to the very letter, that they will seldom deliver "paper talk" except into the hands of the person to whom it is addressed and whom they are told it is for, ex. gr., if I see a blackfellow come in at the gate with a letter (if not in an extra envelope, nicely bedaubed with grease and wilgy) I say, "Paper talk?" "Yees." "Give me." "No." "For John?" "Na, me give William," speaking the name with emphasis. Some of the flour we bought at the wreck is so bad we can hardly use it and our own wheat has been, all we had left, used for seed. I must therefore endeavour to get some butter, but I know not how to pay for it. In the meantime we have rice and potatoes, for which I am most thankful.

Mary has been ill with one of her bad headaches and I shall have prayers soon that she may get a good night's rest.

Friday, 14th July, 1843

William returned last night without being able to get across the Capel. The bullocks with some difficulty swam over and proceeded on their road homewards very quietly by themselves, but

the torrent was too strong for the horse and I am glad William did not persevere in attempting a passage, for the river is full of stumps and dead trees in which Hotspur might have entangled his legs. Except by natives, the communication with the Vasse is, for the present, cut off, for to travel by the beach road the Vasse estuary must be crossed, in which the water is now very high and the postman in attempting it got bogged and was nearly drowned.

We have mended our cart as well as we could and have been using it today, preparatory to our potato crop. I have been gradually getting the packet ready in which this is to be sent and I daresay it will cause some amusement to open it, for all the contents are gummed and packed in such a way that nothing but a knife will reveal them. Over the whole I shall put some painted canvas to guard against sea-water, which sometimes unexpectedly flows into passengers' cabins and spoils everything it gets at.

As Mr. Northey kindly assured me he could, without inconvenience, take anything for me I have ventured to increase the bulk. My journey to the Swan has been so long and so vexatiously delayed that I cannot now keep this until it is over (which I much wished). I will, however, D.V., write by post from Fremantle and send all the information I can. I trust my little trifling remembrances will be acceptable, I could send nothing else; no gold, pearls or precious stones, nor would these, I feel assured, be valued more by those I love. I must ever cling to my native home and those I have left behind and I have no greater pleasure than in the mental associations which the manufacture of these packets calls forth.

Sunday, 16th July, 1843

Read the Bishop's protest at Picton Church this morning. My congregation consisted solely of my own family party, nine in number, Hymus' two children and Mrs. Ash. It was gratifying however to see my compliance with the request of my Diocesan certified in the Register Book by my five sons. May they always prove staunch Protestants as well as zealous and obedient churchmen! At Bunbury the attendance was rather better than common.

Sighing as I do after the old paths and anxious as I am to see the first church here planted, as nearly as may be, on the primitive model, I could not help being struck with one of the morning psalms, the 80th. It is a fine Catholic supplication on behalf of the languishing Church, and although it will not altogether apply to present circumstances (for the Church then was under heavy bondage and oppression) most of the words may

be taken up by a true churchman in this country, if the spirit of prayer be exercised throughout:

"Hear, O thou Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep; Show Thyself also, Thou that sittest upon the Cherubims, before Ephraim, Benjamin and Manasses; Stir up Thy strength and come and help us. Turn us again, O God; Show the light of Thy countenance and we shall be whole! O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt Thou be angry with Thy people that prayeth? Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them plenteousness of tears to drink. Thou has made us a very strife unto our neighbours and our enemies laugh us to scorn. Turn us again, Thou God of Hosts, show the light of Thy countenance and we shall be whole. Thou has brought a vine out of Egypt; Thou hast planted it in a heathen land; Do Thou make room for it and when it has taken root, may it fill the land! May the hills be covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof be like the goodly Cedar trees. May she stretch out her branches into the sea and her boughs unto the rivers. Suffer not her people to be broken down, so that all they that go by may pluck off her grapes; the wild bear out of the wood root it up and the wild beasts of the field devour it. Turn Thee again. Thou God of Hosts, look down from Heaven; behold and visit this vine and the place of the Vineyard that Thy right hand hath planted and the branch that Thou once madest so strong for Thyself; O let it not be burnt with fire and cut down, for thine enemies shall perish at the rebuke of Thy Countenance. Let Thy hand be upon the Man of Thy right hand, and upon the Son of Man, whom Thou madest so strong for Thine own Self. Do Thou bless and prosper the Church of Thy great and powerful Messiah. And so will we not go back from Thee. O let us live and we shall call upon Thy Name. Turn us again, O Lord God of Hosts; show the light of Thy Countenance and we shall be whole."

But all this can hardly be called journalizing; of the feelings, however, it certainly is and they are proper for Sunday evening.

Monday, 17th July, 1843

Poor Mary is gone to bed, quite knocked up with her exertions in washing. The rain has been pouring heavily, with thunder and lightning. We have had some very cold nights and yesterday was a cold day. John has taken Henry into the bush to initiate him in hunting, that he may take his turn. An occupation by no means agreeable. The boys regularly take it in turns to go out. This is, and long has been, our entire subsistence in fresh meat. As to poultry, after all my care, I find they will not answer at present. It is premature in us to keep many. We have not now a grain of anything to feed them with and the insects, so abundant in summer,

have disappeared. The consequence is, so far from getting them fit for the table, they are half-starved, and destroy our young cabbages to a great extent. We must therefore sell some and wait until we are better supplied with grain from our own fields. It must be recollected we have no barn or farmyard here, where they could pick up food, as is the case in every farm in England. There is no reason why we should not have these necessary appendages to our premises except the best of all reasons—we cannot afford to make them. For my turkeys, too, I have the greatest difficulty to find sustenance. It will be remembered, our barley was nearly all destroyed by the caterpillars.

A native brought in yesterday two wild puppies, which the boys bought for 6d. a piece. They are of a tawny colour, with white tips to their tails like foxes, short, pricked ears placed far back in the head and tapering muzzles; their countenances are very peculiar, combining those of wolf and fox—being snappish, dastardly-looking animals. I know not whether they will succeed in taming them, although this is sometimes done by the natives. I am sure they are indigenous and not introduced, as some fancy.

The *North America* has broken from her moorings, gone ashore again and is irreparably wrecked. Another instance of want of precaution for she was not properly secured against our heavy gales. She now lies on her side close to the *Samuel Wright* with her bottom stove in. Mr. Scott, the purchaser, now takes his turn of loss, not less (including what he gave for her and expenses in getting her off, making a new rudder and repairing) than £500. As for selling her as she is, no one will buy her. The expense of taking her to pieces at such a place as this would be so great. I daresay she might be bought for £50. Her material would be valuable for buildings, if they could be obtained at any reasonable rate. It is a great pity to see so much property wasted and yet it cannot be helped.

Eleven lambs dropped of which three only are ewes. Our flock is far too small to increase rapidly. We have plenty of kids, but they are hardly worth killing young; they have nothing upon them. They should be two or three years old before being fit for killing. We have not had any goat mutton for some months and as long as we can get kangaroo we wish to save them.

Tuesday, 18th July, 1843

Two more ewe lambs. John and Henry having started yesterday at 3 p.m., returned this evening at about 5 o'clock with four kangaroos. All this "meat in due season" is a merciful provision. We are out of tea and oil. I must send to Bunbury tomorrow and try if these wants can also be supplied. It is not easy to procure oil, although so many whales are killed on our coasts. If not

successful we must go to bed in the dark. I shall apply to Mr. Child, who has a share in the whale lately caught. I am afraid this bay whaling will not answer on account of the uncertainty and the heavy expenses attending it. The Americans bring miscellaneous cargoes for sale and return with oil, which pays them extremely well. At sea they have much better success in fishing.

I took the two girls in the bullock cart into the bush this evening to bring in a good load of banksia cones and small pieces of wood for our fire in the wooden house and gathered some of the fruit of a tree called here wild pear, having leaves something like those of the holly, but larger. The fruit is not eatable. Only two indigenous sorts that are so have been discovered, viz., the Vasse apple (so called, but a stone fruit), and the curious kind I mentioned, which Mr. Drummmond showed us, having the stone outside. It is as hard as a rock, containing two seeds, tempting to look at, as large and shaped as a good sized pear, but in antipodean fashion, hanging the wrong way, with the small end downwards. The tree itself is very ornamental, but rarely found uninjured by fire. Poor Agnes not taking proper precaution in picking up the wood, had her fingers bitten by a lion ant and in one place the blood gushed out as from punctures made by a pin.

The immense anthills here are very wonderful and sometimes they carry up their works against a tree to a considerable height. They destroy the dead wood and the head of a large tree which has fallen and the trunk, too, will in time be completely consumed by them. I do not think the so much dreaded white ant will attack wood that is perfectly dry, unless conducted to it from the ground by other damp wood in contact with it. Poultry are very useful in destroying them.

Henry brought out with him some specimens of Cambridgeshire butterflies which were caught and preserved at Wickham. It was a great treat to see these old acquaintances and I am never tired of looking at them. Among them is the old cabbage fellow —white with black spots. I am glad, however, we have them not here. Though many far more beautiful are found in other countries, we have no butterflies like them here. Of other insects, however, a fine and curious collection may be made. But I forget I am on one of my hobbies and as I ride them all very awkwardly, like an ignorant cockney, I will dismount before I get a tumble. So I'll call to prayers, and then to bed.

Thursday, 20th July, 1843

A deluge of rain, which penetrates everywhere; very uncomfortable weather, but it does not last long. I find I am, at last, to be summoned to the Swan by the next post and am to have 10 days' notice. I'm afraid I shall have a bad journey. This being

the case and since Mr. Northey will probably not be here when I return, I think it best to close this packet before I go and reserve for a letter any particular points which I wish my friends to be informed upon, as the result of my visit and interview with the Governor. A circumstantial account shall be inserted in my Journal at a future opportunity. It may be easily imagined how anxious I am for the arrival of the next ship from England. I have received no news later than the date of Henry's departure last November; nearly eight months.

I have been busy bricklaying and whitewashing today, mending up our fireplace. I have made the kitchen hearth higher, to enable us to roast and we find the kangaroo much better roasted. Dressed thus it resembles hare, but with less flavour of game. With good basting, gravy and sweet sauce, it might pass for it. We have none of these of the right sort, we use the grease of salt pork only.

There seems to be awakened on all sides an effort to place our colony upon a sound and wholesome footing and many public meetings have been held for the promotion of various patriotic objects. Hitherto all has been wrong and I hope people are now becoming more convinced that individual interests are wrapped up in that of the public. I will put up some numbers of *The Inquirer* which is very ably conducted for a colonial paper. I would only caution readers against anything in which Clifton & Co. appear to be concerned. There is an advertisement this week of a block of land on the Collie called Roelands (which I never heard before) to be let, with reference to Clifton, Stirling & Co., which I am sure, by the style, was written by the old man.

The Vineyard Society is by far the most important association that has been formed for the future prosperity of this country, than which none can be better adapted, both in soil and climate, for the cultivation of the wine, as well as the olive, pomegranate and fig, which all readers of Scripture have been accustomed to associate together. When our vines are sufficiently advanced, and the knowledge of the different kinds and the mode of treatment they require are learnt by experience, I hope, D.V., to be able to send home a specimen of our raisins and currants.

Teddy has caught his pony (the colt I caught by the leg) and brought it up to be tethered here and accustomed to the hand (it being now very nearly two years old) and a very pretty, strong pony it is. We are now ploughing part of the piece in the first enclosure which was too light for wheat, in order to sow black oats (which we saved from seed brought out) and tares, to cut grass for hay. There is still no lack of work and it is a happy thing for the boys that they have so much occupation of their time before them. For myself, although my work is often much

harder than I like, nothing would make me more uncomfortable than to pass a day unemployed. Besides, the wise man says, "He that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster."

I hardly ever visit Scott's (Koombana) farm now, the people I talked so much about when I first came. They are Presbyterians of the wrong sort and Mrs. Scott, whom I had imagined to be the kindest neighbour to us (and she is very kind in visiting sick neighbours in her own class) turns out to be a most violent foul-mouthed woman. And many little snubs we have had to put up with from that quarter. I find it won't do to be too familiar here, the common people being all set up and out of their places; insolence is sure to follow upon too great familiarity. The clergyman's influence in spiritual matters is destroyed when he ceases to make himself respected and respect is only to be secured by steady perseverance in his clerical duties against all opposition and keeping those who oppose themselves, while he meekly instructs them, at a proper distance. In my peculiar situation, I pray God to guide me that my example may not be quoted to those who come after me, to the prejudice of the Ministry of Reconciliation and the Salvation of Souls.

Sunday, 23rd July, 1843

I am thankful that my congregations today were better than the last two or three Sundays. No one but a man placed in a similar situation to mine can fully understand the cheering and supporting effect of any little change in this respect. Teddy has come to us as usual and will spend his birthday with us tomorrow. He will then be sixteen. Thus rapidly we pass on from year to year. May each year be marked in the lives of us all, by growth in grace and godliness.

The waters are now spread out to a great extent and the road to Bunbury very bad. I could hardly get down thither without a horse; had I walked, I must have stripped downwards and waded through the mud and water. The river, too, is much swollen. These impediments to communication in winter must continue until there is sufficient capital in the colony to remedy them. But it must, even then, be a work of time, to effect anything substantial and permanent. This is one very strong reason for establishing small Churches at intervals throughout the districts instead of one or two large ones only on the town sites. The heavy debts that have been incurred in building the churches at Perth and Fremantle have arisen from the worldly desire of the inhabitants that their respective towns should have a good appearance. I do not mean to say that this has been the case with all, but with the many it has been the prevailing motive. The consequence is that

both churches when finished must be heavily taxed to pay the interest of borrowed money. The odious system of pew rents will be established and all sorts of heart-burnings instead of heart-searchings will be promoted and many of the lower orders furnished with a ready excuse for occupying free seats in the meeting house. It is vain to hope in these days that people will be brought to entertain just views of the Christian Church, in which a pew fee should never be tolerated, but it should be free and open to all, "without money and without price." It is this constitutes the beauty and loveliness of a Christian assemblage of worshippers. "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all."

Monday, 24th July, 1843

Letters by Mr. Ommanney's return from Messrs. King and Broun, Fremantle, informing me that Friday, 4th August is the day fixed, at last, for the opening of Fremantle Church and expressing the hope that the lateness of the season will not prevent me being present. I must therefore start next week. I must keep this open a few days longer and deliver it into Mr. Northey's hands before I go. Among the multifarious occupations in which I employ myself have been today the making two bridles with undressed kangaroo skin (tanned by ourselves) and proceeding with the repairs of our cart. Tomorrow I hope to finish the cart, to be ready for manuring and to make a cover for my saddle. Some day or other I trust I shall be possessed of a few common tools, knacker's, cobbler's, blacksmith's, none of these do we possess, yet we have almost daily use for them and for want of them, are bungling and wasting our time sadly, to say nothing of the bruises to our fingers. Unless we can concentrate our wants within our own circle, the expenses attending the employment of other handicraftsmen will always keep us back.

Mary and the girls' washing day and the former done up as usual. At Bunbury, I earnestly hope, she may get some help from a soldier's wife who lives there, in whose husband's estimation I happen to stand very high, having supplied him with fishing lines. They are, however, very civil people. Not having yet copied out the whole of my sermons for Fremantle, I must put this by and go to them. Indeed, just now, there is little to notice in a Journal and I very much fear I have already written too much about nothing. As I have not previous portions to refer to, no doubt repetitions of events and sentiments will be found and my memory is not a good one.

Wednesday, 26th July, 1843

I went to see Mrs. Ommanney last night to hear the news from the Swan, but gathered very little of a satisfactory nature.

The worst is there appears to be a want of unanimity among the clergy. The fact is, we want a Bishop to exercise Ecclesiastical authority over us. There is either zeal without knowledge, or no zeal at all and I do not look forward to my visit with the same comfortable feelings I entertained some time ago. I propose starting on Monday and hope to reach Fremantle on Wednesday evening. The new Church, I am told, is not what it ought to have been. I objected to the plan last year, but no one seems to have the slightest notion of an Ecclesiastical building. Any new barbarism is thought an improvement. All this is much to be regretted and as I have said before, I wish the Camden Society would send out some plans and estimations for colonial Churches.

In returning last night, it being very dark and the river high, I missed my footing in springing out of the boat and got a partial ducking, grazing my shins very uncomfortably. I am none the worse today beyond a little smarting. It was the boatman's fault for not putting the boat's head in the right place, but perhaps he could not see. We never catch cold from a wetting here so readily as in England. The cold nights in the bush cause rheumatism, often very painful. William is laid up with the face-ache from this cause; or rather from the great changes we have had by day, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. often quite warm and night and morning so cold as to make it painful to use cold water.

Mr. Northey breakfasted with us this morning. He is obliged to start for Perth tomorrow, so I must go alone, but I hear there is a hut erected at Myalup; if so, I hope to avoid sleeping in the bush. Finished repairing our cart and my saddle is ready for my journey. George and Teddy had a blank day hunting yesterday; a rare occurrence. Thank God we have been able to kill a goat to supply our wants. They must manage as well as they can with the pony while I am absent, for I must take Hotspur. I have to carry all my clothes, gown, etc., and food, besides blanket and wraps. We have certainly hitherto been mercifully provided with abundance of kangaroo; not more, however, of late, than we could consume; the weather allowing it to hang, and it must be remembered that the hindquarters only are eaten, the remainder goes to support the dogs.

Thursday, 27th July, 1843

I must now close for the present, wishing to pack my parcel. I shall, D.V., continue to make notes in this form as long as my friends wish it. I say so, because after three years, there will be little interesting to communicate and my journal will grow tiresome. I see, however, a longer period will be required to prove the success of our undertakings and it may be desirable, if our health and lives are mercifully preserved, to mark our several

steps towards it. We are now I may say safely, in a position, with God's blessing, to make more rapid progress than heretofore, if we had the means. We are now broken in and our labour tells for more than it did; we know better how to economize it; we have gathered experience in many things. The climate, seasons and soils we understand better. Nothing but the most strenuous persevering exertions on my part could have saved us from ruin; there is no occupation which is not abundantly forestalled, except an agricultural one, which the boys could by any possibility have entered upon in this country. To secure this only opening for them I have without hesitation sunk all my money, and the result up to this time has proved that I could not have done anything else to keep them out of evil and put them in a way of earning their own bread. As to Teddy, he has no permanent situation; he is learning business only by the month, things being as yet too unsettled here to obtain any more extended engagement. But he is not to be with his brothers. I consider the four eldest quite party enough to remain here, when I go to Bunbury.

And now, reserving all news from the Swan for a letter I hope to send from thence, and invoking a blessing upon my gentle readers, I lay aside my pen.—J.R.W.

N.B.—This should be the sixth portion of my Journal which I have sent home: 1st, from the Cape; 2nd, from Fremantle: 3rd, by Mr. Samson; 4th, by Lady Spencer; 5th and 6th, in this packet, by Mr. Northey.

OPENING OF FREMANTLE CHURCH

(Continuation of Journal from July 31st, 1843)

Saturday, 2nd September, 1843

A whole month has elapsed since I closed the last portion of my Journal and I have been quite unable to continue it until this evening, and even now I can only briefly relate some of the events that have passed. I had made a few notes at Perth and proposed drawing from these a detailed narrative of my journey and visit, but I can only give a short diary. Other matters shall be mentioned afterwards. Left home on 31st July at 10 a.m., my horse carrying 61lb. of baggage besides his rider. I slept alone on the stony plain; the night was dark and I had just made up my fire when, having stooped down to take up my pannikin to get some water for tea, on turning round, lo! a man stood before me! I had heard no footsteps and was a little surprised, but I seldom get flurried on these occasions and my pistols were handy. There was no danger, however, of an attack as it proved to be the Postman, who, wet and tired, was glad to light his pipe and take a sip of brandy from my pocket pistol or flask before he proceeded on his

way to a hut 11 miles further. On the 1st August I reached the mouth of Peel's Inlet and slept at a hut kept by a poor man of the name of Sutton, whose wife, a nice clean woman, gave me some excellent bread, butter and eggs. Perhaps I liked them the better for their name. On 2nd August I crossed the estuary by swimming Hotspur, taking saddle bags, etc., in a small punt. Arrived at Fremantle about 5 p.m. and proceeded at once to Mr. King's, where I was most kindly received and made arrangements for tethering my horse and feeding him there, to avoid the enormous expense of livery (10/- per diem). Found the Kings very busy preparing cushions, hangings, etc., for the church. I got a bed on the sofa and slept soundly.

Thursday, 3rd August, 1843

Inspected the new church (of this by and by) and called at Mr. Rd. Broun's, where I had engaged to take up my quarters after the first night; made some calls, met Mr. Singleton, of Pinjarra, who had come up to the opening. Went to the gaol to see poor Hymus, who looked thin and out of spirits—I brought a petition for his release, but of this in the sequel.

Friday, 4th August, 1843

The great day, i.e., for this colony, indeed. It had never before seen such a day and may its results extend to many generations! The details of what occurred will perhaps be seen in the colonial papers, but since there are many things which can only be mentioned by myself and this opening of a substantial stone church in so important a place as Fremantle is too interesting a circumstance to be lightly passed over. The particulars shall be reserved to another day; one of more leisure. Suffice it to say here, everything went off admirably and all were pleased.

Saturday, 5th August, 1843

Rested as well as I could, but was much taken up in talking to various persons; very exciting and fatiguing.

Sunday, 6th August, 1843

Preached morning and evening in the new church to good congregations; dined with Mr. King, met Miss Irwin and Mrs. McDermott (both superior women). The evening service was at 6 p.m. Thinking it was to be 7 o'clock, I had snatched a nap on the sofa, but was roused up by the former lady to go to church, so rubbed my eyes, robed, and did the best I was able.

Monday, 7th August, 1843

To Perth and took up my abode at Mr. Geo. Leake's, who kindly took in my horse also. Made some calls; in the evening, to

Mr. Mackie's, cards and late hours (did not suit me at all), but I had the inspection of some curious specimens of Australian Natural History which I had not seen before, and plenty of books. It was a Club night and Mr. Leake asked me to accompany him.

Tuesday, 8th August, 1843

Called at Government House; had long interview with His Excellency and discussed many topics. I like the man, and agree with him on many topics, but he is no churchman. I ascertained that nothing could be done for me by him to enable me to obtain an increase of income. (This is all explained in letters.) Dined at Mr. Leake's, met Mr. Mackie and George Nash (my old friend who failed at Donnybrook) and had a pleasant evening.

Wednesday, 9th August, 1843

More calls. Meeting of clergy at Mr. Wittenoom's fixed for this day, but owing to supineness and disagreements, three only were present: self, King and Wittenoom. After I had said prayers, we discussed the Bishop's letter to which I wished to be framed an answer, but I could settle nothing then. Never was a Bishop's presence more wanted than here, although we are so few. So engaged to see also the other two (viz., Messrs. Mitchell and Postlethwaite), at Henley Park. They had not had timely notice. As to Mr. Meares, he was at York, and never came near us. Dined at Mr. MacDermott's (Manager of Bank of Australasia) and met Messrs. Leake and Singleton.

Thursday, 10th August (Council Day), 1843

Went in for a short time, but nothing interesting going on; great decorum and etiquette observed, which is striking in this out-of-the-way land. Called on Mr. Lawrence, the lawyer, and settled finally about conveyance of Mr. Northey's house at Bunbury. (Something more to be said about this.) Lunched at Mr. Mackie's and from thence accompanied Major Irwin in the evening to Henley Park, fourteen miles away. I wish I had time to mention many little amusing circumstances as I go on, but I have not; one I will hazard. The major is an old plain soldier. As we were starting, a pony with side-saddle was brought up. I had seen no lady, nor heard of any, to accompany us. Presently, Mr. Mackie's black servant brought out of the kitchen sundry bundles, tied up in cloths and handkerchiefs. These contained sundry stores for Mrs. Irwin: baskets, salt, sugar, brushes, etc., and were hung on the pummels on either side. While admiring the ingenuity of this pack-saddle, and thinking the pony was sufficiently loaded, out came another black (an Indian Coolie) with a red handkerchief tied over his head under the chin, and a blanket wrapped

round him. This was the Major's servant, and he, being unable to ride in any other way, was mounted (lady fashion) on the pony also; and we drove him before us all the way to Henley Park, on a brisk trot; the poor fellow holding on the pummel with one hand and securing the goods and dangling chattels, as well as he could, with the other. He dropped his blanket once, and I dismounted to replace it. All arrived safely but he must have been very tired, for the poor wretch was bumped through bogs and swamps the whole way. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of my reception at Henley Park. I had not seen Mrs. Irwin before. She has four boys. There are also other relatives in the family. Among the rest was Mr. Jowett, who is ploughman (nephew or son of the author of "Christian Researches in Mediterranean") Partook of tea and supper combined (common meal here when people dine early), read to them a chapter in Bible, and prayers and went to a nice, comfortable bed.

Friday, 11th August, 1843

Called on Mr. Postlethwaite, who lives nearby; inspected the church—a better building than I expected although of mud; beautifully situated on a high bank overlooking the Swan. Suggested at the Major's request several improvements, such as enclosing a communion table, pulpit, desk, etc. Next went with my benevolent host to see his native school. There are white children also (but 5 natives present). Examined them by a few questions (catechised, the whites), no great progress; but the school is new and I suspect the mistress not first-rate. Returned to Henley Park, and there met and had long converse with Messrs. Mitchell and Postlethwaite. Communicated to them what had passed on Wednesday the 9th at Perth; various matters recommended by my clerical brethren and others suggested by myself; finally arranged that I should draw up answer to the Bishop, and send it to the Swan for signature. (This I have been totally unable to set about yet.) Very agreeable dinner and evening; retired early as I could, being nearly dead beat.

Saturday, 12th August, 1843

As early as I was able, accompanied the Major and his niece and two children, on double horseback (to please Papa), to Mr. Sam Moore's, at Guildford. Having before I started had a long conversation with the Advocate-General, Mr. George F. Moore, across the river (there being no boat) about Church matters and the Bishop of London, who had kindly mentioned me to him when in England. Here I borrowed a horse, being unable to take Hotspur across the water, and rode on to Mr. Mitchell's, about one and a half miles further. More consultation; paid my respects to

Mrs. Mitchell; partook of early dinner; returned to river, mounted own horse and hastened to Perth in time to dress for dinner at the Governor's (at 7 p.m.). Fashionable hour. I suspect this party was made to meet me: Governor all attention and politeness; showed us *Gould's Birds of Australia;* splendid, but expensive work (£3/3/- a number). Wish my friends could see it; there are some birds most extraordinary in their habits, but not found in these parts. The greatest and most beautiful varieties are found to the northward and in New South Wales. There is the Bower Bird which constructs an arbour for its recreation and ornaments it with feathers and shells! Also a bird which lays its eggs in a large heap, several feet in diameter, of vegetable rubbish, which ferments and heats and thus hatches them without the trouble of incubation. Before I left I made an appointment to see the Governor again on Monday morning.

Sunday, 13th August, 1843

While we were preparing for church, guns were heard—the *Madras* had arrived at Fremantle. "Ship from England" in everyone's mouth and causing great bustle. To church, however, we went. Read morning service and preached. Mr. Wittenoom, being an invalid, read only Communion Service and at my instigation, the Bishop's Protest against encroachments of See of Rome. At 2 p.m. the mail arrived. Great commotion in consequence of detention of letters by Postmaster General, Mr. Camfield. He is a very conscientious man and had previously told the Governor he must resign if he insisted upon the distribution of letters on Sunday. No mail had before arrived on a Sunday, so here was the test, and like a good man he kept his word. I was assailed by several for my opinion and asked to interfere with Mr. Camfield but I would have nothing to do with the business. I cannot blame a man who acts conscientiously. It may, however, be said this was not like the common delivery of a Sunday post. News from England had not arrived for many months; everyone's mind was absorbed by the anticipation of letters and thus feelings proper for the day were disturbed and service was not to take place again until 7 o'clock in the evening. Under these circumstances I am inclined to think mercy and not sacrifice should have been the interpretation of the opening of the mail. But, as I have said, I could not blame Mr. Camfield. One thing he was wrong in: not to have sat up all night sorting the letters in order to show his willingness to oblige the people as far as he could by having them ready for delivery by daylight on Monday. Whereas this was not the case until ten on that morning.* Took the evening service and preached

* NOTE.—Since ascertained I was wrong—all was done that could be done to please the public, short of compromise of conscience.

again at the hour of 7—a good arrangement for summer, to avoid the mid-day heat, but unnecessary and expensive on account of wax lights in winter. The court house does pretty well for a church, but does not hold the people, and it is a disgrace that Perth Church is not yet roofed in. Dined this day at Mr. Wittenoom's and met party; tea at Mr. Leake's; met Mrs. Luke Leake, widow (who had just received her son by the *Madras*). Called on Mr. William Samson, whose brother had also arrived with his wife at Fremantle, also a son of Mr. Clifton's; but heard no news, except a rumour that Sir James Stirling, the ex-Governor, is coming by and by to Leschenault. Finished a fatiguing day at Mr. Wittenoom's. In fact, the day was turned topsy-turvy by the arrival of the ship. But what was to be done? The knowing she was at anchor was quite enough to cause the disturbance.

Monday, 14th August, 1843

I determined not to ask for my letters till the excitement had somewhat subsided, so kept my appointments early with the Governor, to whom I submitted my proposal to S.P.G., which he highly approved of; also had some conversation about blunders in the Marriage Act and was referred to Mr. Stone, the Registrar-General; had, next, long interview with him and succeeded in getting some alterations respecting the improper interference of sub-registrars. It was now 1 o'clock. Went to post office for my letters. They were gone—a person had called and paid for them, but Mr. Camfield in the bustle did not notice who it was. At last I found out that it was the good nature of Mr. Nash which prompted him to take them, as they were delivered alphabetically. Now, I had to hunt about the town after Nash, but not finding him, I returned, tired and vexed, to Mr. Leake's, where he in the meanwhile had called and left my numerous letters. The Governor was there, making a call, and delivered them to me. I begged to retire to my bedroom and there amidst many tears, devoured the cream of those dear communications from Fatherland. Having arranged the money bills with Mr. McDermott, the Bank Manager, I prepared at last to return to Fremantle, but the servant was gone and had locked up my horse; this caused delay and I could not get away from Perth till 6 o'clock. Just as I reached the ferry it clouded over and a violent gale of wind and rain came on, so that I could not make the boatmen hear on the opposite side, so lay down in a shed erected for travellers and had made up my mind to pass the night thus. By good fortune, however, my coo had been heard and at last the ferry came over and I and Hotspur embarked in a driving rain, being danced about as in a boat at sea. Reached Mr. King's at about half past ten; slept

again on the sofa, which, however, this time felt very hard. All were most kind nevertheless and glad to see me.

Tuesday, 15th August, 1843

Collecting thoughts, memos, conversations (clerical), etc.,; Mr. King's most fervent zeal, but deficient in knowledge. This, I saw, has done harm and will do more if not corrected. Here again a Bishop is wanted. Wretched, worn and weary, I took my last dinner and slept at Mr. Broun's. I gratefully acknowledge the most kind, friendly and hospitable reception I met with from everyone during this visit at the Swan, especially the unlooked-for attention to so humble an individual as myself, from the Governor downwards.

I started homeward with Mr. Child (who had come up by water) and reached Mandurah at half past four. Called on Mr. Peel to cool horses before we swam the estuary. The crafty old gentleman (for he is one in manners) as he always does, tried to get something out of his visitors, although he at the same time disclaimed any such intention.

"By the by, Mr. Wollastson, did you not tell me you wanted a boar pig?—I have saved you one." This was to feel his way; I had never said a word about it.

"No," said I, "you mistake, I have no recollection of having expressed such a want when I was last at your house."

"Oh, indeed! well! I could almost have sworn you bespoke one."

"No," I said, "but I have no doubt you could get a ready sale for it at Leschenault or Australind, if it be worth your while to send so far." (56 and 64 miles.)

"No, no! I don't want to sell; all I meant was that if you had wanted one I should have been glad to present you with it."

Crossed the estuary to John Sutton's hut again. Just as we reached it, to my annoyance (as there was scarcely room in the hut for two, much less for five) a party of three arrived from Australind, going up to fetch Mr. Clifton's son, George, who had arrived by the *Madras*. He is a sailor, invalided from the Mediterranean. After passing the greater part of the night with my head upon the table before me and a bit of a stool to sit upon, I and my companion once more proceeded on our journey. Reached Stony Plain in good time to light our fire, but, owing to Child not being well provided found very short commons in my bag. I always prefer travelling alone. In first place, I do not admire the adage, "for want of company, welcome trumpery." Though in this case it did not apply, it does however, very often and then I leave out the "welcome." Next, companions are seldom well and sufficiently provided and you must share with them what you have, food and blanket. Now this was Child's case who had bought a pony to come

down upon and had nothing else; no blanket, not even a coat, nothing, and only a little tea and sugar and a bit of bread and pork. I had enough for myself, but his store and mine together were not enough for two. If I am not to use things I carry, I may as well spare my poor horse and leave them at home. Up to a quarter past five on Friday morning, 18th August, I had been very fortunate in my travelling weather, but at that hour the rain awoke me by falling on my face. We had just time to rouse up and get our traps packed, when down it came in torrents. For six hours we rode through the wind and wet, getting some hot tea and a biscuit at a shepherd's hut at Myalup and reached Australind benumbed with cold and dripping wet, at 1 p.m.* Here we procured some mutton chops and turnips and some warm brandy and water. Made the Preston at half past three, tethered my horse at Mr. Ommanney's (the river being too high to ford) and finally arrived, *L.D.,* at home, crossing in his boat.

I am thankful I found all well. All the boys had been very industrious setting in potatoes and of their own accord had done many things I was not prepared for. This was very pleasing. Our first pound of butter was made in my absence, to Mary's great delight. Two calves at present take most of the milk. They will in time get on if they persevere in this way. Pray God they may. John is becoming an excellent elder brother. My expenses (having saved my horse's livery by the plan above alluded to) amounted to £1/17/6, yet it is odd and a colonial characteristic that there was not one person in the whole town of Fremantle who would take in my horse gratuitously, although I had made a journey of 100 miles gratuitously to help them. There are no private stables and so scarce is corn just now that two feeds were given me as a great favour and I was obliged to use rice, which I obtained through Mr. King's kindness. I found Fremantle very much improved in new buildings, roads, etc. I gave five guineas out of the money sent me for Church purposes to the collection made on the day of opening; it amounted to £46/0/4. Major Irwin in his wish to serve me would have applied to the Colonial Church Society on my behalf but I declined it, for I am warmly attached to old S.P.G. and would not apply elsewhere if I could help it. Besides, the constitutions of the two societies are very different. During my absence Mary paid her long-promised visit to Mrs. Little at Belvedere, where she met with all sorts of kindness, the boat coming for her and bringing her back. As we found it impossible to find food for our turkeys, Mary took them with her, to have others at some future time. This pleased Mrs. Little who is very generous-hearted and she in turn insisted "if Mrs. Wollaston would not be offended" on her

* Nothing can exceed the dismal and desolate gloom of a journey through such a wilderness as we traversed on such a day as this.

accepting a new silk bonnet. The visit did her much good, the girls went too. I received a letter from her at Perth, at same time one from Mrs. Ash, who kindly stayed at home to keep house, and whom Mary had commissioned to write in case she should not be able to do so herself, being hurried away on a sudden. I happened to open Mrs. Ash's first and read these startling words, "My dear Mr. Wollaston, Your back was no sooner turned than Mrs. Wollaston absconded." A few words further explained this funny beginning: "I wish she could, poor thing, abscond in this way a little oftener."

Monday, 4th September, 1843

Having briefly gathered up such particulars of my late visit to the Swan as will serve to show generally how my time passed, I will now be more minute and take the parentheses one by one. Unless I admit my readers a little behind the curtain, they cannot form a correct notion how things are working from what is said in the papers respecting the event which principally called me to Perth; the opening of St. John's Church, Fremantle.

I will dismiss poor Hymus' business first. I took up a strong petition to the Governor signed by myself, Mr. Clifton, two of his sons and several others at Australind and presented it in person, together with a certificate of good conduct from the Jailor. It was most favourably received, in fact, the Governor promised to act upon it, but said it was first necessary to obtain the signatures of the Committing Magistrates, Messrs. Eliot and Stirling and that he would write to them on the subject. I gave the Governor an outline of Hymus' whole history, and concealed none of his faults, but pleaded earnestly for the children.

On my return, I saw Mr. Eliot, who, to my surprise, told me he had written to the Governor to say he could not conscientiously recommend the prisoner's release! He founded his objections on evidence produced at the time of commitment, which evidence went to show that Hymus had used threatening language against Everet after the commission of the crime. Had he not pleaded guilty I was prepared, not to rebut, but greatly to mitigate the effects of this, by several facts. The truth is he was not tried at all, and had no legal adviser. I do not believe it was the intention of Hymus to wound Everet (as he himself declares, but only to intimidate) who, under all the circumstances, should not have been bound over to prosecute, and the Advocate-General, Mr. Nash, senior (at that time *locum tenens* for Mr. Moore) told me the young Magistrates here had got into a mess. Where the law awards such an awful punishment, every fair advantage ought to be given to the prisoner. What could influence Mr. Eliot, unless it was, as I strongly suspect, a

spirit of personal opposition and the pride of a Jack in Office, I cannot tell. He has taken Everet into his service. In case I could not get the father released, I petitioned for an allowance (not unusual) of bread for the children, but I fear now I shall obtain neither. The eldest boy is already half ruined by his father's absence and all the rest at home are in a state of squalid misery! Everet was very little hurt, was upon the man's premises, taunted him, and dared him to fire. I say the few shots that took effect in the legs must have rebounded; had he fired at him, so near as he was, he must have broken, perhaps shattered his limb. Everet very soon went to work again, and what is worst of all, thatching which Hymus would have been employed upon, and with some of the tools belonging to the man he had so grossly injured. Such are the evils of having young set up Magistrates in a new country. All I can do now in this painful affair is to endeavour to make his trials spiritually serviceable to my quondam parishioner.

The new Church, or rather Chapel, at Fremantle is a substantial stone building, with a tower and dome surmounted by a cross. I am a very bad draftsman but as far as I can carry it in my memory this is something of the elevation at one side of it. The entrance is through the tower, the vestry at the back. It stands more north and south than east and west. The style, I suppose, must be called Western Australian. However, it is a House of God and thank God for it. The interior is handsome, the seats admirably arranged and all of one height, i.e., half pews, but the great elevated pulpit at the back of the altar is, to my mind, very offensive. This is mounted from the vestry, and there are two desks on either side and on the same level, for reader and clerk, if they have one, which I advised them not, for people have all to be taught that ours is congregational worship. As I could not alter the outside, I suggested it would have been better and may now be done, to make the vestry a recess for the altar, to lower the pulpit and place it one side and the desk on the other and to have a font (which they have not got yet) in a recess near the door, formed by the tower being partially built into nave. Also, if a vestry be needed, to make one at the opposite recess. I never before mounted a pulpit so unsuitably placed. There is a ceiling without ventilators and the heat will be dreadful in summer. It cost £1,600 (£1,000 yet unpaid, but guaranteed by trustees). Considering that stone and lime were procured almost on the spot, more and better things might have been done for the money, but I cannot sufficiently admire the disinterested spirit displayed by Mr. Broun and others, the trustees.

Now for the ceremony of the opening. On my arrival, I found owing to Mr. King's inexperience and disinclination to consult with his brother clergy lest he should not have the lead, no

arrangements whatever had been determined upon, nor did it appear that anyone knew what to do. Of course, nothing could be done in the way of consecration without the Bishop, but yet some form or other beyond the daily service was decent and proper. I suggested staves for the churchwardens, and thus arranged (but only succeeded on the morning of the day) the procession from Mr. Broun's, the Resident's house. The church had been previously locked. The Churchwardens carrying the keys, on arrival opened the doors and admitted the procession, which divided on entering, along either side of the church. The Governor being shown to

(at 12 o'clock)
Churchwardens with staves
Governor—Resident (Mr. Broun)
Clergy
(four—two and two)
Members of Council
People

his seat and the clergy having taken their places, two on each side of the altar, Mr. Wittenoom, as Senior Chaplain, began by reading the address in the "Form of Consecration of Churches," and the rest followed the first prayer, which I altered for the occasion, alluding to a future consecration by the Bishop, by each in turn taking one of those beautiful short ones relating to the several offices of our Church. Then was a hymn (from Herne). The service, omitting Litany (for it was afternoon) followed proper psalms and lessons and the sermon by Mr. King after Communion Service. I would have had a Sacrament but there was not a similar feeling.

The whole morning service on this occasion was thought too long by some and it was not quite suitable after 12 o'clock. At last it was agreed to omit the Litany and retain the Communion Service, so far as the end of Church Militant. If they had omitted some of the singing they might have had the whole. More singing (excellently done) the sermon ended. The clergy resumed their places at the altar; the Churchwardens approached and received the salvers for offerings, which they collected whilst we read in turn offertory sentences, these having been placed on the altar, Mr. Wittenoom concluded the service of the day with the prayer for the Church Militant, collect and the Jubilee Hymn having been sung, and Blessing.

Altogether the people seemed struck with the proceedings. Everything went off well and solemnly, befitting such an occasion and universal satisfaction was expressed. This I was very thankful for, since up to almost the last minute in the vestry, I found it extremely difficult to reconcile the opinions of Messrs. King and Wittenoom, the former being very tenacious and jealous. I conceded everything I could and cared not how I was employed, so that no want of harmony amongst us might be perceived. I repre-

sented, however, the priority due to Mr. Wittenoom, as senior, which was granted (and which I had heard the people also looked for) and finally pencilled off the parts each was to take in the service. Mr. Mitchell was ready for every good work. After church there was a very handsome cold collation at Mr. Broun's and several little speeches, indicating excellent Church feelings, were delivered. The Governor and his Court, with the Perth ladies mounted their horses and that ended the proceedings of what good Major Irwin declared had been "the happiest day he had spent in the colony." Nothing of this kind had been witnessed here before, except in a much less imposing degree, at Picton.

I admire greatly Mr. King's zeal and he does not spare himself any fatigue, but my presence from a distance was taken occasion of by the Governor and several others to represent to me privately the want of judgment, precipitancy and tenacity of Mr. King's proceedings in many points on which he really might conscientiously, for the sake of winning souls, have acted differently. I omitted to mention the gay appearance of the Promontory of Arthur's Head, directly opposite the church at the other end of the street. Lieutenant Helpman (*H.M.S. Champion*) had decorated the flagstaff on its summit with every flag he could find; the British colours also were flying on the top of the church tower. It was wished some foreign ship would visit us on that day. I must now go to bed, for I have had my share of digging as well as writing today.

Sunday, 10th September, 1843

I have been absent three days both of last week and the preceding one, with John to help me, taking up and relaying the floors of my cottage at Bunbury. The boards had shrunk so much as to make this necessary and we have still to do the same in the passage. It is a troublesome job and the mahogany being so hard spoils our tools, but I am determined not to employ a carpenter for anything we can do ourselves. We are able to take our work leisurely as we have opportunity. We took down some prog, a couple of blankets and a stretcher, and managed very well.

This has checked my writing and tonight I am too tired to add much. I have had better congregations than usual at both places; two women churched and an infant baptised. People at Bunbury much pleased at what has been done in England for their Church and some stir is being made but I have told Mr. Eliot enough money must be first raised to cover the estimate. My first care will be to get a suitable plan. The late Governor, Sir James Stirling, I find, has written to his agent (Mr. Eliot) to offer to assist and so he ought, handsomely, for he monopolised all the property around the town site. I asked, to what extent? Leave to cut timber

and quarry stone to the amount of £100, just as we used to say at Cambridge. For timber here as it stands is of no value, it is the sawing and carting which causes expense.

I could find timber standing on my own property and any Government sawyers would gladly find the same for nothing, if they are paid for the sawing, and as to stone for public works, the Government allows it to be quarried close by, free of charge and of excellent quality. So that this offer of Sir James is really not worth consideration, unless perhaps in the timber being a little nearer and consequently in saving some distance in carting. At all events, I hope the work is now set agoing, and that I may live, please God, to see it finished. But my friends in England must not fancy such things can prudently be entered upon with precipitancy.

The Governor has expressed a wish that John should take the office of sub-registrar of this District (vice Eliot resigned) and he has consented to do so, which I am glad of, as it brings him forward and is much more convenient and pleasant for me.

The emolument is very trifling. But I am stupid and weary tonight; got chilled in walking through the swamp to Bunbury and must go on another time.

Wednesday, 13th September, 1843

Having been waiting all the morning for the bullocks, which have strayed, to take some things down to Bunbury, I won't waste time any longer, but employ myself in relating a few particulars respecting ourselves. Since I closed the last portion of my Journal, our work has gone on without intermission.

We have planted potatoes to the extent of nearly ¾ of an acre. Our garden has chiefly occupied us, affording us plenty of digging in preparation for maize, millet, melons, etc., and planted onions and turnips. There is a great show of blossom on the fruit trees, apples excepted, which have none at present, but I have found out most of our peaches are of the wrong sort. They are what is called here apricot peach; a few of them are very good, but nothing like other large juicy sorts I have seen. I have attempted some grafts and hope to do more next year. Our grapery has taken up also a good deal of my time in pruning, repairing the trellis, manuring and digging about the roots. Our wheat, in parts, looks extremely well, but very patchy and poor in others. This is not to be wondered at with only once ploughing and no manure. In fact far more labour is requisite than we can afford. We have thought is advisable to feed off some of it with sheep, in order to strengthen the plants.

Our stock is quite insufficient to supply manure; we have two calves bringing up by hand (always done here or the mothers would hanker after home where there is no feed and quite lose their condition). Our store pigs grow and manage to find subsistence

in the bush; the two sows are in pig. We cannot make anything of poultry having no grain for them. By and by we shall do better. We are still obliged to buy our flour at a heavy expense and our clothes are wearing away very fast and becoming very scanty. Joe goes on steadily in the kitchen. The weekly wash continues and we make butter once a week, but at present very little of it. This however is a great luxury. We have subsisted entirely by hunting, and on goat mutton, until last week, when Mr. Millard, of Australind (who is going home) forced upon us a piece of beef; We had not been at the expense of a joint of butcher's meat for nine months.

We generally breakfast at eight, dine at two and tea at six, working during all the intervals. John and George are enclosing a stack yard against harvest and intend to attempt a barn, for now our rick cloths are worn out I don't know what we shall do without one. Many bushels last year were unavoidably wasted, even with the cloths, in the open air. Nothing would help us on so much as a few common farming buildings. These we could manage if we could devote our whole time and attention to them, but this would leave us nothing to eat.

Mrs. Ommanney's servants having all left her suddenly, behaving with great insolence, Mrs. Ash is with her helping her and we have sent over also Ann Hymus to nurse her baby. Poor thing, she expects her confinement again next month. This is a wretched country for bringing up a young increasing family. Mrs. Ash will return to the Swan when the weather is settled and I now think, will go home. This is all I can say about ourselves at present except to add, that we are all, thank God, in good health.

A great alteration has, as I anticipated, at length taken place at Australind. By the *Madras*, despatches were received by Mr. Clifton from the company and as far as their contents have transpired, it appears they are breaking up. Mr. Clifton's salary is reduced one half, his son's withdrawn altogether, all workmen paid off and the surveyors are to shift for themselves at the end of the year. Now there is no difficulty in getting servants and labourers; but neither are within our means. It will be as I said, a few houses may remain but all the foolish and absurd plan of the great city on paper will never be entertained again except by rogues who unfeelingly gull the public for the gratification of their own avaricious selfishness. As to Mr. Clifton I cannot pity him. In spite of the plainest evidence before his eyes he has eagerly lent himself to keep up the delusion and although few direct and positive falsehoods are embodied in his reports yet truth and mendacity are therein so ingeniously mingled that there is not one which I have seen which is not calculated grossly to mislead. These things get into the papers, which are never to be trusted. All this is the more lament-

able because the country does most undoubtedly possess many resources, which labour, self-denial and industry may draw forth, for the support and comfort of a numerous population.

I do feel for the children who have been misled by others, I see by the *Colonial Gazette* Mr. Clifton has still had the hardihood to hint that the clergyman (mentioning my name) has some connection with Australind, although living at Picton, whereas he has, ever since his arrival, uniformly thrown obstacles in the way, against my obtaining a regular footing there. Such is the world! I pray God to make the present disappointment instrumental to the spiritual enlightenment of all concerned. The bullocks are found and I must go.

Thursday, 14th September, 1843

Here I am again at Bunbury, with John, I brought pen, ink and paper with me to fill up the evening. We have been working all day, relaying some of the floor and sawing out skirting boards. I am writing on a door as a temporary table. On one side of me is a kettle and saucepan, on the other, gridiron and frying pan. In the corner opposite is a stretcher on which I sleep, there is a large log burning on the hearth. We have, dear sister, wooden platters and pewter mugs, some salted kangaroo and potatoes, bread and some fresh churned butter brought to us from "Charterhouse" by Henry in the afternoon. John is reading and a borrowed lamp is exalted between us on a reversed pewter basin. Last night and this morning was very wet, previously the weather had been beautiful. The rains are gradually clearing off; September is generally a splendid month. I shall say nothing of this house at present, because I should wish to make things more comfortable before I send home a description of it. When I do so, I will endeavour to draw a plan and get William to sketch it. The allotment is ¼-acre, one of the square ones opposite the barracks, No. 220 on plan commanding a view of the mouth of the estuary looking towards the bay. My coming here seems to have stirred the people up, especially the Resident and I am invited to a Town Trust Meeting next Wednesday when the subject of the new Church is to be discussed.

Child has been successful in bay whaling and secured two fish yesterday. I went to he beach to see one last week; a huge monster, but it stank so horribly that the smell infected my clothes. It is a very lucrative but nasty business. The worst of it is, it causes so much profane Sabbath-breaking. The whale is a wonderful creature. not only on account of the immense size it attains, but from its extraordinary attachment to its young (called calves) and its internal structure, especially the mouth and its mode of feeding. Although so large, it feeds upon a very minute water insect, of a red colour, which may be seen at sea, covering the waves for miles.

It takes in a huge mouthful and filters the water through the hairy whalebone with which the sides of the roof of the mouth are lined, and which by its elasticity united with the action of the tongue, is admirably adapted to the purpose. The water is then spouted forth from the vent holes in the head, and the food is swallowed.

The one I went to see was a moderate sized one, about 40 feet in length; much longer ones are caught here. It was a black whale. The pursuit of this monster is very dangerous; the men must all be good swimmers. The cow and bull (being mammalia) are sometimes found together, if one is harpooned and goes off with the line dragging the boat through the waters, the other will follow in the wake and if a good lookout be not kept, will bump the boat with its nose and swamp it in a moment; this was the case here the other day. A spare boat is, however, always ready to pick up the men, who are anxious enough to get out of the way not so much of the whale as of the sharks. A flap with the tail upon a boat would be far worse in its consequences. The sharks are very numerous and destroy a great deal of the blubber from the dead carcass, if it be not towed in immediately. One of those killed yesterday was a good way out at sea, four boats were 12 hours getting it in; it was dark when they neared the shore and being afraid of the breakers (the south-west side of Point Casuarina is guarded by formidable Basalt Rocks) the men sent in for a light and an anchor, but those who went out with them had some difficulty in finding their companions again, owing to the obscurity of the night. At last they succeeded and having made their prey fast to the anchor until the morning, reached the shore in safety guided by a fire made for them on the beach. Child is enabled to enter into the bay whaling by taking an experienced American into partnership and he sees after all the work; the men also are paid by shares in the oil.

Friday, 15th September, 1843

Still working at Bunbury, but go home tomorrow. We were anxious to finish the floors this week, but as we were out of provisions, feared we should have been driven home this evening. John managed to procure 2½ lbs. of flour, and swapped it with another man, who had been baking, for a loaf. So we shall do until dinner tomorrow.

The following official letter was sent me today:

Resident's Office, Bunbury,
14th September, 1843.

Sir,

I am instructed by His Excellency, the Governor, to inform you, as the person who presented a memorial on behalf of Frederick Hymus, a prisoner in Fremantle Gaol, that after due

enquiry and a careful consideration of the several circumstances brought forward by the memorial in favour of the prisoner, His Excellency regrets that he cannot concur in the prayer of the memorial, as the offence for which the prisoner has been sent to gaol is one of a very heinous nature, and for which more severe punishment would have been awarded had not the prisoner's previous good character been taken into consideration by the bench. The Governor does not, therefore, feel that he would be acting rightly in at all interfering with the course of justice.

I have further to inform you that His Excellency does not think it necsesary to grant assistance to the family as the mother ought to be able to earn sufficient livelihood for them herself.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
GEORGE ELIOT,
Resident.

The Governor told me he would act upon the prayer of the memorial if the Committing Magistrates did not oppose it and that he meant to do so I conclude from his writing himself to them to know if they had any objection. So that the above is not satisfactory to me. However, I shall, of course, say no more about it. I do not think the mother could earn sufficient bread for the children, if she would, but she might do for them, certainly, a great deal more than she does.

Thus has emigration turned out a bad thing for poor Hymus, while James Everet has constant work and good wages, and makes himself as smart on Sundays as the best of them.

A man who keeps an inn called Bunbury Hotel, has been seized today with an apoplectic fit, the second he has had here. I fear he is in great danger. If the constant access to spirits has been an irresistible temptation to him, this attack must have been accelerated by it. I do not know that it is so, but I do know that spirit drinking is an almost universal practice to a degree which must be more than commonly injurious to full habit, in a climate like this. This man was a bookseller in London, respectable in his way, with a wife, wife's sister and several daughters. The females are well conducted and they come to Church but we know nothing of the history of emigrants previous to their leaving England. I am told misfortune visited this poor man which induced him to come to Australia. I cannot think he is doing much good, unless he can marry his daughters.

We hear no news of the *Armata*, which left England before the *Madras*. Ships have arrived at the Swan, but they are the *Elizabeth* and *Pacific*, which have been for cargoes to the Indian Archipelago. The *Madras* has sailed for Adelaide.

Our colonial newspaper, the *Inquirer*, I send off from time to time. It is very cleverly conducted for a young country and may be more safely trusted than any other I know of, as taking correct views and advocating and that in a talented manner, sound colonial principles. A little allowance must be made for an occasional editorial flourish, as in the account of the opening of Fremantle Church, wherein hundreds of people are spoken of, whereas I should think the utmost collected was between two and three hundred. The editor is a very clever young man of the name of Lochee.

I am afraid it will be thought I have fished for topics, by my writing such an unconnected farrago. Few events occur just now beyond the routine of our daily labours, and we live quite secluded from the little world here, which I never trouble myself about beyond the daily thought and prayer that it may be brought to see its follies and wickedness and have the fear of God before its eyes.

An advertisement will be seen in the *Inquirer* respecting our sheep, put in by George. I thought the cross of such a fine breed would be desirable to those who wished to improve their mutton, if not their wool and that the boys might get a few ewes in payment, but no one has applied, so I suppose the farmers don't care about it, or think it is a puff. There are very few who take any pains at all with their stock and I have seen some most miserable, scabby flocks here.

Tuesday, 19th September, 1843

Yesterday was the anniversary of the opening of Picton Church, in grateful commemoration of which I had Morning Service therein, although none were present but ourselves and Mrs. Ash. We offered up a thanksgiving for the past and prayed for those who have not yet entered into God's House to call upon His name, that grace may be given them and their hearts turned to serve Him with reverence and godly fear. I afterwards dined with the Ommanney's. Tomorrow I go again to Bunbury to prosecute my work and to attend a Town Trust Meeting, in order to get some footpaths made over the swampy places, the access to some of the houses being very muddy during the winter. Bunbury Church also is to be talked about, for I anticipate very little local support, in fact people have no money.

Hard at work all day with three boys, digging for maize, we are planting "cobbed" corn. Have supplied two or three neighbours with seed. Hope we shall be able to fatten up some porkers for next winter. Maize is excellent for them. Can't help longing a little for an occasional change in our diet. On Sunday indeed we had a change; apple pudding! and today a still more remarkable one; turtle soup! To account for these extraordinary additions to our everyday fare, I must explain; the first was made with dried,

imported apples, of which John bought 1 lb. for 1/-, the second with part of an immense turtle, killed in our bay, but not of Aldermanic species, it tasting very disagreeably of train oil. Mary and the girls like it, but I could not eat it. Perhaps better cooking and proper ingredients, such as wine, etc. would have made a great difference in the taste. The fat was a dirty white. The size of this creature is reported to have been so great (William saw it) that six men were required to turn it over on its back. It was harpooned at sea by the whalers, who, at first, mistook it for what is called the hump-backed whale*. Whale oil, if used when fresh from the animal, is excellent for frying. It is then almost colourless and quite free from taint, although it soon becomes rancid by keeping. I think our turtle was kept too long before it was sent to us.

Friday, 22nd September, 1843

I have strained my right shoulder in working and writing is a little irksome, but I will get through a few lines that I may mention the arrival here (Bunbury) of the casks of bells and the S.P.C.K. books and the forge. The letters S.P.C.K. on the box, being somewhat defaced, were interpreted by some Yankees at Bunbury, to signify specie! the box itself being heavy. This would indeed have been like Sir Edward Searward's treasure. The cutter *Perseverance* brought the former from the Swan yesterday. The *Armata* arrived from the Cape this morning and is now anchored opposite my window. Nothing will be landed until the surf has subsided.

I have before alluded, to the high charges for freight from the Swan. If the bells had been shipped in the same vessel with other things, the colonial freight would have been saved. I have paid already at Fremantle £5/16/3 for these and the charges to this port from thence will be £3 or £4 more. It is, indeed, very seldom that a ship comes direct to Port Leschenault, but when one does (and Manning always knows) it is as well to save the extra freight, unless in cases of urgent necessity, when goods are very much wanted. I have not yet heard particulars. No letter for me in the mail except bills of lading. I have been here since Wednesday, when we had our Town Trust Meeting. Afterwards a Committee was formed for the Church and the first Monday in October is fixed for the further consideration of the subject. All the Cliftons are very lukewarm about it; father and son seem very impatient to get away.

Henry is with me this week as my hodman, bricklaying being the order of the day. We return tomorrow morning. I have a sick soldier here who has been very ill, he seems to appreciate my visits. He has his wife and children with him. The hotelkeeper is

* NOTE.—Turned out to be no Turtle, but some sea monster of which no one here is naturalist enough to determine the name. Weighing about 600lbs.

better, looking however fatally shaken. We have a Sacrament at Picton Church on Sunday. Hope to make this Sacrament quite complete soon, windows excepted. Drank tea last night with Child and Teddy.

Monday, 2nd October, 1843

At Charterhouse all last week. Having much to do and the answer to the Bishop to draw up and forward to the Swan. I left my Journal here and this is the first opportunity I have had of resuming it since my last date. The weather, too, has been very wet and boisterous, belying the character I had heard of the month of September. But the seasons here vary as elsewhere and the equinoctial gales over, we shall probably have fine, settled weather. Owing to the surf our goods are only just landed from the *Armata* and *Perseverance* and of course, nothing is yet unpacked. I must visit the Vasse this week, perhaps on Wednesday or Thursday and as I have a good deal to do there, shall be absent longer than usual.

We have had our Town Trust Meeting today and have voted the expediency of a bridge across the creek in the middle of the town and a footpath through the mud along Victoria Street and to carry out these measures have passed a resolution for an assessment of 10/- per allotment, but as there is no law to enforce the payment of this, it is very doubtful whether we shall be able to collect more than a few pounds. There is a wretched lack of public spirit. Although the Government takes all the money for the sale of allotments, it does not give us a shilling for any public improvement, or rather, formation of the town. As to the Church-building, it has been thought advisable to give the Committee more time to consider plans and estimates. I do not think I shall be able to raise from all quarters, £50 in addition to the sum sent out to me. The mischief is, if we do not build upon the Church Square, any other Denomination may do so, if they can first raise the wind and we cannot afford such a building as the Government would require. The term Church, it must be understood, with our Governor, means any Denomination, including the Church of England. All this is very sad and I really think it would be best to buy an allotment and build upon it such a Church as we can afford and which may be done so as to meet the spiritual wants of the place for many years to come.

These latitudinarian views are most destructive to the cause of religion, and it may be imagined how a solitary clergyman is impeded by them, in his efforts to get his people together and keep them so. I do not observe any retrograde movement in the neighbourhood in consequence of the failure of the company's plans. There is of course, a still greater dearth of money, but I wish the

company had never formed a settlement by which the Church has been anything but benefited.

Thursday, 13th October, 1843

Returned this evening from a very satisfactory visit to the Vasse. Have been absent a week; will begin my diary before I get too sleepy. On Thursday, 5th October, I started with the postman at 8 a.m. by the lower Vasse road (new to me, the other being impassable on account of the swollen rivers) as far as a hut erected by Mr. Child, where his man is trying to farm; at this point is the only crossing place of the long chain of lagoons and swamps, into which the Capel and many other winter streams empty themselves and which extends all the way parallel with the coast, from Bunbury to Wonnerup. Between these swamps and the sea are very pleasant sand hills, partially clothed with scrub, peppermint and banksia trees. There is an abundance of grass and blackboys in the hollows. Having crossed these we descended to the beach, which we followed for about five miles, then striking in again pursued our way through a rich, grassy country to the head of the Vasse Estuary. Having forded this and a very disagreeable rotten samphire swamp, to the extent of nearly a mile, we arrived in good time at Wonnerup. Here, being very hungry, I procured a hot girdle cake from a settler's wife and having arranged for Divine Service on Sunday, reached "Cattle Chosen" by tea-time.

On Friday night (last night I found myself too tired to go on) my reception, always kind and hospitable, was particularly so on this occasion. The hut which I occupy (about ten feet by six) having been whitewashed, was not ready and the first night the indefatigable Miss Bussell made me a bed on the parlour table. There is one advantage in this very common colonial bedstead, it exalts the sleeper out of the way of the fleas. On Friday I was employed chiefly in calling on the Molloys, and arranging for the next day's catechism. In the evening Mr. Smith, one of the Australind Surveyors, arrived express with a letter from Mr. Clifton requesting me to bury the remains of Mr. Hamilton, another young surveyor, who had been long sinking under a decline. The country, therefore, is not proof against this unsparing disease. The next day (Saturday) or Sunday was fixed for the funeral. Mr. Clifton did not know I was at the Vasse, for his letter was directed tc "Charterhouse," but Mr. Smith, in his zeal and good nature, of his own accord brought the letter on.

I regretted I could not comply with it, indeed, I could not have reached Australind in time the next day (the journey nearly 40 miles) and my Sunday duty at the Vasse could not, of course, be dispensed with. Mr. Clifton never encouraging, much less inviting me to officiate at the company's settlement or to visit the sick,

on an occasion like this is always ready to save appearances. The poor young man, I believe, was well connected, a great favourite and kindly nursed by all the family. I wish they had been half as kind to poor Dr. Carpenter.

On Saturday Mr. Smith had his long, wet ride back and I was quite sorry for him. He knocked up at Bunbury (no wonder) and had to go to bed immediately. Not, however, having the thought of sending on word to Australind. Much vexation, I understand, was caused by the funeral being kept waiting a long time for me.

After breakfast assembled my class; eight from five to 12 years old, and five others under five. Two or three mere infants were present also for part of the time. As we assembled at Captain Molloy's a blackfellow boated us over the river and there was I with a full cargo of laughing youngsters and two babies in my lap, gliding across the Vasse, to the no small delight of the whole party. My young friends acquitted themselves extremely well. Much pains had evidently been taken with them, especially the three little Taylors. I have given all who can read a Bible and Prayer Book each, hymn and Collect book and to the most advanced others of the Society's books.

After as much examination and instruction as they were able to bear at one time, considering they were unused to regular school discipline, I remained and dined with the captain. Returned to the Bussells' in the afternoon and had the elder children with me again for half an hour explaining Collects, services for next day, etc.

On Sunday morning a serious and attentive congregation assembled. They numbered 29, including children. I had eight communicants. The Offertory monies are to remain with Mr. John Bussell, as churchwarden-elect, in aid of the Busselton Church Fund, to which I intend to add also whatever accrues from the sale of the Society's books. As soon as I could get my dinner, started for Wonnerup, stopped at a settler's on my way and baptised their child and found 28 assembled, including children, for Evening Service at Mr. Chapman's. The people paid great attention. Had some conversation about Wonnerup Church and arranged for the lambs of this part of the fold to attend their deputed shepherd the next day. Read family prayers at night and slept on the floor in my old place under the window. I rejoice to find there is a disposition among the settlers to adopt Family Prayers and I have promised to furnish manuals, also plain sermons.

Gave notice at both places of public meetings on Wednesday at Captain Molloy's to consider the expediency and means of erecting two small churches, one at each end of the district. In the course of the evening was heard a gun from the bay and Lieutenant Helpman of the *Champion*, with his splendid Newfoundland dog, which always accompanies him, made his appearance on Monday

morning to breakfast, having waded through the estuary. The *Champion* brought an exchange of soldiers and is going to Bombay very soon with Government despatches; by her I have sent a letter to Tullie. The young people at Wonnerup, 11 in number, also acquitted themselves well. To them likewise I distributed books. I think I should have little difficulty in presenting 10 or 12 well-prepared candidates for Confirmation, if we should be favoured with a visit from the Bishop.

Returned to "Cattle Chosen" on Monday evening. On Tuesday I rested and wrote to Tullie to catch the next day's weekly post to Perth, which is handed on by other posts (but not quite with the speed of Roderick and his fiery cross) at Bunbury and Pinjarra. With Jno. Bussell's assistance I was enabled to forward to Tullie an outline map of the Vasse district, similar to that of Wellington already sent in the packet per Mr. Northey. These will probably reach England in a very short time, but not in so short a time as I have mentioned in my letter by mistake, 30 days being the usual passage from the Swan to Bombay. Now I hope my friends will see the whole scene of my humble operations and a very interesting one it is. I pray God to help and prosper me in my feeble endeavours, to His sole honour and glory.

On Wednesday, at noon, all the proprietary colonists met at the Resident's house. By putting in a timely word or two and offering to assist in the erection of a second church at Wonnerup to the amount of £20 from the money entrusted to me, all difficulties were removed and everything went off harmoniously and satisfactorily. The result of the meeting was the passing, in substance, the following resolutions, *nem. con.:* 1. That the position of the several locations and the nature of the country render it impossible, without the greatest inconvenience, to assemble the people in one spot and therefore, that it is expedient to erect two small churches. 2. That the Government regulations in regard to Busselton Church be complied with, to which the whole of the money already collected for Augusta will, by the conditions of the Trust, be devoted. 3. That since Government have altered the site and placed it on the other side of the estuary, next the sea, a petition be forwarded to headquarters for aid in erecting a foot bridge across the Vasse, in order to make the church accessible. 4. That all should assist Busselton Church, with the understanding that the same should be done for another at Wonnerup. (Concerning the latter I am pressed to go down again as soon as I can furnish plans for both churches, and secure the services of a competent person to undertake the execution of the work.) 5. That a subscription list, in money, labour and materials, be forthwith opened.

The settlers cannot afford to raise enough to entitle them to any assistance from the local Government, and we are not allowed

to reckon help which we procure from England. I hope, however, there will be money enough for one church, for there is, I find, about £140 more in private hands, if we can get it. I trust, too, the S.P.C.K. will help us, as they have done the churches at Perth, Fremantle, Mandurah and Pinjarra. Three local Trustees have been appointed to carry out the resolution, viz., Messrs. Chapman, J. Bussell and Captain Molloy.

During the meeting, the *Water Witch* came in from the Swan bound for the Sound and South Australia. The Taylors have a place of their own at the Sound and having been on the move for some time, engaged their passage in this vessel and were to embark yesterday afternoon. I am sorry to lose them for they are a very nice family and Mr. Taylor a serious, well-informed man. There was much distress at this parting, yet it is evidently a necessary step.

The more I see of the Vasse the more I am struck with it as a fine grazing district; stock has increased very much, the Chapmans make 120lb. of butter every week; butter and cheese, exported to the Swan, bring them in £250 a year. They hav 40 calves this season; they have a fine grant. It is much to be regretted that we have no export trade to Mauritius and Indian Archipelago. We could exchange potatoes, corn, mutton, beef, for tea, coffee, sugar and rice. But there is no capital in the colony; oil and whale bone, too, might be supplied to any extent. Geographe Bay is a favourite resort of whales.

I returned home yesterday, as I have stated, and found my way alone very easily. I was much struck with the view from the summit to the Sea Hills looking inwards. From these heights you immediately descend into a flat, swampy valley, beyond which the country again rises. The view of the impassable and extending swamps, interspersed with lagoons and rushy bogs, is very solemn. All is silence and solitude. A few swans and ducks are seen on the water and now and then a magnificent eagle or falcon skims over the tops of the tea trees, which grow in roundheaded clumps. The scene gives one the idea of a country before man was created and inhabited only by such monsters as geologists tell us of. In the opposite direction, behind me, my eye ranged over the vast Indian Ocean.

I found all had gone on well in my absence, except that our flour and rice were all gone down the Red Lane and no more is to be had. We borrowed a little and have since procured a bag. We cannot look for substantial relief before harvest. The lads very busy constructing a shop to hold the blacksmith's forge. Henry was away attending an accident at Bunbury; broken arm and collar bone; patient doing remarkably well. We had a very cold and late season for this country. Vegetation is much retarded in consequence

and fruit trees pinched. It was bad weather almost all the time I was from home. Today I have been to call on Mr. Stirling (late Governor's nephew) who is seriously ill, but he felt unequal to an interview. Mr. Bassinet is here from his farm up our river. He moved from Donnybrook, which is abandoned, being too heavily timbered for the operations of the plough. He is a good-natured Irishman.

Our moving to Bunbury must necessarily be postponed, for I must do all the work myself, with the boys' help. We have so many interruptions that it goes on very slowly.

Our potatoes and wheat look well; the former, where well cultivated, are delicious here, beautifully white and mealy and may be taken up, almost all the year round by judicious planting. The turnips, too, are the sweetest I ever tasted. I must leave off for tonight and resume when I can.

Monday, 16th October, 1843

Opened the two casks containing the bells, etc. Here I found my dear sister's letter and Tullie's packet, which I wish I had seen before I sent off my last, but I have not been at leisure to unpack before. No box from them has arrived. The *Madras* brought only the bells, without, by the by, a bill of lading, at least I saw none. The *Armata* had on board the box from S.P.C.K., the forge and anvil, for all of which I received bills of lading by letter; without such documents you have no demand upon the captain and they should always be sent. I will write to Mr. Broun to make inquiry of the *Armata's* Captain, which I omitted to do at Bunbury, for the vessel has sailed hence for the Swan. The missing box, I cannot think, was put on board either of these vessels. Perhaps it will come by the *Shepherd.*

The bells are beautiful and sweetly toned and will be both hung at Picton until one is wanted for Bunbury. The letters Tullie has sent quite overwhelmed me by the kind interest expressed for me. I pray God I may deserve it all; nay, that I can never do; I mean that I may strive to do my best. As to what Mr. Few says about this colony, Archdeacon Hale is quite right in supposing that the Bodies alluded to wish only to make the Church the means of advancing their temporal schemes. Mr. Few is, I believe, concerned for the W.A. Company and will have heard by this time that their foolish scheme of Australind is a complete failure, and that so far from representing Western Australia (as his way of speaking would lead anyone to suppose) it is and never can be anything more than a small settlement, forming a very inconsiderable part of a colony, which had been established 12 years before the company was heard of.

If an Archdeacon be appointed I hope one will be sent out and not in any way mixed up with Australind, or the company, which I have heard is likely to start upon a new tack. They publicly disclaimed any wish to appoint a Chaplain of our Church when I applied to them in Adelphi Terrace and their agents here well followed up the same principles, with the same disingenuous use of my name.

I found the very handsome footcloth in the largest bell, perhaps also in this is likewise a book of Altar Services which Mr. Murray mentions as having been voted by the Society, but which was not in their box. I fear much delay must arise in entering upon Bunbury Church, for until sufficient funds are raised it would be the height of imprudence to accept tenders. We are about to sound the local Government and try if some discretionary powers are not vested in the Governor and Council to grant money, under our circumstances, from the Treasury, in spite of the provisions of the Act.

I feel greatly fagged at times, for all these public affairs somewhat distract my mind. I cannot remit the least exertion to secure our daily bread, which blessed be God, somehow or other always comes. What I most dread is the want of means to buy those provisions which we either cannot, or have not had sufficient time to raise, to say nothing of clothing of all sorts, now running very short. George has been shearing and our little clip with last year's is going to the English market through Child's agency. We shall be anxious for the result, which will show the quality of fine South Down wool of Australian growth and this will determine, or otherwise, our continuance of the pure breed for shearing. We shall always keep a few for mutton of which there is none here like it. Tomorrow I must work again at Bunbury with William and inquire after some sick people there.

A Colonial Branch of S.P.C.K. and S.P.G. is forming for this colony.—J.R.W.

N.B.—Tuesday, 17th October, 1843

I must be excused for sending my communications in such driblets. We are obliged to seize conveyance as we can and we never hardly know of them beforehand. I have just received a message from Bunbury saying an express goes up to Perth tomorrow morning to catch the *Champion:* I have therefore determined to send this to be conveyed also by Mr. Northey. It will speak for itself I cannot add more, except to repeat.

Goods received up to this date; all former packets which are mentioned in letters:

By the *Madras*—

2 casks, containing bells, S.P.G. reports, papers and footcloth.

By the *Amata*—

S.P.C.K. box of books, minus Altar Services, Forge; also some books from Percival, and anvil.

A nominal value should always be put upon every package, especially of miscellaneous articles, lumping them under any general head, for passing the Customs here. Also advice of the same by letter with bill of lading.

My Dear Friends—Please give some details of what you receive from me and mention a head or two of my letters, besides their dates, for keeping no copies, with mind occupied and often much harassed, I cannot without help remember the particulars of the communications you allude to.

May God in His mercy bless you all; this is our united prayer. —J.R.W.

Saturday, 21st October, 1843

Being anxious to send home the most recent portion of my Journal, I hurried off a small roll to Mr. Northey at Fremantle, begging him to convey it also, with the packet previously entrusted to him. Since it is necessary in the overland journey, from Suez to Alexandria, to have as little baggage as possible, I felt a delicacy in making this request, but as I have heard nothing to the contrary, I take it for granted he has been able, with his usual kindness, to comply with it. At home this week, having plenty to do; went to Bunbury for a few hours only today. Mr. Stirling is very ill and I called upon him, but was not admitted. I do believe the minister's visit is as much thought the forerunner of death by many of the (so-called) educated classes, as of the lower. Mr. Harris arrived from the Swan to see him. He is completely surrounded by those who wish to keep me away as Parson.

H.M.S. Fly has arrived at Fremantle, with her tender, the *Bramble,* to refit and take in provisions. They have been employed in Torres Straits. A great thing for the Swan people who will have, I daresay, £2,000 spent amongst them and they are in high glee in consequence. It is said the *Bramble* will come down to inspect our Port. Captain Blackwood commands the *Fly.* He has been here before but I am told the Blackwood River, near Augusta, is not called after him as I had imagined.

The season is very late and wet; the nights still very cold and vegetation checked in consequence. Been reading S.P.G. papers. There is a little mistake in Mr. King's account; he has nothing to do with Perth. Have forwarded packets of S.P.C.K.'s books to Wonnerup and the Vasse, to be sold in aid of Church funds there. They are bought up, at reduced prices, very eagerly. Every little helps. Flour now getting scarce and dear. Artful Mrs. Hymus at

Australind has applied to her three children here for money, which they have, poor things, saved up somehow or other, to the amount of 8/- chiefly in presents over the way. I have enquired into her case and feeling assured the wicked woman will only spend it in drink, I have persuaded the children to keep it for their father against he comes out of prison. Altogether, this is the most grievous case I ever met with. Mrs. Clifton is very kind to the rest of the children at Australind.

The state of the swamps is now very bad, as the traffic increases they are cut up by the bullock carts and the deep, black mud is a great annoyance. Yesterday, not finding my horse in time, George carried me across the swamp on his back, for when heated with walking and the water is chilly, the shock to my feet is as well avoided. Our wheat is coming into ear and most of it looks well. Some is very poor and was sown too late. We must exert ourselves to get a barn to guard against the waste of last year, but fear it is more than we can do in time.

Saturday 28th October, 1843

Fine days this week working very hard at Bunbury; got a soldier to help me, he being a carpenter. I must have a few conveniences for my poor wife. There are only two rooms besides the kitchen and therefore no separate one at present for the girls to sleep in and I want to construct a place under the verandah. I am myself fixing a small copper brought out with me and making an oven. Called on several people and got two dinners at Child's; one a great treat, boiled mutton, caper sauce and apple pudding; made with American dried apples, but not coming up to an English dumpling.

I found John had fixed the forge in my absence. The delight in manufacturing the first little articles, such as latch, staples, etc., for the shutters of the shop, was very great. Joe is a good hand at tinkering, as most country lads are who have any nous, by frequenting that common lounging place, a village blacksmith's shop. They will get into the way of it by and by, when they have burnt their fingers a few times. This may be considered another little step in our progress, for we can make no strides.

The churchyard is being enclosed more effectually with palings and a gate. Hanging the bell will be some expense, as the work must be strong and durable. The trees will not do.

Poor Mary knocks up regularly with her wash, which I do all I can to lighten and really fancy sometimes she begins to grow double. I pray God soon to be able to give her respite. The poor girls too are drudges beyond their strength and must be whilst we remain here. Nothing grieves me more than to see Agnes and her mother working at such unsuitable occupations amidst natives and

other frequenters of our kitchen; which will not be the case at Bunbury.

Our hunting falls off as the season advances and though mutton is now down to 8d. per lb. I cannot afford to buy any. Mr. Stirling is better but likely to continue a great invalid. I have found out an old "Blue," schoolfellow of the boys, John Martin, who, at present, poor fellow, is servant to Child. He reached Leschenault on board an American vessel, in which he was not well treated, as a common sailor. John put him up to claiming English protection and he has been here ever since. He was one of those who escaped from some cannibals on one of the islands of the Indian Archpelago (as was related some time ago in the English papers). The savages destroyed and plundered the ship and massacred some of the crew. Poor Martin and his companions suffered much and were picked up, providentially, at sea. He seems a well-disposed young man, and I have given him some books. His father, he has heard, is lately dead and has left him some property and he has written home to his mother. I have ascertained he is a nephew of Doctor Martin of Haverhill, whom I know very well! I think he will settle here.

Henry's hands are quite full doctoring. He has brought round his patient with broken bones remarkably well, but he has no tools, no medicines, except a very few of his mother's and no instruments.

Sunday, 29th October, 1843

Much better congregations than usual at both places today. People from Bunbury attended at Picton; also a boatload from Australind, with two children to be baptised and a woman to be churched. This has cheered me much and I feel very thankful. The words of a Toronto Missionary have met my eye and they are most true, "How surprising is the strength which is given to a Minister of Christ by those of his flock who walk humbly and consistently with their great Master." I have no doubt in time more people will be brought round to attend Church, especially when I have completed everything and if I can continue, by God's blessing, to maintain my ground in a provision for my family, for very many are attracted to Church at first by outward appearances and to the clergyman, by the knowledge of his being at least, above want. This is a lamentable failing; a few however, I have reason to know, are actuated by proper feelings and really seem to appreciate the blessing of the means of grace.

Thursday, 2nd November, 1843

Two days again this week at Bunbury; carpentering and daubing, putting in a few potatoes and cabbages. I am ashamed to say I sometimes find it an effort to carry on this Journal but I will persevere to the end, D.V., of the three years and longer if I can.

John and George are going to the Vasse tomorrow, having agreed to take a flock of sheep on shares, belonging to a person at Bunbury, which they are to help to bring up with the lambs and for which two carts are going down. They will have some trouble in getting across the Vasse Estuary. We have been obliged to get a new body made to our cart by a capital wheelwright there and they will return with this also. I hope this speculation will succeed, for without stock for manure, our farming will not get on. One third of the produce of lambs will be theirs and the produce is almost always with common care, 80 or 90 per cent. Nothing has come of our advertisement about our downs. Goats are a very troublesome and unprofitable stock. So many natives are required to look after them and they are very careless sometimes. They have lost our sows and two store pigs in the bush and I don't know when we shall get them again. Probably not until the sows have farrowed.

I must visit the Vasse again in a week or 10 days, with a young architect here who is desirous to undertake Busselton Church and is now under my directions, making a plan and estimate of it. That at Wonnerup, much smaller, the settlers are desirous to build themselves. I feel my hands very full and when I look around and see how much ought to be done and upon the doing of which so much under providence depends, I am often sadly bewildered and get quite nervous. I have no influential person to co-operate with me and share the trouble, responsibility and expense. I will, however, trust in God.

Mr. McDermott has written to me from Perth on the subject of the Church Societies and his letter has caused me some anxiety. I had better copy it, first stating the nature of my proposition to him, in reply to his request for my advocacy of the Colonial Church and my reasons for making it.

On Mr. King setting on foot branches of S.P.C.K. and S.P.G. I, of course, wished to give them all the support I could, although he was, I think, rather too precipitate in his measures and by not consulting others and asking for their support before he published their names, has given some little offence. The Colonial Church Society has had a missionary here for some years before S.P.G. sent out one and although they were unfortunate in their first selection, their present one, Mr. Mitchell, is a most estimable man and has long laboured most assiduously at the Swan. At the same time that the advertisement of our branches was published, Mr. McDermott, as one of the Church Trustees and Secretary of the Colonial Church Society, wrote to forward to me a resolution of the committee requesting me to preach and make collections on it's behalf. Now it happens, from there having hitherto been no other, that all the good influential persons in the colony have belonged to this and although now wishing to support S.P.G. also, do not feel

justified in abandoning it altogether. Nor do I think, under the circumstances it would be right to do so; for there are, moreover, party predilections in its favour and in our infant state it is most desirable for the peace and unity of the Church that we should avoid all appearance of opposition to one another. It is, however, quite impossible for me to support with any good effect both societies separately. The people would not bear such a repetition of appeals from different societies for the same objects and could never be made to understand them. I therefore proposed one "Colonial Church Association" in aid of all three societies in proportion to the number of ministers of each, one third of subscription being first fixed as the share of S.P.C.K. The societies to be kept perfectly distinct and thus all parties would be satisfied, as I imagined. Mr. McDermott's letter shows the result. To save trouble in copying, I have inserted the original:

Perth, 19th October, 1843

My Dear Sir,

The views expressed in your note of the 3rd instant were so perfectly in unison with my own, that after first consulting with the Governor, Mr. Wittenoom and Major Irwin, I drew up the enclosed sketch which was submitted at a full meeting of the Trustees of Church Property, assisted by Mr. King and Mr. Mitchell. I regret to inform you that the discussion was not of that mild character which was most suitable to the subject and on Mr. Wittenoom delivering his sentiments with a degree of vehemence which the Governor seemed to consider offensive in his presence, differing as he did from those sentiments, he withdrew abruptly, after saying that he withdrew his name as Patron of the Branch of the Propagation Society.

There being no probability of the proposed arrangement taking place, the meeting broke up. So far as I could judge, the Governor, Major Irwin, Mr. G. Moore, Mr. Mitchell and myself were in favour of the new arrangement and Mr. Broun, Mr. Roe, Mr. Leake, Mr. Wittenoom and Mr. King, were opposed to it. I now regret that the discussion took place, and having been from the first decidedly of opinion, that unless all the clergymen could co-operate, it would end in failure, I would not have brought it forward had Mr. Wittenoom, previous to the meeting, declared himself hostile to the arrangement. We have indeed need for a Bishop and I had never felt that need so urgent. Another object I had in view was to accomplish if possible, a union between the Church and the Local Government, and their adoption of my plan would virtually have been such, although perhaps the Governor may not have seen the effect. Pray give me your opinion upon the whole matter. For the future it will be advisable that such affairs should be discussed in the first instance by the clergymen of the colony.

I remain,
My dear sir,
Very faithfully yours,
M. McDERMOTT.

I cannot account for the strong opposition of Messrs. King and Wittenoom. Mr. McDermott regrets that he got up the meeting; I do not. A better state of things cannot be brought about without some "agitation," and alas! a display of our many human infirmities. I have forwarded to the Swan S.P.G.'s last report and all the papers, for the Governor's perusal, among others and have suggested an application to Bishop Broughton for his advice and sanction of the plan I have proposed. If it be not adopted, both societies will suffer. The old settlers will not abandon that which first supplied their spiritual wants, or at least strove to do so and are unable or unwilling to give to both if they are placed in opposition to each other. Whilst those like myself, who are attached from principle to the old societies, as having the first and most orthodox claim upon them, cannot afford to subscribe to the other, nor very consistently advocate its cause distinctly and separately. This is a painful state of things; I pray God to make it work for good.

Friday, 3rd November, 1843

The boys are off to the Vasse. The season seems now more perceptibly advancing after a great fall of rain on Tuesday night. Procured two sacks of flour to be repaid at harvest and am obliged reluctantly thus to forestall our crop. The *Shepherd* is arrived at the Swan; will she bring me letters and the missing box from my dear sister?

Monday, 6th November, 1843

I am expecting a wedding party. There are several more marriages about to take place. Mr. Clifton's eldest son's in January, to Mrs. Gaudin, widow of the young man who died insane not a long time ago. Yesterday I had my average congregations. I perceive, however, with unfeigned pleasure several young men coming forward in the best manner in the better fulfilment of their religious duties and hope to obtain an accession to the number of my Communicants at Christmas, but I grieve to say Australind scepticism seems to prevail more than ever. Messrs. Eliot and Stirling (the latter still very unwell) are, I fear, influenced by the bad example of the more recent comers. The Clifton family derived no benefit from their residence in France.

I hear there is a package of some sort for me on board the *Shepherd* at the Swan. The *Elizabeth* has come down to take in oil and brought our newspapers; letters are coming overland.

I see Pearson has inserted the account of the opening of my church from the Perth Register in the Cambridge Chronicle. As I have before stated this was not written by me, although substantially correct. It will be seen in my Journal how that event has

been followed up by the people; but it is only the usual "Sifting of the Nations," which must take place before the Church can be truly said to be established in the hearts of the few. I have reason to believe some have absented themselves from church lest they should be called upon to contribute their money; an article now extremely scarce and real distress exists since the stoppage of the expenditure of the company. These motives are not such as would influence sincere and earnest Christians, who are ever ready to do what they can. The absence therefore of such persons is no loss, except to themselves, and I feel daily-increasing confidence in the slow but more sure progress of the few who are gathering around me. In England, the mere conventional usages of society would not tolerate the open exhibition of such examples as are set by some in the higher classes here. Their influence is most baneful to their dependants and all beneath them. (N.B.—Let care be taken that none of these and like remarks appear in print.)

I fear Pearson looks for more money to be appropriated to Bunbury than can be afforded. I must repay myself, for otherwise I have no available means whatever left to purchase provisions for my family and to enable me to get into my house at Bunbury. It will be most advisable and necessary to complete the church here. Next week, too, I go, D.V., to see after the Vasse churches, for which I have had plans prepared and for one of which I have promised £20 from the fund. I was more particularly induced to do this on account of the liberality of the settlers in that district to the Church at Picton, in which they are not personally concerned, except as occasional visitors.

The wedding over, I took the opportunity of examining the Sub-Registrar's Book. Out of 17 marriages since this district was first located, one was solemnized by the Resident, Major Tate, before my arrival, four since at the Sub-Registrar's Office, and twelve by myself, which should have been thirteen, but for a mistake and misunderstanding of the parties. This is an encouraging preponderance in favour of the Church.

I must stay at home this week to help my poor wife through our wash. An odd medley, this Journal, but everything goes down as it comes. I am obliged indeed to be a jack of all trades.

Wednesday, 8th November, 1843

Three letters received last night, one from my brother, one from my sister and Tullie, and one from Mrs. John Haylock.

The contents of the first have confirmed our apprehensions on poor Emily's account. I deeply feel for her husband, but I will write by next ship, which goes in about a month and need say no more here. From the date of these letters, 5th June, 1843, my box by the *Trusty* and packet by Lady Spencer in the *Houghton le*

Skerne must have come to hand very soon after they were written, since we have had advice of the safe arrival of those two ships.

Friday, 17th November, 1843

Our Benefit Club was dissolved last night and I paid off the seven remaining members, dividing the fund equally amongst them, £20/7/10. I saw no prospect of being able to conduct it in a proper manner and therefore am glad to be freed from the trouble of it.

A vessel is arrived from Launceston with flour and grain and John is gone to Bunbury to see if he can hear any tidings of his things and also to bring up the box which the cutter *Venus* has brought from the Swan ex *Shepherd*. He returned from the Vasse on Wednesday with the cart, leaving George to come leisurely with the sheep and we expect him in today or tomorrow. It is tiresome, slow work driving sheep through the bush and across swamps and estuaries. Our sows and pigs are recovered and we are thinking of selling one to pay for some corn by the vessel just arrived to fatten two or three of them. We can do it in no other way.

I have written a long letter to Mr. King in reply to one from him, respecting the late Church Meeting alluded to; he lays all the blame on the Governor's hasty warmth. I am doing all I can to throw oil on the troubled waters.

Wednesday, 22nd November, 1843

Circumstances have transpired these few days which clearly indicate the near approach of the complete stagnation of all mercantile affairs, so far as this district (Bunbury) is concerned and it is not to be wondered at, whether we consider it in a religious or worldly point of view. Child is obliged to retire for the present to his farm; he can get neither money nor credit. Consignments are coming out to him which must be detained at the Swan and take their chance. He has dismissed all his dependants, except Teddy, who is to stay till 1st January, but I have no fears about this good boy he is sure to do well elsewhere and I have friends at the Swan who will help me. Besides there is plenty for him to do at Picton and harvest will soon be here.

The *Parkfield* is riding opposite my window. Since she brought out the Cliftons she has been home and now comes from Sydney. The *Timboo* and *Elizabeth* are also now at anchor in the bay. The former is the vessel mentioned above from Launceston; the latter is a colonial vessel from the Swan and taking away the wreck of the *North America*, which has been broken up. The *Timboo* brings flour and wheat. The consequence has been one of those sudden changes which early settlements are subject to. Flour which a fortnight ago could hardly be purchased at any price, is now selling

from the ship at £20 a ton, or 2d. a lb. I have bought all I could afford; I hope enough to last us until harvest, but it is a great evil having white kid glove emigrants here, who will not cultivate the soil, and thus these strange ships carry away all our money, and no produce. Such a system must ever keep a colony back. The W.A. Company have in this way done us much harm. Thank God, for myself and family I have no fears. If I had the means, I could at this time purchase anything in the colony, including stock of all kinds, almost on my own terms.

We have heard bad accounts of New Zealand, but we know not how true, of a massacre there of 70 whites by the natives including Captain Wakefield, brother of E. Gibbon Wakefield, whose speculations have done so much harm. A report, too, the ships bring of the loss of the *Trusty* off the Cape, that her mail was transferred to another vessel at Mauritius, which accounts for replies having arrived here to letters sent by her. But if this is true, my box to my brother is lost. The *Houghton le Skerne,* however, we know got safely home and my Journal was on board her, under the care of Lady Spencer. Perhaps it is all false, these rumours are constantly flying about. People are dispersing from Australind, in all directions. Bunbury is dull indeed and it would be the height of imprudence to take any further steps about a church at present. Five pounds could not be raised in the place. Two soldiers have deserted and been taken. They ran away from our barracks and perhaps will be transported.

I hope soon to bring poor Mary down here for she is nearly done up. I go to the Vasse tomorrow and when I return shall be able to stick to my work here, till the house is ready for her reception. I have been up since half past five digging in my garden and sowing some Indian seeds, which Mr. Little kindly gave me yesterday.

John is gazetted as Sub-Registrar of the District, vice Eliot resigned. I am very glad of this as it was entirely unsought and although not a lucrative situation, bringing in a few pounds only annually, yet it will bring John forward. Besides it is in every way best for the Church and me. It will enable me through John to recommend as few civil marriages as possible and to arrange better than I have hitherto done respecting the attendance (which is required by the Act) of the Sub-Registrar.

Monday, 4th December, 1843

Back at "Charterhouse." It is a great mercy that I have been spared to continue this Journal and I hope I am thankful for it. I have had a most severe fall from my horse. I went to the Vasse on Thursday, 16th November with young Hester. It blew a most unusually heavy gale on Saturday with rain, so much so as to send

one of the vesels in our bay on shore (the *Elizabeth*, schooner) where she became a complete wreck. On the morning of that day I had ridden to Wonnerup and was returning to Captain Molloy's to dinner. I had forded the Vasse River and entered his enclosure. Several paths led to the house; I let the horse take which he liked. As it rained heavily I put him into a hand gallop to avoid getting wet; the path wound round a large gum tree, on the other side of which hung down directly overhead one of those awkward elbows so common in the great branches of the red gum. With the rain and wind in my face I did not see it. In an instant I was violently hurled backwards off my horse, by the speed at which I was riding and the reaction of the branch. I was not stunned, nor could I perceive any wound or fracture, but I felt great pain in the neck and shoulders and could not hold my head upright without the assistance of my hands. I suppose I must have fallen on my shoulders, but I know not where the branch struck me. I saw no more of the horse which was caught at the gate with one stirrup thrown over his neck. It was a large, powerful one of the Captain's and perfectly quiet.

I managed with some difficulty to crawl home (a few hundred yards only). John Bussell came and bled me and Mrs. Bussell applied a blister. I also took some opening medicine. These prompt measures gave me instant relief. But it was several days before I could sit up and even now, after a second blister and leeches (which abound in our swamps), I feel stiff and weak. Of course I could do nothing on Sunday. Young Hester kindly rode up for Henry, who came instantly and nursed me. I have since seen Mr. Ferguson, who confirms Henry's judgment and says it is a temporary injury only to the muscles of the neck and back and that my right arm suffers more from the previous strain upon it, some time since. Had the branch struck me on the head, surely it must have killed me! It was with a grateful heart therefore that I returned public thanks the Sunday week following, when John Bussell officiated in all the Services except the absolution, Sermon and Sacrament. I took this opportunity of exhorting the people to sobriety, in a short previous address; from the uncertainty of life in all classes and the awfulness of being unprepared. The people seemed much concerned about me and paid me every kind attention and care.

Forsayth, the young architect I was to have brought with me, came during the week, not having before been able to get a horse. So my detention was of some good since we have made arrangements about Busselton Church, of which more another time. On Tuesday evening following I started homewards with Henry as far as Mr. Chapman's and next morning found myself better for my ride. On Wednesday reached home, although I did not think I could have borne so long a ride, for during the latter part of it, I felt

great pain. Great heat set in after the rain and this made it more fatiguing. However, to end this long egotistical narrative, I am now, thank God, daily recovering, my head getting more and more straight upon my shoulders. I had one service on Sunday (yesterday) and married a couple the Friday preceding, John for the first time officiating in his new office of Sub-Registrar. I must be patient in losing so much time. Bad writing here must be excused, for my right hand is not yet quite steady.

Mrs. Ommanney has a little boy, both doing well. Mary and Mrs. Ash were in attendance as requested, for her female servant gets drunk. The boys are working hard, shearing the new flock. One sow has six pigs; the other fattening for tub with a little wheat I bought, turnips and potatoes. The barn foundation is erected; wheat is ripening and we journey with things to Bunbury as often as we can. This medley must suffice for the present.

I call to mind, I must mention one thing that struck me respecting my accident. I had, a moment before (what led to the train of thought I know not, unless it was the Devil's leading) been considering with myself whether I should not probably live as long as my father; at the next moment I was hurled from my seat to the ground, which was as much as to say "How dare you presume to think anything about it!"

Founder's Day, 12th December, 1843

Having been laboriously employed for some days in preparing for my removal to Bunbury I have had no opportunity for writing. I have just had a snack after one journey thither this morning with furniture, etc, and must prepare this evening for another tomorrow and send back the bullocks to fetch Mary and the girls. It will be seen by this that the last week has nearly recovered me. My arm and neck is a little stiff at times, but I feel it less every day and think exercise has done good. I was anxious to get this moving over before harvest, which is close at hand. I have had no means of commemorating Thomas Sutton except in a cup of water and hanging his picture up in my new little room. I must defer my observations respecting the present depressed state of the colony, and complete stagnation here, to another day; yet no one asks, "Have we not forgotten God?"

Thursday, 14th December 1843

By great exertions I managed to get Mary and the girls down at Bunbury yesterday and it may be imagined how much we had to do. Our boys have assisted us all they could and are a great comfort to us. Amidst the universal crash here and the dispersing of the settlers, it is a call for gratitude on our part that we are among the few who are able to keep their legs. It is true our money,

as well as that of everyone else is gone, but we have worked the while and thus can find means of subsistence. I have made such an arrangement with my sons as will, I hope, prove beneficial to then and have started John, William and George in the farm. Henry, who is of age today, prefers his profession, but is to board with his brothers. He is gone up by invitation to Belvidere today to make arrangements for attending Mr. Little's establishment, which is now very numerous. Teddy leaves Child (who is shutting up shop) on the 31st. He will thus be returned on my hands but I do not despair. It is most melancholy to see the people leaving the colony or at a loss what to do. So many have done nothing for themselves and having come here with wrong notions, are disappointed and disgusted. What could they expect in the nature of things? The *Water Witch* has just sailed taking several passengers away for England and Mr. Stirling to the Swan for change of air.

Ungodliness has universally prevailed ever since the company took up this district for their Australind. They have sown the wind and now reap the whirlwind. God only knows how the present state of things is to end; the colony gets a bad name from those who had no business here at all. Some time must elapse before any more settlers will come here. Indeed, I do not wish for any unless they be real colonists of the right sort, with some fear (at least) of God before their eyes and without preconceived prejudices. The Governor is not expected here this Christmas. I have seen Mr. Simmons and he says His Excellency does not like to encounter such a depressed state of things as the present. I hear, too, the whole colony is nearly insolvent and the revenue decreasing. There is no hope of a church here now. How glad I am that I built Picton Church, which I shall devote all my attention to now, to make it complete.

Some of those who came out under the company (Mr. Millard for instance) will barely get home again with their shoes on. Until I can afford some help to make another room under the verandah, we sleep away as we can. The two girls in a large bed, Mary on a stretcher in the bedroom, myself on the sofa in the sitting room. We enjoy the sea breezes here. At this moment I am writing with my window open towards the bay, from which a cool, delightful air comes in; a great relief after a burning day. We are not here plagued with the mosquitoes and sandflies. A luxury none can estimate but those who have been exposed to the attacks of these plagues. The wheat at "Charterhouse" has ripened so fast that it will be more than the boys can do to cut it down themselves and I don't know how to help them. Perhaps I may get a soldier or two. The barracks are just above my garden and there are plenty of charwomen among the soldiers' wives, but we cannot afford much help. I mean to be housemaid as far as the parlour is concerned

and do all outdoor work and help in the kitchen. I could easily get a soldier for a servant, but cannot afford to pay for one. I have snatched half an hour to scribble this in order to keep up, in some measure, the thread of my Journal. When I am more settled I will endeavour to write more fully and circumstantially.

Bunbury, 19th December, 1843

Getting more settled, but one of our bullocks having been seriously gored by a bull, I am suddenly deprived of the use of the cart for a time, consequently we have yet many things still at "Charterhouse." I did what I could in bringing down some necesssaries on the pony's back on Monday, but it is very hot walking. This day the thermometer stood at 100 in the shade at noon; indeed, I have seldom experienced a more oppressive heat. A thunderstorm seems to be gathering. The poor lads are in the midst of their reaping. I have sent up two soldiers to help them, George being unwell, and Teddy having a wounded ankle. The bush fires are beginning and we see clouds of black smoke arising in the distance the other side of the bay. Mr. Ommanney has been burnt out of his tent and hut in the bush and lost his bedding. The soldiers, also with him (who are ordered out to attend surveying parties) had some of their accoutrements and their muskets destroyed. This was owing to carelessness in having the fire too near. The least spark sent by a puff of wind immediately ignites the dry paper-bark huts. Dr. Allen here has experienced the like accident, which is worse indeed for him, for the hut destroyed was his home. He lost almost everything; all his medicines and instruments; only a few clothes of Mrs. Allen's were rescued.

The largest pig we have yet killed was slaughtered for harvest. The job was to pickle him (or rather her, for it was a sow) immediately, which was done in the night by the boys and John Martin (who is with them for a time, the vessel he intended to go by having been wrecked) and they succeeded. The pig weighed about 150lb. I purposely put down all these little occurrences as they serve to show our progress.

Much distress has been occasioned at Fremantle by the loss of a young lad belonging to that place, whose remains were lately found in the bush in a shocking state near the Harvey River. He was one of a hunting party who had been out for some time and all that can be concluded is that he was accidentally shot by the discharge of his own gun. The wild dogs had dragged the body some way and devoured parts of it. There is no evidence to lead to the supposition that he was murdered by the natives. They, the natives, indeed found him.

The long-talked-of Romish Priest has arrived from the south at the Swan, with two assistants. Dr. Brady, Vicar General, is his

name and title I believe. I don't wonder at this; there are many Papists in the colony and the Reformed Church is in anything but an united efficient state and the Local Government is latitudinarian. A Roman Catholic Chapel will be erected at Perth immediately, for which funds are rapidly raising in the colony, although we can get nothing for our churches. The answer I penned to the Bishop from our body is at last (this day) returned to me, approved of by Messrs. Wittenoom, King and Mitchell, but it has not been submitted to the other two. This will prove how dilatory the people at the Swan are. They seem literally asleep. Poor Mr. Mitchell writes a very indifferent account of himself; his health is weak and his temporal concerns embarrassing. Yet I know no man more deserving of support and encouragement.

I append this letter:

Guildford, December 5th, 1843.

The Reverend J. R. Wollaston,
Picton, Bunbury.

My Dear Sir,

I have much cause to apologise for the long delay between your kind communication and this still unsatisfactory reply. The truth is that I have not only, as you may guess, had many employments, but a mind ill at ease in the midst of them; so much anxiety about the nature of communications I have had to make to friends in India and in England that I have not been able to let my mind dwell on any other subject. But for this I would at once have replied to some of the thoughts you give me in your kind private letter. Having, however, been obliged for a while to put them aside, I finally deferred all notice of them until I should receive back the circular address to the Bishop. It was returned to me only on Friday last and even now has been seen only by Messrs. Wittenoom and King. Time forbids my attempting to send it any further. How poor a substitute for our meeting is this mode of conference.

I trust that nothing will prevent our coming together in person in February next and meantime we may make the best of our present means. Our letter may go to the Bishop as soon as you can conveniently re-write it and send it. If you will please entrust me with the task (and if you think they must be, by our own hands, formally appended) I will obtain as soon as possible, the signatures of the clergy here to it. But as there is a vessel about to sail for Launceston in a few days and it seems a pity that your private letter to the Bishop should be subjected to further delay, I will today enclose it to Camfield begging him to send it by this vessel (the name of which I do not know) to Launceston: if he thinks the opportunity a good one. Mr. King has been kind enough to let me see your numbers of *The Church*, a most valuable paper certainly, and exhibiting such a state of things in America as I was little prepared but highly gratified to see. God grant us some such spirit here! It might greatly assist our cause if such a paper as *The Church* were circulated through the colony and certainly we could scarcely devise a cheaper means of doing good. I am afraid

that we could not now advantageously make the overture you spoke of to Lochee, not at all events until the little Wesleyan Magazine has been out some twelve or eighteen months. It will soon spend all its little strength and soon cease to be much thought of, even by the Methodists themselves and when they and others begin to long for something new, perhaps they will relish and commend what we may offer them. I have often thought it would be well if Lochee's paper could be used as a vehicle for better things than he can be expected to bestow upon the colony: but it would require a particular tact to write such articles and I do not possess it. Further my time and thoughts are, I believe necessarily, estranged from the fitting studies. Reiterated money disappointments still keep me poor and in debt and as it is hope deferred that makes the heart sick, so it is no wonder that I am now sick at heart, having for five successive years vainly hoped that the coming year would set me free from discreditable embarrassments. I have this year worked in the field too much; too much for health. I mean, my chest has been a good deal injured by it though I hope not permanently so. The profit of my toil I am sorry to tell you has been lost by the untimely withdrawal of the team I had. It is shame to trouble you with these gloomy trifles, but I am sure you will feel, and why should I not ask you to pray, for me and and mine: that some good may arise to us out of these long continued trials at which I do however not repine, for I am sure there is love and mercy in them. Farewell.

Dear sir, I wish we could oftener write to each other and perhaps we may. But I hope we shall meet early in February and be meantime blessed, each of us, in our respective spheres by the cheering presence of our Divine Master. With kindest respects to Mrs. Wollaston.

I am, dear sir,
Your obliged and affectionate friend,
W. MITCHELL.

It tells sadly against human nature, that a good and pious man like this should be left to struggle on in weak health for his family, while he is doing everything that zeal and talent can effect for the good of the souls of those around him. I wish it were in my power to assist him. I shall not under the circumstances send the answer to the Bishop by the vessel about to sail for Van Diemen's Land; indeed, I cannot get it ready in time and do not choose to send it without the signature of the rest of the clergy. I have already sent my own private letter to His Lordship.

On Sunday last, I for the first time, started from hence; I had my average congregations and I have still, *L.D.*, the happiness of collecting part of my family at Picton Church. Gave notice of the Sacrament on Christmas Day. I have been sending a letter to the Editor of the *Inquirer* respecting the Vasse Churches; about which there have been some mistakes. I do not, from my long experience of mankind, expect I shall be able to carry out my plans without

vexatious delay, drawings back and possibly, opposition, yet all at present goes on smoothly.

I had another wedding here on Friday.

Worse accounts are afloat of the state of New Zealand; it is said to be in a state of native insurrection and the Governor or his deputy, is reported to have been slain. What will Bishop Selwyn do? I am afraid people in England were not sufficiently acquainted with the true state of New Zealand. The end, I suppose, must be, if reports be true, a war of extermination against the natives.

Poor Mary has had a soldier's wife to wash. Our dirty things having accumulated like the end of a voyage. Wages are 4/- a day and food. We do not mean to have any servant.

Thursday, 28th December, 1843

Just returned from the barrack yard, where I have been giving reproof and exhortation to the soldiers on parade, at the sergeant's request, on the subject of drunkenness. An officer has not yet arrived to take Mr. Northey's place and the men have taken advantage of this. Both the Governor and Commandant requested me to have an eye to them. They procured some brandy and committed a debauch on Christmas Day and absented themselves from Church. I know not whether I have made any impression upon them, but they behaved well and I shall not show them up this time. I endeavoured to convince them of their sin, as well as their breach of discipline; of the discreditable nature of their late conduct in the character of the Christian warrior, as well as the British soldier.

Having a leisure morning, it being too hot to work out of doors, and having cleaned the knives, swept the rooms and put everything to rights, I will try and fill an extra page or so. Our Christmas passed in a broiling sun, but though my congregations were very scanty, the Nativity was a happy day to us; would that more would make it so in a right manner, truly. Mary has already found so much benefit from sea air, perhaps from hard work, that she was able, to my surprise, to walk to "Charterhouse" early in the morning and back in the cool of the evening and all of us (except Agnes and Sophy) had the comfort and privilege of participation in the Holy Communion to which two new members have also come to my great joy.

I was obliged to come down here to Evening Service but we all dined together, for the first time, as our son's guests. My thoughts occasionally wandered home during the day and brought dear friends, dead and living, before me, but we cannot outwardly realize Christmas here; there are none of the English accompaniment, except in the way of eating and drinking. I would, however, decorate my Church as before with palms (i.e. the Zamia) with the addition of large, white everlasting flowers with a golden eye, now in full bloom

and beauty. The effect was very appropriate, for the palm is an emblem of victory and having been used in the Feast of Tabernacles, is not inapplicable for the season when our Victorious Lord came to tabernacle among men and the everlasting flower, being white with a golden eye, will symbolize the purity and divinity of the new-born Babe "Thou are from Everlasting."

I have been interrupted by the arrival of poor Hymus, who is at last released from prison. I am at a loss what to do for him; I cannot afford to employ him, nor can my boys. I will recommend him at the Vasse, where I am sanguine in the hope of his being able to do something for himself. I would gladly employ him if I could, for I have plenty of work of importance requiring to be done, but it cannot be.

All the neighbours within reach lost no time in calling upon me here and we return to the Eliots' today. Captain Molloy drank tea with us on his way home from Perth last week. He told us the heat at Perth on 19th December was tremendous. He amused us with an anecdote of a certain lady upon whom he called on that day. She was not visible but her daughter received him with the following apology. "Captain Molloy, mama is very sorry she can't see you, for she has gone down into the cellar and undressed herself."'

When I was a stranger to Perth, and walking one day down the street, I was startled, on passing a pretty looking verandahed cottage, by a female voice behind me, "Mr. Wollaston, Mr. Wollaston." On turning round I perceived a well-dressed lady running after me. "Mr. Wollaston, I hope you will never pass my door again without calling." Yet she was a perfect stranger to me! Of course I bowed and said something polite.

It would have been rude, after such a greeting, to acknowledge my ignorance of her personality. "Pray walk in." I followed. A substantial luncheon was set out. "Some cold beef? a glass of wine?" A lively chat followed and serious chat too and I was drawn into a conditional engagement to dine in a day or two. Her daughter sat opposite and two gentlemen made up the party. This was all very pleasant, but still I knew nothing of my hostess, nor could I remember ever having seen her before. By cautious questions about the houses, etc., I afterwards found out through Mr. Wittenoom who she was! the same person of whom Captain Molloy told the anecdote above. Yet she is quite a lady and one of the most respectable at Perth. There are not many such.

A correspondence is still going on between myself and Mr. McDermott regarding our Church Societies. I append his last letter. I have rewritten the answer of the clergy to the Bishop, and forwarded it to the Senior Chaplain for immediate transmission if possible, having ventured to add a statement and suggestion about

unity of the Church Societies' proceedings. I have likewise written to Mr. Wittenoom on same subject. I posted also yesterday another long letter to Mr. Mitchell, chiefly on Church matters but giving him all the poor comfort and sympathy I can under his worldly private embarrassments. Two letters, moreover to England, to Mrs. Haylock from Mary and to my dear sister from myself; a vessel is being advertised to sail direct on 1st January. Having helped to dish up our broth, dined and cleaned shoes for our visit on the hill ("Bury Hill," Eliot's place is called) I must now once more claim an interval in my notes. When I sat down today I thought I should have had more time but when anything is wanted or to be done here, we can't say "Ring the bell," for the said bell is non-existent and if it were, there is no one to answer it.

Tuesday, 2nd January, 1844

The opening of a new year of our colonial life has caused much reflection and thankfulness. When we consider all God's undeserved mercies to us, that we are all alive, and in health, that we have food and raiment and the prospect of these temporal blessings increased to us, we ought indeed to be grateful and examine ourselves narrowly to see how far our spiritual improvement has kept pace with all these favours bestowed upon us. We must ever remain unprofitable servants at best, but we hope the Good Seed is springing up in our dear children's hearts and we pray for the dew of Heaven and the sunbeams to ripen it into life eternal. The same hope and prayer are felt and offered for all our dear relatives from whom we are separated. May we all persevere unto the end.

To resume passing events: on the 29th December Mary and I dined at Mr. Eliot's, Teddy coming to stay here with his sisters. It is the first formal dinner we have attended here and there was too much of a studied look about our entertainment which would not have resulted from a plain, hearty reception. We dined at 6 (the best hour by the way this very hot weather) and were entertained handsomely, considering how few can command the viands of a common dinner. Mrs. Rob. Clifton was staying here, and Mr. Child was of the party (the only one, except Mr. Onslow, at Bunbury, that could be invited, besides ourselves). I go to Australind tomorrow with John (as Sub-Registrar) to marry Mr. Pearce Clifton and Mrs. Gaudin and shall take the opportunity of visiting the Littles for a night. We had set our hearts upon having all our children to dine with us to keep New Year's Day, for we could not manage it on Christmas Day. They came accordingly and I asked Child (as our fellow voyager) to meet them. A very happy evening we had and I read the second Evening Lesson for the Circumcision and offered up a Prayer for the New Year with them all before we separated.

Although the heat was very great, we did everything ourselves without any help from servants or charwomen. I managed thus: a small joint of boiled mutton, a goat pie, potatoes, greens and plum pudding, a little cheap cape wine and one bottle of port (part of some Mr. Little lent me of his own accord), half a crown's worth of dried walnuts and a few dried apricots from Clifton & Co.'s store here; I have famous water. We did not shine so well at tea, for we had no butter or milk.

On this occasion, and only since I came here, I made use of my plate; which turned out very bright, as it came cleaned from England and somewhat dazzled our three-years unpractised colonial eyes. I am glad that I can go back a little to the common decencies and comforts of a gentleman's table, for the sake of my boys. John indeed himself remarked that on this account, if on no other, he must come and see us occasionally, to wear down a little roughness acquired by bush life. It is well all my boys are aware of this and wish to correct it. I will help them as far as I can.

Today we are very tired and have been indulging in an extra hour's sleep, but all is washed up and put away and we have no cooking today. We shall have the scraps of the feast of yesterday; the middle of our dessert was my Wickham silver salver and upon it my dear sister's cork model of my home. We talked much and feelingly of bygone times. Two toasts only were given: "A happy New Year," to my children, with a prayer for their temporal and spiritual welfare and "All absent friends." Today the boys finish carting their wheat and have a little Horkey supper among themselves. Besides our cooking and catering. I attended a Town Trust Meeting yesterday, but nothing can be done, for there are no funds for any improvements, so we shall have to slop through a swamp to church in winter. The Government neither will, nor can, do anything. The thermometer now stands at 82 and there is no breeze; we are consequently much oppressed with the heat.

Friday, 5th January, 1844

Returned yesterday from Australind. The wedding and breakfast was a repetition of those of which I gave an account in the case of the union of Miss Clifton with George Eliot, Esq., by Rev. Dr. Wollaston, with the exception of three guineas only instead of five guineas, but times, as well as my degrees, have altered. But the general tone of feeling struck me very different; then all was hope, though falsely based; now their worldly prospects are completely at an end. There was too much effort to carry things off with effect. There is a cast of care and anxiety about Mr. Clifton's countenance at times which makes me pity him. Most certainly his exertions for his children have been incessant, but alas! upon wrong principles. All the foolishness about the "Commissioner" has now

vanished; a great improvement in our contracted society here, cast as we all are upon a new shore and all having to struggle alike for our subsistence, among whom therefore no silly pretensions of one above another in the same class should appear, if we are to study merely our temporal comfort. I say nothing of Christian motives, which I fear are not taken at all into account.

Australind seems to be more and more deserted; many are going home; many more would, but they can't pay their passage. I was met by a young man just come out with his brother upon the strength of the company's advertisements in England, with machinery for making bricks (for the great city) and limber carriages. They are gentleman, one of them from Winchester School. One asked me what he had best do. My reply was, "You have only the alternative of returning home at a great loss, or of settling to upon the soil and working." If all had worked from the beginning, the present distress could not have existed, but the young men choose to run their horses against each other instead of their ploughs and drink champagne and claret (whenever they can get them) instead of colonial beer and water. The result is confirmed idle habits and empty pockets; in some cases heavy debts. Some will, I dare say, go to Van Diemen's Land, the passage to which is easy and within their means.

The same system has been pursued by the lower orders, among whom there is much distress. My spirits often sink at what I see around me, for notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of the times there is still marrying and giving in marriage. I had eight marriages last year. The one on Wednesday makes the sixteenth since I have been here. There have been many other civil marriages. The girls marry very young and without any fresh immigration, in a few years, the population, small and scattered as it is, will increase to an extent, which if schools cannot be established in the interim and religious instruction brought home to them, must be contemplated by every reflecting mind with anxiety.

I left Australind in the evening in Mr. Eliot's boat and slept at Belvidere. John returned with my pony and Mr. Little brought me by water to the Preston yesterday. The Littles are such excellent benevolent people that I regret every time I see them, more and more that they are Papists. He is certainly one of the most liberal-minded of that Church I ever met with.

As signs of the times, I quote an advertisement in the Perth paper of last week (by the by, I have not forwarded this paper lately to England, because the editor is publishing therein a series of most useful and valuable letters on the cultivation of the vine, which we are anxious to retain) and a paragraph from a Fremantle letter.

Colonial Secretary's Office, Perth.
December 23rd, 1843.

"With reference to the Act of Council intituled 'An Act to promote the building of Churches and chapels and to contribute towards the maintenance of Ministers in Western Australia' it being probable that the inhabitants in the several districts may have it in contemplation to erect places of public worship and to apply for ministers' stipends, relying upon the promises held out to them under the provisions of that Act. His Excellency, the Governor deems it expedient to give notice as early as possible, that in the present state of the public funds, it will be impossible for any such aid to be afforded and that therefore no application can be entertained until further notice.

It is however to be understood that this notice is not in any way to affect existing engagements."

The letter says—"The debt hanging on our Church Building Committee is still £1,100; we pay 10 per cent on this, besides discount occasionally for monies borrowed from one bank to meet bills at the other. The Government has never given a farthing towards this sacred object. The Governor has acknowledged that he owes us £500 but pleads inability to pay one. Not even the interest of his debt!" It would be folly therefore for us to attempt a church here at present.

We had a trifling sprinkling of rain on Wednesday night, but the heat is very oppressive still.

Festival of the Epiphany

Our Church Festivals I believe are never thought of anywhere throughout the colony. It is, and has been my wish to revive the observance of them, whenever an opportunity may offer. This could only be in a town. They do not pass however without my endeavouring in the Collect or Lessons to bring them before my own family, in our daily devotions, which I am able to conduct with more regularity and effect here than I could at "Charterhouse."

It has occurred to me that I may be able to send this portion of my Journal by some passenger going home in the *Shepherd,* which is coming down to our port before her final departure, to take in wool and oil. I never like to let an opportunity slip. Having mentioned this, if I have to close suddenly it will be understood why I do so. I can make up the bulk with a few seaweeds for Agnes Stanton.

Wednesday, 10th January, 1844

The *Shepherd* is expected every hour, so I shall get this ready, in case I should be fortunate to get someone to take it. I send by her mails a Perth paper, the *Inquirer,* No. 179, containing the last report of our Agricultural Society, which may safely be relied on and furnishes the best account of the present state and prospects

of the colony. Nothing can be sounder and more correct than the views there taken. But in order to carry them out we must get rid of a great many useless settlers and supply their place with those of the right sort.

This is a time of dearth. The hunting season is over and the expense of buying meat and keeping it more than 24 hours fresh when we can get it, causes much inconvenience and some privation. The boys have been obliged to go to the goat herd and have consumed all fit to kill; now they have sheep the goats are put out to one of our tenants, for we have two on the 100 acres across the river. The usual mode is an improving lease. A good house erected, clearing and fencing to be done by the tenant, a certain number of acres to be under cultivation and half the crop of corn to be rent.

I earnestly hope S.P.G. will receive me as missionary and so improve my income a little. We live as close as possible, and if I can but get the necessities of life for my wife and children I care not for myself. The rapacity of the people here shows how scarce money is. We have no means of effecting improvements and consequently profits, except by the slow operation of our own labour, which indeed is so much capital, but bears very slow interest at present and never less than now, when all trade is at an end, both internally and with the American and French ships, which our heavy port dues have long since frightened away.

The next three or four years will be most important to this colony either for temporal good or evil. May God direct the hearts of the people to Him and then they may have better grounded confidence for the future.

There is so much difficulty in getting the clergy here to harmonise with each other, that I quite despair of any good prospect for the Church, unless some ecclesiastical authority is extended over us. What I have seen here convinces me beyond doubt that missionaries must be placed under the control of a Bishop and that where this is not the case and young, inexperienced men are sent to countries where they must be responsible to no one on the spot, the greatest hindrances are caused to Church expansion. And this without any deliberate neglect of duty; nay, even where men are most active and zealous.

We are apprehensive of a drought this summer. I have not yet before seen vegetation so burnt up as it is now; the vines of melons are quite scorched and we must not expect fruit until the second crop, the plants surviving. There has been a blight on the grapes, but there is a better show than I expected. As I have before given a sort of outline of our occupations at "Charterhouse" I will now describe in general terms our employments here at Bunbury.

Having suffered so much from dirt and vermin when we first came and for some time after, I determined when I could concentrate by work more, to get rid of these nuisances at whatever cost of trouble to myself. At 5 a.m. we begin to move. Having folded my sheets and blanket from the sofa and put them away in the passage upon a sack of flour, I get the tea leaves, broom and duster, and do out the room thoroughly. By this time Mary and the girls are up, Agnes in the kitchen boiling or frying some potatoes for breakfast. Mary lays the breakfast things, little Sophy jobbing about. Meanwhile I turn hewer of wood and drawer of water, or see to anything that is requisite to be done, such as sweeping kitchen, scouring saucepan or frying pan, washing dishes, etc., etc. After breakfast we have a chapter in Bible and prayers. Mary next washes up cups and saucers and rubs the spoons, forks, etc., used the day before. Now comes our care for dinner at half past one; we get what we can and if we can't get enough we do without, always however sitting at the table. Between breakfast and dinner the beds have been made by Mary, Agnes, etc., bread laid and baked in iron oven, etc. Needlework and occasional washing comes in according to circumstances of a morning. I have always plenty to do out of doors, all sorts of things. In the afternoon, we mangle or sit clean and quiet together until tea time, during which time, instruction or any writing I have on, when nothing urgent prevents this enjoyment.

Of course my professional engagements take me from my work. At sundown (about seven) after tea, we generally stroll to the sea and inhale the cool breezes from the Indian Ocean. It is not more than 10 minutes' walk and then the Bible and Prayers. We get cool and invigorated this hot, dry weather and get refreshing sleep. Here we are almost entirely free from the sandflies and mosquitoes of the bush and therefore at this time of the year can enjoy an evening walk. The moonlight nights are splendid, on the pure, white sands of the beach, or among the rocks on the western sides of the point. Our dear boys of course now and then vary the scene by dropping in, but their occupations are too numerous and their work too severe to permit this often. When Sunday comes round I meet them all. And thus we pass on through time, I hope not unprofitably to our souls as well as our bodies.

There will be variety of occupations and consequent changes of our routine, but it would be in vain to attempt to enumerate all of them. In short we do everything for ourselves as much as ever we can.

I cannot say what the Cliftons will do. He has still his £600 a year pension, which ought to go a great way, with farming. Whether they have any other resources I know not. At present they seem to want for nothing. If they are turning their atten-

tion to the soil and stock-keeping, with their habits and breeding, however, I fear, unless something turns up, it will go hard with them, especially the ladies. I have seen a specimen of coal, said to have been discovered in this district and this has set people speculating again on probabilities. There is no reason why coal should not be in the neighbourhood, but I suspect the specimen I saw is a piece of American coal, which has been broken up and distributed by some designing person to get a reward beforehand and decamp with it. The Ruler and Maker of the world will cause the earth's treasures to be revealed for man's use when He sees fitting.

Amen, and thus I close.

—J.R.W.

Called on me at Bunbury

December, 1843—

Messrs. Gibson and Grindsell, from Australind, gents and surveyor. Captain Whitesides, of the *Parkfield*; Mr. Child; Mr. Kemp, artist.

15th—Messrs. Pearce, Clifton and Eliot, gents, storekeeper and resident.

16th—Mr. Ommanney, gent and surveyor; Mr. Eliot; Mr. Rob Clifton and Miss Clifton, tiptop in form.

20th—Mr. Little, agent for Mr. Prinsep, gent and papist.

22nd—Mr. Clifton and Mr. Pearce Clifton, deposed Waller 1st and Company's Agent for winding up; Mr. Onslow, gent, doing nothing.

26th—Mr. Hester, Aborigines' Chief Constable, and Deputy Protector; Captain Molloy, gent, Vasse resident.

29th—Mr. Turner, Jr., farmer, and Mr. Cobbledick, shipwright, Augusta; Mr. Groves, pilot and boat proprietor.

January, 1844—

6th—Messrs. Charles and Vernon Bussell, gents, Deputy Commissariat and farmer.

9th—Mrs. Groves and her baby.

Bunbury, January 10th, 1844.

Appendix I

LAND COMPANY COLONISATION: PEEL'S SETTLEMENT

While many individuals were being attracted by the prospects of the Swan River Settlement, there was one scheme of emigrants projected on a big scale, which, though it proved a fiasco, will always be remembered in connection with the founding of this State.

Mr. Thomas Peel, with three other partners, Messrs. Schenley, Vincent and McQueen, formulated a scheme for introducing 10,000 settlers into the colony. They offered to land them in the settlement and "find" them in provisions and other necessities usually allowed to emigrants. They promised to bring there 1,000 head of cattle and have three vessels running from Sydney to the settlement as required. They estimated the cost of conveying each person to be £30; and they undertook to complete, within four years, the taking out of the 10,000. As payment for their outlay they were willing to take grants of land at a valuation of 1/6 per acre to the full quantity, that is, 10,000 souls at £30 per head, to be received as a free grant. They would provide surveyors to locate to every man not less than 200 acres and they wished to have the right to promise by Government authority such a grant to all whom they might select for emigration. It was in their mind to cultivate tobacco and cotton on a large scale; also sugar and flax and drugs for which the climate was suitable. They would rear horses for the East Indian trade and make salt provisions for H.M. ships.

Witihout waiting for a written acceptance of his proposal from the Government, Peel set to work, purchased the *Lady Nugent* and prepared to send out 400 souls, with horses and cattle and implements and provisions for one year. But difficulties arose which caused the withdrawal of Peel's backers. Peel claimed that a new set of terms for the disposal of land to settlers had been substituted for the original one. The fact was that the public was already alarmed by the report that a grant of a million acres of land, in a most favourable position, was to be given to a small syndicate of men on terms more advantageous than those to the general public and favouritism was alleged, as Thomas Peel was a cousin of the statesman, Sir Robert Peel. Thomas Peel said straight out, "It is surely asking nothing unfair when we solicit superior advantages to the public, as a boon for the very arduous and first attempt at colonisation. If we are to pave the way and ensure the comfort of those following us, then there can be no injustice in our seeking some indulgence beyond others who will have little or no difficulty to contend with."

It is impossible to read the correspondence between the parties without concluding that the Government were ready to treat Mr. Peel very considerately. But they were evidently more familiar with the difficulties with which he would meet than was Mr. Peel himself and no doubt took some alarm at the suggestions of favouritism which were insinuated and so determined to keep him more strictly to the terms of their public announcement.

Peel's grandiose scheme came almost to nothing and in the light of the fuller knowledge brought by the course of events we cannot be surprised nor sorry. What 10,000 emigrants would have done on

holdings scattered from some point south of the Swan to the Murray River one shudders to think; nor can one see the wisdom or equity of allotting in England, before survey and without any adequate knowledge of the land, a million acres in close proximity to the Capital, to be at the disposal of a single individual. Captain Stirling indeed, for his services, was given the promise of a free grant of land of 100,000 acres, to be chosen by him after his arrival in Western Australia; and he intimated before he left England, that he would take the whole of Garden Island, and the balance in the neighbourhood of Cape Naturaliste, as and when it should be surveyed. But for the rest it was to be "first come, first served."

In spite of the defection of his first supporters, Mr. T. Peel went on with the project, but it was already being cut down. The Colonial Secretary wrote to him just before he sailed with his first contingent, "I have requested Captain Stirling to reserve your whole 250,000 acres till the 1st November; if your entire number of 400 settlers are not in the colony by that date, then, although you will not have fulfilled your contract,. you shall still have as many acres of the tracts reserved for you as your actual number of settlers and amount of investment will cover at the rate of 40 acres for every £3." To which Mr. Twiss adds, "The 400 whom you are to land must be persons of more than ten years of age."

Mr. Peel failed to reach the colony by 1st November, and much of his land was thrown open for selection before his arrival. The letters of the period have many references to this, for there is no doubt that his scheme had caused much discontent. There was so great a shortage of suitable land in the neighbourhood of Perth that it seemed monstrous for one man to be able to hold up all the land south of Fremantle along the Canning River to the Murray River. "Mr. Peel having forfeited the greater part of his original grant, takes the remainder of it on the Murray, including the whole right bank." "Peel has a mile of town frontage below Woodman's Point in the Sound, and in all probability a town of some sort will be established there."

They did survey a town (it was to be called Clarence) but it proved a failure, for no permanent settlement took place there and looking at the site today one cannot be surprised. One writer, a naval officer, says, "The land which had been reserved for Mr. Peel had been disposed of previous to his arriving, but he is much better off in his new location which includes a long line of coast to the southward as far as the Murray." But a more competent judge, Mr. James Henty says, "Mr. Peel's grant is open for location tomorrow; the land however is so indifferent that I am not at all anxious to take up any portion of it."

It was not a promising outlook for Peel's scheme and in fact the scheme went from bad to worse. It is not long before we read that many of his indentured emigrants left him because they found that they could earn better wages on other men's estates. He could not afford to keep them and pay them wages while bringing the land into cultivation, so he was compelled to let them go and we hear less and less of the scheme. Better land was found in other parts of the country and it mattered less that so large a holding was locked up in the hands of one man for so many years. At the same time, failure of any kind at the beginning of so great an enterprise as the Swan River Settlement tended to create a bad impression and this is certainly what happened here.

A strange apathy seems to have fallen on Mr. Peel after his arrival in the colony. He was content to live on Garden Island for a time while he watched the gradual dispersion of the colonists whom he had brought out. He was made a Justice of the Peace, but no further recognition was given him in spite of the importance of the scheme which he had fathered. A reason for this may be found in a private memorandum from the Colonial Office to Captain Stirling: "The Governor is not to put Mr. Peel in the Council. If, as is probable, his party shall arrive too late for fulfilment of the conditions on which he received his grant, he will have no claim at all and even if he arrive in time, I cannot but think that the impetuosity and indiscretion, to use no harsher words, which he has betrayed in his communications with this department, will render him an unsafe member of a body whose deliberations are likely to involve both general and individual interests of great and yearly increasing importance." (C.O.18/3.)

So his affairs seemed to go from bad to worse. The local newspaper for 15th June, 1833, records: "On Saturday last (7th) a sale, under an execution, of property belonging to Thomas Peel took place at Garden Island and articles which were estimated to have cost about £100 in England were sacrificed for £30. Whatever may have given rise to this distressing state of things, Mr. Peel has been the means of conferring an infinite benefit on the colony by the introduction of artisans and mechanics of first-rate skill and ability."

Soon after this Peel seems to have retired to Mandurah, where he lived in seclusion for many years. Lieut. H. W. Bunbury, in his "Early Days in Western Australia" (p. 172) thus describes his life down there. "He lives at Peeltown or Mandurup, in a long, low, thatched cottage built of wattle and daub, white-washed and kept scrupulously clean. There he resides with his wife, two young daughters and young son, Tommy who, with his wife's mother, form the establishment. Not a single servant, male or female, has he, except generally one of two natives, young men or lads, who wash the dishes, look after the horses and assist in various other ways, such as feeding pigs, poultry, etc. The old woman cooks and never appears at table; often as I was there I never saw her face. Of course the fare is not sumptuous but depends, as usual in the bush, on native resources.

"From being a well-known person who began with extensive means and all possible advantages, he has failed completely and his failure has gone far to ruin the prospects of the colony. He began under false colours and it is hard that a whole community should suffer for the faults of one individual. He took out with him about four hundred persons of both sexes and every requisite for an extensive establishment, utensils of all kinds, houses in frames, stock and in fact everything that could be needed except money, of which it appears he brought little or none, as he borrowed small sums at the Cape from his fellow emigrants. On his arrival he established all his people in extensive barracks at Clarence, on the barren beach, with very little water. He appears to have taken no measures for forming farms on the good portions of his land, nor indeed were any attempts made to search for any. He lived himself at Garden Island in company with the Naval Officers of the ships in harbour, for a long time too indolent, and latterly afraid, to go near his people, who from grumbling came to threats as they found themselves starving by inches on an unknown shore, with no occupation

and no chance of improving their condition. At length, after many had died of scurvy and other diseases brought on by neglect and want of proper food, the Government was obliged to interfere and cancel the indentures of the greater part of them., leaving them at liberty to seek a livelihood where they pleased. Since then these men, many of them, have done extremely well, and have turned out the best and most industrious migrants in the colony, doing credit to their selection in England, whoever made it and proving that Peel's failure was his own fault and not that of his people as he wishes to make one believe.

"He afterwards made some attempts to form farms, but on the poor coast land, instead of on the rich alluvial flats and from the mismanagement, careless habits and want of perseverance, nothing succeeded."

There he remained, living under conditions of increasing squalor and want, with his wife and her mother, till he died on 22nd December, 1865. He lies in the churchyard at Mandurah and his tombstone records that he was "The first settler here, who bore with much fortitude the hardships and disappointments endured by the early colonists."

Appendix II

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN LAND COMPANY AND THE SETTLEMENT AT AUSTRALIND

This account is based upon extracts from an unpublished "Narrative account of the Settlement of Australind," by Marshall Waller Clifton, F.R.S. Chief Commissioner of the Company in Australia. It was kindly supplied by his grandson, Edmund C. Clifton.

"The Company took its rise from the desire which several gentlemen interested in the prosperity of Western Australia entertained to apply in some part of that colony the principles of colonisation, which were originally proposed by Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield. At the moment, in the year 1839, when these gentlemen were seeking a field for the commencement of such an undertaking, the grant which Colonel Lautour had acquired, near Leschenault in the district of Wellington, in Western Australia, by virtue of the shipments he made in 1829 and 1830, was offered for sale, and they entered into negotiations for the purchase of it. A question then arose, whether that grant had been acquired under the First or Second set of Regulations which were issued by the Colonial Office in 1828 and 1829, relative to grants of land in that colony. If it were held under the Second Regulations, it was liable to resumption at the end of ten years from the date of the grant in April, 1830, provided a certain subsequent outlay for its improvement had not been made. If, on the contrary, it were held under the First Regulations it was not liable to resumption, unless such outlay had not been made by the expiration of twenty-one years. It became, therefore, necessary to have this question set at rest before the purchase was concluded and the Government, having referred the consideration of it to the Law Officers of the Crown, it was declared by them that Colonel Lautour's grant was entitled to be deemed as held under the First

Regulations and directions to that effect were issued on the 23rd November, 1839, by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to the Governor of Western Australia . . . This point being thus apparently settled and the terms of purchase arranged, the parties interested in the enterprise, after various delays and difficulties, proceeded to form a Company for the development of their plans under the denomination of the "Western Australian Company," to consist of 100 shares of £500 each. The major part of the shares being immediately disposed of, the Company was formally constituted on the 12th day of May, 1840.

"The Company immediately issued a prospectus, and offered for sale, in allotments, a portion of Colonel Lautour's grant (of 103,000 acres situated on the eastern side of Leschenault Inlet) described by Sir James Stirling and others who had visited the district as eminently calculated for the objects of the Company. The Company also purchased from Sir James Stirling a tract of land of 1,000 acres, likewise on the shore of the Inlet, another grant in its vicinity of 61,000 acres and Colonel Lautour's right to take up further grants. But they offered for immediate sale only 51,000 acres of the 103,000 grant.

"Purchasers were to select in any part of it allotments of 100 acres each, rural land, with, attached to each allotment, four sections of ¼-acre each in the intended town of Australind. (So called from its expected connection with India.) The price of each such mixed allotment was fixed at £101. The price of each town section, sold separately, was to be £10. One-half of the purchase money of the mixed allotments was to be laid out in the conveyance of passegners and emigrants to the settlement, or upon improvements in it and one-half of the proceeds of the sale of separate town allotments exclusively applied to improvements and works of public utility in the town, which was to consist of 1,000 acres (4,000 allotments exclusive of streets, reserves for squares, churches etc.).

"The directors entrusted the sales to Mr. Clifton and between July, 1840, and the end of September all the allotments intended to be sold were disposed of and 100 rural allotments, with 400 town allotments attached and 500 separate town allotments were placed in the names of trustees, to be subsequently sold to settlers only. Applications for allotments greatly exceeded the number to be disposed of and every purchase was completed on the day appointed."

The Chief Commissioner and Secretary (his son, R. W. Clifton), the medical officer (Dr. A. F. Carpenter) and ten surveyors were appointed and their salaries and conditions of service fixed.

"The survey establishment was sent out in the *Island Queen* on 2nd September and on the following day Mr. Clifton received directions to prepare to proceed at an early period for his destination and the *Parkfield,* a very fine barque of 600 tons was engaged. 'When this measure insured the carrying-out of the plan' (Mr. Clifton writes) 'I redoubled my exertions to dispose of the allotments and collect settlers and emigrants and before the end of that month a sufficient number of both to fill the ship was engaged. Complete arrangements were made to form the nucleus of the new settlement of the very best materials and having chosen for our Chaplain the Revd. J. R. Wollaston, a clergyman of the established Church, of learning and piety, who had purchased land of the Company and

agreed to proceed with his family to Australind soon after we had sailed, preliminary measures were taken for chartering another ship for the conveyance of Mr. Wollaston and a further body of settlers and emigrants.'

"On the 10th October the lottery was drawn by which the order of choice of the allotments was to be decided. Up to this point everything wore the most prosperous aspect and the early departure of my expedition seemed certain. Indeed the 20th October was named as the latest day. But, on the 12th October intelligence reached London that the Governor of Western Australia, in ignorance of the decision of the Colonial Office on 23rd November, 1839, which had not reached him at the end of April, 1840, had given notice of his intention to resume on the part of the Crown, the grant purchased of Colonel Lautour, on the ground that the necessary improvements had not been made within the 10 years which had then expired. This intelligence naturally astounded the Board. They felt greatly alarmed, for, having sold land to the amount of £60,000 and entered into many engagements, it was impossible for them abandon the enterprise, while, as it appeared to them, it was equally impossible to let the expedition proceed to its destination at the time arranged, as it might find on its arrival at Port Leschenault that the whole of the grant, or at all events the most desirable parts of it, had already been selected and sold to other parties. (At the moment of this difficulty the directors were relieved from this dilemma by what was considered a piece of unlooked-for good fortune. Captain Grey (later Sir George Grey) had then recently arrived from Western Australia and gave a flourishing account of the superiority of a district between Gantheaume Bay and the River Arrowsmith. In short, he gave such a glowing description that the directors relying on his statement, so favourable for the district which was open to them and so contradictory to their former impressions of the land which they thought they had lost, eagerly caught at the idea which Captain Grey suggested to change the site of their operations to Port Grey. Having obtained permission of Lord John Russell, it was at once determined to transfer their intended settlement of Australind, their settlers and emigrants, to the new and splendid district of Port Grey. Captain Grey had been introduced to Mr. Clifton a few days before, and 'by long conversation I had with him respecting the neighbourhood of Leschenault, I had been satisfied that neither he nor I knew anything of the district and as the information I possessed of it had been derived from every possible research first communicating with Sir James Stirling and other gentlemen of honour and veracity who had been there, I confess I placed more faith in the information I possessed than in that Captain Grey gave.' . . .

" 'I did not hesitate to express my opinion against the proposed measure . . . The measure however was determined on, and, most fatally to all concerned, it was announced at the end of the same week'."

Enough has been said to explain the failure of the scheme. Mr. Clifton actually went up to inspect the land at Port Grey, but saw no reason to change his mind as to the relative merits of that district and Australind. But the Company simply faded out and such emigrants as had already arrived, including Mr. Wollaston, were left to shift for themselves.

In his Preface to the "Narrative," Mr. Clifton expressly "denies the accusation of endeavouring to raise an unjust prejudice against men whose intentions, I have no doubt, were honourable, but whose imbecility as a Board was notorious."

Wollaston's Diaries directly contradict the statement that the Company appointed him as "Chaplain"; and it seems clear that they were using the fact that he had bought their land and was taking his family out, to insinuate that he was going as Chaplain to the settlers, though they had no intention of paying him for his services.

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